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Nod out with JEFFERSON STARSHIP

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WANDER LONELY AS A BUZZ COCK

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YOUNG ROMANTIC OF THE WEEK

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RED STAR RECORDS

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EATER LIVE EP

WHITE VINYL LIMITED EDITION

AVAILABLE IN 4 DIFFERENT COLOURED SLEEVES

LABEL RECORDS

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 19, 1973.

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
4	2	RUBBER BULLETS	10c.c. (UK)
7	3	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
2	4	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
15	5	THE GROOVER	T. Rex (EMI)
8	6	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Stealers Wheel (A&M)
3	7	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
5	8	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
9	9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
10	10	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Partridge Family (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 19, 1968.

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
1	2	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
7	3	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
6	4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
3	5	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
12	6	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
5	7	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & The Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
13	8	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
8	9	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)
4	10	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 21, 1963.

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
4	12	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
6	3	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
4	4	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
3	5	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	6	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET?	Billy J Kramer (Parlophone)
6	7	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU?	Billy Fury (Decca)
9	8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
13	9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
11	10	BO DIDDLEY	Buddy Holly (Coral)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending June 17, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	4	1
2	(1)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	8	1
3	(3)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)	6	2
4	(18)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	4	4
5	(11)	OLE OLA	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	5
6	(13)	MORE THAN A WOMAN	Tavares (Capitol)	6	6
7	(5)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	6	5
8	(12)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	3	8
9	(4)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	10	1
10	(17)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	2	10
11	(7)	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	5	7
12	(8)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young (Ariola)	6	6
13	(9)	OH CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	4	9
14	(16)	HI TENSION	Hi Tension (Island)	6	13
15	(5)	WHAT A WASTE	Ian Dury (Stiff)	7	5
16	(10)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith (Arista)	7	3
17	(26)	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)	2	17
18	(—)	IT SURE BRINGS OUT THE LOVE IN YOUR EYES	David Soul (Private Stock)	1	18
19	(—)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	1	19
20	(27)	ROSALIE	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	20
21	(—)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	1	21
22	(—)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	1	22
23	(—)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	1	23
24	(21)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	2	21
25	(19)	ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES	Sham 69 (Polydor)	5	17
26	(15)	COME TO ME	Ruby Winters (Creole)	4	15
27	(22)	DO IT DO IT AGAIN	Raffaella Carra (Epic)	7	12
28	(—)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	28
29	(—)	BEAUTIFUL LOVER	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	1	29
30	(—)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

ROCK AND ROLL DAMNATION — AC/DC (Atlantic); BANG BANG — Squeeze (A & M); LET YOURSELF GO — T. Connection (TK); LOVING YOU HAS MADE ME BANANAS — Guy Marks (ABC).

ALBUMS

Week ending June 17, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	4	1
2	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	14	1
3	(3)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	21	1
4	(4)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	9	2
5	(10)	EVERYBODY PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	4	5
6	(5)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	11	2
7	(6)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	9	6
8	(7)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	16	7
9	(—)	DISCO DOUBLE	Various (K-Tel)	1	9
10	(15)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	9	4
11	(—)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	1	11
12	(11)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	20	7
13	(12)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	4	12
14	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	12	1
15	(16)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	3	15
16	(29)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	16
17	(13)	EASTER	Patti Smith (Arista)	8	6
18	(14)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	13	10
19	(19)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	68	1
20	(—)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	15	1
21	(—)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	1	21
22	(—)	DAVID GILMOUR	David Gilmour (Harvest)	1	22
23	(24)	SHOOTING STAR	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	5	23
24	(8)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Frank Sinatra (EMI)	6	6
25	(—)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	29	3
26	(23)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL	Rainbow (Polydor)	8	8
27	(—)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	1	27
28	(28)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel (CBS)	4	26
29	(27)	THIS YEARS MODEL	Elvis Costello (Radar)	12	8
30	(20)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	13	6

BUBBLING UNDER

WAR OF THE WORLDS — Various (CBS); DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN — Bruce Springsteen (CBS); RUBY WINTERS — Ruby Winters (Creole); STRANGER IN TOWN — Bob Seger (Capitol).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending June 17, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
2	(4)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
3	(3)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
4	(2)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
5	(7)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
6	(5)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
7	(6)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
8	(10)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
9	(15)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
10	(12)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith
11	(13)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
12	(14)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
13	(16)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
14	(11)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
15	(18)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
16	(8)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
17	(26)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
18	(21)	HEARTLESS	Heart
19	(22)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
20	(23)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
21	(25)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
22	(24)	I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart
23	(—)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
24	(27)	YOU'RE THE LOVE	Seals & Crofts
25	(28)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
26	(9)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
27	(30)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
28	(17)	DEACON BLUES	Steely Dan
29	(29)	CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE	Jimmy Buffett
30	(—)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending June 17, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
3	(3)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
4	(4)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
5	(7)	FM	Various Artists
6	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
7	(16)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
8	(9)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
9	(15)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
10	(13)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
11	(14)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
12	(17)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
13	(11)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
14	(8)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
15	(6)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
16	(10)	MAGAZINE	Heart
17	(12)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
18	(18)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
19	(20)	THE LAST WALTZ	The Band & Various Artists
20	(25)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
21	(21)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
22	(19)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
23	(24)	EASTER	Patti Smith Group
24	(28)	GREASE	Various Artists
25	(—)	STONE BLUE	Foghat
26	(—)	TOGETHER FOREVER	Marshall Tucker Band
27	(27)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE . . .	Genesis
28	(23)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
29	(—)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS	Joe Walsh
30	(—)	DOUBLE PLATINUM	Kiss

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Maggie back

FESTIVAL HALL'S CONCERT SERIES WITH LIVE DEBUT OF 'VARIATIONS'

THE RE-LAUNCH OF Maggie Bell with her new all-star band, the first live performance of Andrew Lloyd-Webber's "Variations", and concerts by The Chieftians and Linda Lewis. These are the ingredients of a four-day season at London's Royal Festival Hall next month under the banner of "Capital Summer". The shows are being promoted jointly by John Martin of the Derek Block Office and London's Capital Radio, who will be recording them for subsequent broadcast.

Despite winning numerous polls and widespread critical acclaim, Maggie has largely been out of the public eye since the demise of Stone The Crows five years ago. But now she's poised for a major comeback with a brand new backing band, comprising several well-known musicians, and she makes her debut with them at the Festival Hall on Sunday, July 16.

For contractual reasons, the line-up can't be announced until next week, when a decision will also have been taken on the name it will use. It's expected that the London concert will be the forerunner of a nationwide tour.

"Variations" is to have two performances (6.15 and 9 am) at the RFH the previous evening, July 15. And those taking part include Julian Lloyd-Webber, Rod Argent, Jon Hiseman, Gary Moore, Barbara Thompson, Don Airey and John Mole. The album of the work reached No. 3 in the NME chart earlier this year, and this will be the first time it's been performed in public. Support act is Paul Brett.

The other two concerts in the series feature The Chieftains (July 17) and Linda Lewis (18). Tickets for all four shows go on sale at the venue's box-office and through the usual agencies next Tuesday (20).

Rod settles on Olympia return

ROD STEWART will be returning to the scene of his 1976 triumph, when he plays a string of concerts at London Olympia this Christmas, NME learned this week. His extensive U.K. autumn itinerary is still being lined up, but it's understood that Olympia has already been chosen as the London venue — and he'll play three of four nights there immediately before the Christmas holiday.

As, yet, no Scottish dates have been pencilled in for Stewart, due to the vacuum caused by the closure of Glasgow Apollo. A spokesman said that obviously Rod will be doing some shows in Scotland, but no plans could be made until it was decided what to do about Glasgow.

Stewart's visit to Argentina came to an unexpectedly abrupt end on Wednesday of last week, when he flew out of the country a few hours before Scotland's ill-fated clash with Iran. But the poor performance of the Scottish team had nothing to do with his premature departure.

He was worried about the incident in a Buenos Aires restaurant, when he had been caught in crossfire between police and terrorists. He narrowly escaped injury in the incident, which prompted his record company to insist upon an armed bodyguard for the singer. Stewart was unwilling to accept this ultimatum, and accordingly decided to quit Argentina.

Riva Records said this week that Scotland's failure to qualify for the last stages of the World Cup had caused sales of Stewart's single "Ole Ola" to nosedive. Hardly any copies were sold last week, but they were hoping that Scotland's victory over Holland on Sunday would spark "a final flush" of sales.

STOP PRESS: Rich Kids play London Dingwalls on June 23 . . . Darts, Motors, Steve Hillage at Bournemouth football ground on July 15.

NEWS DESK

Tour in autumn, but will it be . . . FRAMPTON'S FAREWELL?

PETER FRAMPTON sets out in the autumn on a major world tour, which will bring him to this country for a string of concert appearances. Details of his itinerary haven't yet been announced, except that he will be playing in the United States and Canada in early 1979.

But it's understood that his British visit will precede this and is being lined up for later this year, probably to include two nights at Wembley Empire Pool.

The significance of Frampton's world jaunt is that it could well prove to be a farewell tour, because of his ever-increasing film commitments. Currently working on his starring role in the movie version of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", he's just signed a contract with the Orion Pictures Company (distributed by Warner Brothers) to star in two more big-budget films, the first to go into production in mid-1979.

It's obvious that Frampton has now become a hot property in the cinema world, much in demand in Hollywood, and future touring is bound to be restricted to a minimum — if, in fact, he goes on the road at all.

● Among other acts expected to play Wembley Empire Pool this autumn are 10c.c. (late September) as part of a full British tour to be announced next week; and the Moody Blues (November-December) as the highlight of their U.K. reunion appearances, plans for which have already been reported.

LURKERS, SMIRKS TOURS

THE LURKERS have extended their British tour through to August, to celebrate their NME Chart debut last week with their Beggars Banquet single "Ain't Got A Clue". With more dates still to be added, those confirmed so far are Ryde I.O.W. Town Hall (tonight, Thursday), Reading Bones Club (June 21), Liverpool Eric's (23), Halifax Good Mood Club (24), Barnstaple Chequers (29), Lincoln A.J.'s (July 1), Penzance The Garden (4), Plymouth Woods Centre (5), Sheffield Limit Club (13), High Wycombe Town Hall (14), Nuneaton 77 Town Club (18), Manchester Rafters (20), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (21), Dumfries Stagecoach (23) and St. Austell Centre (August 5).

THE SMIRKS are on the road for the rest of this month to promote their Beserkley single "O.K. U.K." They play Leeds 'F' Club (tonight, Thursday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (Friday), London University College (Saturday), Leicester Phoenix Theatre (June 19), Cheltenham Plough (20), Retford Porterhouse (21), York University (22), Leicester Clare Hall (23), London Camden Dingwalls (27), Worcester Bank Holiday (29) and Manchester Rafters (30).

Siouxsie record deal; Richman, X-Ray gigs

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES have finally clinched a major recording deal. They've signed a three-year deal with Polydor, and will shortly be going into the studios to cut an album and single. Current line-up of the band is Steve Severin (bass), John McKay (guitar), Kenni Morris (drums) and Siouxsie Sioux (vocals).

X-RAY SPEX headline a festival concert at the 3,000-seater Wembley Conference Centre in North London this Sunday (18). Among other acts appearing are Black Slate, Sollo and Chelsea. All tickets are priced £1.50, and the show starts at 3 pm.

JONATHAN RICHMAN & The Modern Lovers have added two more dates to their revamped British tour, which has seen them switching away from large concert halls and into smaller clubs and colleges. They are at Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (June 20) and Bristol University (22).

IAN DURY and the Blockheads will not, after all, be appearing in this year's Reading Festival. Stiff Records confirmed that an approach had been made for them to join the line-up but, on consideration, Dury decided to decline the offer. Said a spokesman: "Ian has only just finished a long British tour, and he feels Reading would be premature."

Stranglers in Hyde Park?

THE STRANGLERS want to play a free concert in London's Hyde Park this summer. This is the latest move in their attempts to perform in the capital, which have so far been thwarted by the GLC's veto. But they're hoping that, in this instance, permission will be granted — because Hyde Park is already proven as an ideal open-air venue, not subjected to the limitations of the more confined venues which the council rejected.

The fact that it would be a free gig is another pointer in its favour. At press-time, the GLC remained non-committal on the matter, and their decision is still awaited. As a spokesman observed, it remains to be seen if Hugh Cornwell's offending T-shirt still rankles after 17 months, or if — in the light of the band's determined attempts to play London — the council will finally relent and give them another chance.

Reports in certain sections of the music Press last week (not NME), hinting at an impending split in The Stranglers, have been denied categorically by their management. "It was sheer invention, probably because there wasn't much news around and a lot of space had to be filled," commented the spokesman.

CHARLTON DELAY

£10 touch could cause problems

WITH ONLY FIVE WEEKS to go, the bill for the proposed open-air concert on Saturday, July 22 — at the Charlton football ground in South-East London — had still not been announced at press-time. And the latest American acts mentioned last week by promoter Len Sang as "probables", Bob Seger and Kansas, have now fallen through.

The event seems to be suffering from more than its fair share of teething problems, with Lou Reed still the only confirmed headline act. All other U.S. names previously said to be under negotiation — including Blondie, Blood Sweat and Tears, Bachman Turner Overdrive, the Elvin Bishop Band and Robin Trower — are now out of the running.

But the promoter remains optimistic that the concert will go ahead. A spokesman said that British bands The Boomtown Rats and The Motors are "close to signature", and claimed that eight bands have so far been lined up. "We're just waiting for one final act to be tied up before announcing the bill," he added.

As NME closed for press, doubts were being expressed as to whether the event will be able to go ahead at such relatively short notice. Even the spokesman admitted: "We've got to announce something in the next day or two, or it will be too late. The trouble is that we've had a few slight financial problems, and it's proved a little longer than expected to get signatures on the dotted line. We've also changed our booking agency, which has meant a further delay. But we're hopeful that it will all come together this week."

Another problem the promoter is likely to face, if the concert goes ahead, is public resistance to his proposed admission charge of £10. Although he promises facilities far better than any provided elsewhere in the past, he may find it difficult to sell 39,000 tickets — bearing in mind that Bob Dylan and Eric Clapton are at Blackbushe Airport the previous Saturday, at a cost of just £6!

Suicide join Clash tour

NEW YORK street-rock duo Suicide make their British debut next month, when they appear as special guests on the previously-reported nationwide tour by The Clash. Prior to this they're guesting on Elvis Costello's European tour, opening tomorrow (Friday), which means they miss the first three dates of the Clash tour — but they join it at Leicester Granby Hall on July 1 and play all the subsequent dates.

Suicide are likely to cause something of a sensation in this country, with their unique presentation — featuring the demented vocals of Alan Vega, backed by Martin Rev's enormous banks of electronics. And they'll be staying on in Britain after they've completed their tour with The Clash — they'll headline a series of dates in their own right in August, and details of these are currently being finalised.

The band's debut album "Suicide" is released on July 7 on the Red Star label, distributed in Britain by Bronze. It's followed on July 14 by a single in both seven--inch and 12-form — titled "Cheree", it's a re-mixed version of one of the LP tracks.

RAYDIO DUE IN

RAYDIO, who have been enjoying a good chart run with their single "Jack And Jill", make their first-ever visit to Britain later this month when they appear as special guests in the four concerts by Bootsy's Rubber Band — at London Hammersmith Odeon (June 20 and 21), Manchester Apollo (23) and Birmingham Odeon (24).

The five-piece American outfit was formed only last year by noted session guitarist Ray Parker Jr., who has previously recorded with numerous big names (particularly at Motown) and toured with Stevie Wonder. Their follow-up single, titled "Is This A Love Thing" and pressed in red vinyl, is taken from their current album "Raydio" and released by Arista on June 23.

Cultured reggae

ONE OF JAMAICA's top reggae bands Culture are coming to Britain next month for a short tour, highlighted by a major London concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Friday, July 28. Provincial gigs confirmed so far are Birmingham Locarno (July 17), Edinburgh Usher Hall (20), Manchester Russell Club (21) and Liverpool Mountford Hall (22), but it's likely that more dates will be added to this list.

Ramones, Heads, Rezillos tours

WEA SIGN SIRE

THE TALKING HEADS

FOLLOWING THE severance of Sire Records' distribution deal with Phonogram, reported two weeks ago, Sire have wasted no time in finding a new outlet for their product in this country. They've signed a long-term licensing agreement with WEA Records, who have already announced plans for initial releases.

First to benefit will be Scottish band The Rezillos, who were worried because their projected LP and single had been shelved by the split with Phonogram. But now both have been scheduled — the single "Top Of The Pops" for July 14 and the album "Can't Stand The Rezillos" for July 21.

Also set are a Talking Heads single, as yet untitled, for July 14 — and their album, "More Songs About Buildings And Food", for the following week. Early August will see albums by DMZ, Tuff Darts, Paley Brothers and The Dead Boys, followed in mid-August by the double-LP "Ramones Live At The Rainbow".

A spokesman said that The Ramones will be touring Britain in the autumn to support their album release, and other tours are planned by The Talking Heads and The Rezillos.

Sire intend to set up their own office in London, and they plan to sign one or two local bands to their roster, in addition to The Rezillos.

Record News

WINGS, GENESIS LATEST

WINGS have another single released by EMI this weekend, both titles taken from their current album "London Town". A-side is the rocker "I've Had Enough", penned by Paul McCartney and recorded in the Virgin Islands. The coupling "Deliver Your Children", co-written by McCartney and Denny Laine, was recorded at London's Abbey Road studios.

● **Genesis** have a three-track single issed by Charisma tomorrow (Friday), as a prelude to their Knebworth appearance next weekend. "Many, Too Many" is taken from their current hit album, but the other two titles are previously unreleased — they are "The Day The Light Went Out" and "Vancouver".

● Capitol issue two three-track singles this weekend, all titles taken from albums — they are "California Girls", "You're So Good To Me" and "Do It Again" by the **Beach Boys** and "The Radio", "Only Sixteen" and "I'm A Lamb" by **Dr Hook.** And an EMI maxi-single features "Look Through Any Window", "I'm Alive" and "Just One Look" by **The Hollies.**

● "Dot Dash" by **Wire** (Harvest) and "Prodigal" by **Steel Pulse** (Island) are among new singles out tomorrow (Friday).

● **Johnny G,** just back from supporting Graham Parker in Europe, is cutting a new single called "The Hippies Graveyard" for release next month by Beggars Banquet.

● **The Three Degrees** stopped off in London last week, en route for the Middle East, to sign a new recording deal with the Ariola label. They're now working on their latest album with producer and writer Giorgio Moroder, known for his work with Donna Summer, and this will be issued through their new outlet in the autumn.

● A new album by the **Walker Brothers,** the second since their re-formation, is issued by GTO Records on June 30. Titled "Nite Flights", it consists of four tracks written and sung by Scott, two by Gary and four by John.

● The first single taken from **Harvey Mason's** new Arista album "Funk In A Mason Jar" is a 12-inch limited edition. A-side is "Till You Take My Love" featuring **Merry Clayton** on vocals, and the coupling is the full 8.23 minute version of the Marvin Gaye classic "What's Going On?" showcasing **George Benson's** guitar work.

● Chrysalis are rush releasing **David Dundas'** self-penned single "Guy The Gorilla", a tribute to London Zoo's great ape who died last week. Dundas had already written and recorded the song, for inclusion in his new LP due for release in August.

● New wave band **Visitor 2035** have their debut LP issued by Ariola this week, with their name as its title. Out simultaneously on the same label is the album "Rock City" by New York band **Riot.**

● On June 23, MCA issue a **Shirley Ellis** EP containing three of her former hits — "The Clapping Song", "The Name Game" and "The Nitty Gritty" — plus a fourth track called "Have You Ever Seen A Diver Kiss His Wife While The Bubbles Bounce About Above The Water". The first 10,000 copies are in 12-inch form. This is the first of a series of monthly EPs from MCA, with future releases featuring **Bill Haley, Brenda Lee, Brian Hyland, Jerry Keller** and **The Kalin Twins.**

● "I Like Girls" by **The Fatback Band** and "Memories Don't Leave Like People Do" by **Patti Boulaye** (winner of "New Faces" Grand Final) are among Polydor singles out on June 23.

● **Tony Paiton,** the Jamaican singer who won the Music Critics Award and was named best performer at the Istanbul Song Festival, has signed with the new December Songs label (distributed by Pye). His debut single "Love Me" comes out this weekend.

● **Kiki Dee** is recording the soundtrack theme song for the multi-million dollar film "The Legacy", starring Katherine Ross and Sam Elliott, penned by Michael Lewis and Gary Osborne. Currently shooting in Hollywood, the movie is scheduled for autumn premiere, and Kiki's song will be issued as a single to coincide.

● Epic Records have signed **Champions** who are, in effect, a re-hash of the Rough Diamond outfit which had a brief flirtation with Island Records. Personnel comprises Clem Clempson (guitar), Geoff Britton (drums), Gary Bell (vocals and guitar), Damon Butcher (keyboards) and Willie Bath (bass). They've already recorded an album, but it's unlikely to be released until after their summer tour of America. Meanwhile they have a gig at London Camden Music Machine tomorrow (Friday).

● In a last-minute decision, **The Tyla Gang** have decided to change the title of their new album, due for release by Beserkley this weekend. They say that, being subtle musicians, they felt that "It Takes A Hit To Laugh" was too blatant! So they've now decided to call it "Moon-Proof".

● Title and release date of the **Sex Pistols'** single with Ronald Biggs have been changed. Although it's still the same song originally announced as "God Save The Sex Pistols", it is now being called "The Biggest Blow (A Punk Prayer By Ronald Biggs)", and it's issued by Virgin on June 30. The coupling remains Sid Vicious' version of "My Way".

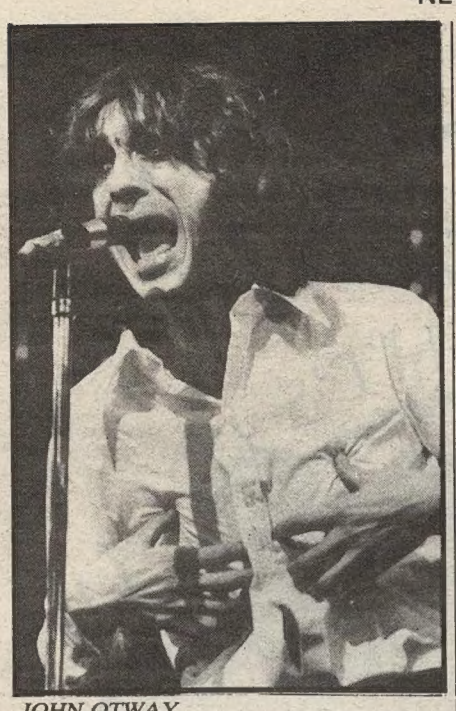
● To coincide with their first anniversary, independent label Raw Records issue a special 12-inch disco record on June 23. It's believed to be the first-ever nine-track 45 rpm single, and it features seventies-style disco versions of party favourites by a band of studio musicians billed as **The Cats Choir.**

● **Randy California and Spirit** have signed with Illegal Records and their single "Nature's Way" is on rush release. Their album "Spirit Live" follows on June 23.

WILLY, OTWAY 'SPLIT' DRAMA

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT are back together again — after a split that lasted exactly 24 hours! A statement was issued on Friday morning announcing that Otway had sacked Barrett, his partner for many years. Reason given was the Barrett had failed to appear at the final three dates of their British tour, due to an alleged attack of measles, leaving Otway to perform solo.

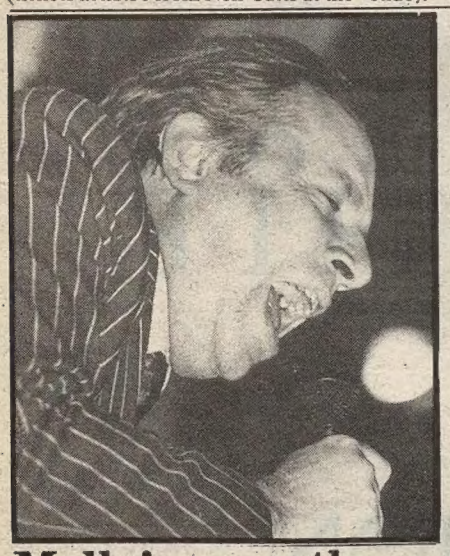
The statement continued in highly uncomplimentary terms, suggesting — among other claims — that Barrett's attack "was more likely to have been one of World Cup-itis". But at the end of the day, an embarrased phone call from Otway's spokesman requested the split should be disregarded "as John and Willy have now made it up, and are the best of friends again". All of which adds credence to the title of their second album, issued the same day — "Deep And Meaningless"!



JOHN OTWAY

FAIRPORT'S FESTIVALS

FAIRPORT CONVENTION, already set for a concert at London Woolwich Odeon as part of the Greenwich Festival (this Saturday) and the Charnock Richard Wakes Festival (August 5), are to appear again in the annual Cropredy Fete in Oxfordshire on July 15 along with the Ian Campbell Group and Earl Okin. Tickets priced £1.50 are available from John Haverman, High Breech, Old Vicarage Gardens, Cropredy, near Banbury, Oxon (enclose s.a.e.). Fairport also play the Kings Lynn Festival on July 28, and make two special charity appearances at Masham White Bear Hotel in Yorkshire on August 19 and 20 (tickets at £1.50 from Neil Cutts at the venue).



Melly's marathon

GEORGE MELLY and John Chilton's Feetwarmers, currently touring the U.S. and Canada, have a string of dates next month then — after a holiday break — they begin a massive autumn tour. Many more venues have still to be finalised, but those confirmed are: **Peterborough** The Cresset (July 2), **Liverpool** Kirklands (3 and 4), **London** Langans Brasserie (5), **Eastbourne** Gold Room (6), **Swansea** Rainbow Variety Club (8), **Cardiff** New Theatre (9), **Middlesborough** Cleveland Jazz Festival (21), **Eastbourne** Gold Room (27), **London** Grays Inn (29), **Kendal** Brewery Arts Centre (August 31), **Edinburgh** Dominion Cinema (September 1-3), **Rotherham** Clifton Hall (15), **Leeds** Playhouse (16), **Harrogate** Theatre (17), **Newark** Palace (18), **Salisbury** Playhouse (19), **Luton** Library Theatre (21), **Bromley** Churchill Theatre (24), **East Grinstead** Adeline Genee Theatre (26), **Bognor** Esplanade Theatre (October 1), **Swinton** Lancastrian Hall (4), **Grizedale** Theatre-in-the-Forest (7), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (8), **Birmingham** Art Gallery (10), **Sheffield** Crucible Theatre (13), **Bingley** Arts Centre (15), **London** Collegiate Theatre (20), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (21), **Cwmbran** Congress Theatre (22), **Milford Haven** Torch Theatre (23), **Shepton Mallet** Centre (26), **Lincoln** Theatre Royal (November 5), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (December 3), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (7) and **Llantwit Major** St. Donat's Arts Centre (9).

Mistress to change image

MISTRESS, the up-and-coming all-girl punk-rock band, are looking for a new drummer and a lead guitarist. This is because two of the girls have decided to leave as soon as replacements can be found, as they're uptight about some of their recent bookings, where they've been advertised more for their lack of clothing than for their musical ability. The band are also anxious to find a manager capable of directing their career along more appropriate lines. Girl musicians and potential managers should apply to lead vocalist and bassist Denny Gibson on 0253 27999.

WICKED LADY are a new all-girl hard-rock band who have upcoming dates at Bognor Newton Club (tomorrow, Friday), Eastbourne Sundowners (Saturday), Dagenham WMC (Sunday), Swindon Brunel Rooms (June 20), London Paddington Fangs (21), Plymouth Drake Club (22), Liskeard Carlton Club (23), Bude Headland Club (24), Plymouth Raleigh Club (25), Lee-on-Solent Eagle Club (26), Yeovilton Heron Club (27), Torquay 400 Club (28), Portsmouth Sultan Club (29) and Barnstaple Chequers (30).

IN BRIEF

COCKNEY REBEL former members Paul Avron Jeffrys (bass) and Milton Reame-James (keyboards), who were in the original 1973 line-up, have now joined Warm Jets who'll soon be touring with their new personnel. Until recently, the two ex-Rebels have been working with a band called The Violins.

BRYAN FERRY — whose new solo album will be issued during the summer, possibly as soon as early July — is planning a string of British concert appearances in the autumn. A spokesman for E. G. Management said that no precise details have yet been finalised, but that Ferry "definitely has a tour in mind".

JOHN SHEARER has left Krazy Kat because he felt "they were not getting anywhere". Previously associated with the Sutherland Brothers & Quiver, Shearer is noted for his massive 19-drum kit. He's now looking for "a tasty gig" — if any band has a van large enough to cope with his gear! (Enquiries 01-888 2509).

TOM PAXTON is the latest headliner confirmed for a Sunday concert at London Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre, appearing there on July 23 in the series presented jointly by Capital Radio and John Martin of the Derek Block Office. Paxton's only other date at this time is at Reading Hexagon Theatre on July 22.

STEEL PULSE have been signed as support act for Bob Marley & The Wailers' concert at Stafford New Bingley Hall on Thursday, June 22. They will also support Marley and the band in their European dates, including Ibiza Bullring on June 28.

THE BOTHY BAND top the bill in an Irish Traditional Music Festival at London Royal Albert Hall on July 7. Among others appearing are De Danann, ex-Planxty members Paul Brady & Christy Moore and Liam Og Flynn. Ticket prices range from £1.50 to £4, and the organisers are hoping to make it an annual event.

EATER have a new lead guitarist, Gary Steadman, who makes his live debut with the band tonight (Thursday) at an open-air fair in London's Fitzroy Square. He replaces Brian Chevette, who felt in need of a rest from the pressures of being constantly on the road.

STADIUM DOGS have also undergone a personnel change, with Kevin Wilkinson being replaced on drums by Stan Pearce, who has been with the Minstral outfit for the past two years.

How to get on the box

GRANADA is offering TV exposure to artists and bands, who consider themselves good enough for their own spot on the box. On Monday, June 26, it's starting a series of late-night programmes called "A Little Night Music", to be aired five nights a week for ten weeks — a total of 50 shows. They will close down the evening schedules, and vary in length from five to 15 minutes (from two to six numbers).

Some shows will feature established artists — the series opens with Don McLean, and others booked include the Bowles Brothers and Marian Montgomery. But Granada is also looking for upcoming acts, and will be conducting auditions for the shows. Anyone wanting to try their luck should send a demo tape and photograph to the head of music Graham Walker at Granada Television, Manchester M60 9EA.

STONES TICKET FRENZY — but no gig!

THE ROLLING STONES are definitely NOT appearing at London Rainbow Theatre on June 26, despite reports in some sections of the music and national Press last week. The rumour was widespread but, as NME expected, it proved to have no foundation. The Stones' British promoter Harvey Goldsmith commented: "Since the story appeared, the Rainbow has been besieged with ticket enquiries — and they're very annoyed about it, because it simply isn't happening."

A few weeks ago, the Stones were quoted as saying that they would take time off from their summer U.S. tour to play one show in Britain. But there's still no official news as to when it will happen — or whether, in fact, they have now changed their minds. Goldsmith is still waiting to hear from them, and a spokesman at their London office told NME: "The American tour is very complicated, and we still don't know if they'll be able to fit in a visit to this country."

MATHIS VENUES

JOHNNY MATHIS returns to Britain in the early autumn for an extensive concert tour, highlighted by two nights at London Royal Albert Hall on October 16 and 17. Remainder of his itinerary comprises Coventry Theatre (September 24), Sheffield City Hall (25), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (26), Sunderland Empire (27 and 28), Stockport Davenport Theatre (30 and October 1), Liverpool Empire (2), Preston Guildhall (3 and 4), Birmingham Hippodrome (5), Paignton Festival Theatre (7), Bristol Colston Hall (8), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (9), Portsmouth Guildhall (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12) and Eastbourne Congress (19). Promoter is Derek Block.

Sabbath snag: two gigs off

BLACK SABBATH were forced to cancel their concert at London Hammersmith Odeon last Sunday, due to a technical fault in the P.A. system at the theatre. The gig has already been set for next Monday (19) when existing tickets will be valid — or alternatively, cash will be refunded if desired. Technical problems also forced them to abandon their June 5 gig at Birmingham Odeon, but they played a replacement date at the venue on Tuesday this week. The band leave later this month for a lengthy tour of America, where their August 27 show at the 25,000-seater New York Madison Square Garden is already sold out.

On The Road

TRAPEZE have set their final gigs before leaving on a six-week U.S. tour. They are **London Kensington Nashville** (tomorrow, Friday), **Retford** Porterhouse (Saturday), **Sutton-in-Ashfield** Golden Diamond (June 20), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (23), **Middlesbrough** Loftus Club (25), **Shrewsbury** Music Hall (27), **Halifax** Mecca (28), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (29) and **Maidstone** College (30).

JESSY DIXON — the American gospel singer who's already set for several British concerts in the late summer, including **London** Rainbow on September 2 — has added a Scottish date to his itinerary. It's at **Motherwell** Conert Hall on September 7.

MATCHBOX begin a new series of one-nighters at **Birmingham** Sydenham Club on July 1. Others confirmed so far are **London Finchley** Torrington (2), **Worcester** Bank House (6), **London Tottenham** White Hart (7), **West Bromwich** Oakdale Club (20) and **Redhill** Centre (21).

AFTER THE FIRE are set for two more headlining gigs in **London** — at Camden Music Machine (June 27) and Islington Hope & Anchor (July 10). But their proposed date at Deptford Albany Empire on July 2 has been postponed.

STADIUM DOGS have added another four dates to their current British tour — at **Nottingham** University (tomorrow, Friday), **London Kensington** Nashville (June 24), **Cheltenham** Plough Inn (July 11) and **Liverpool** Sports Club (20).

THE POP GROUP and THIS HEAT co-headline a concert promoted by themselves at **London** Collegiate Theatre (Gordon Street, W.C.1) on Friday, June 30. Ticket prices — £1.25 in advance, £1.50 on the door — have been fixed only to cover the cost of the show.

'ON THE ROAD' CONTINUES ON PAGE 48

Studio 54 drops New Vic plans

LONDON's New Victoria Theatre is to remain closed for the time being, following the decision not to open a Studio 54 disco at the venue. The New Vic was one of London's leading rock concert venues, until it closed a year ago, when the company running it went into liquidation. A few months ago, it was announced that it was being acquired by Studio 54 — the top New York disco frequented by Bianca Jagger and Rod Stewart, among others.

But Studio 54 have now abandoned their plans to open in London, due to licensing difficulties and problems in meeting with GLC requirements — plus, it's believed, the extent of the disco competition that already exists in the capital. So at the moment, there are still no plans for the New Vic, which seems doomed to remain empty and inactive or the foreseeable future.

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A Tedoar Presentation.

Pic: MATTHEW TAYLOR

BLUE OYSTER CULT: Tyranny, Mutation, Flaming Telepaths, Heavy Metal Sorcery...

fantasy for allen lanier: a prisoner, a prisoner is a failed criminal. hes no failure. hes hot. he escapes. he comes. in my bedroom. he says I'm gonna blow your brains out. too bad your damn sexy susie. nozzle facing my face. say goodbye to my head. then he thinks again. he says on your back bitch. I crouch down. he shoves the whole barrel up me. cocks the lever pulls the trigger. blows his load.

Patti Smith, *"Seventh Heaven"*, 1972

reality for allen lanier: a pygmy, a pygmy in mean mood. I slagged off his chick. kept him waiting for interview. I needed a piss. too much tea. weak bowels. he says where's kent, I tell the shrimp that nick was double booked. as in snow white producing clash. it's all point-blank. I tell him to take a seat. he snorts snot up snout derisively. tells me he's already sitting down. and prepare to meet thy macho-midget, mother.

— Tony Parsons, *"Third Floor"*, 1978

IN THE DARKNESS of a deserted bar in the Drury Lane hotel, Allen Lanier attempts to exude Big Apple street-kool and berate the off-duty bar-staff into activity *at the same time*.

Lanier (Blue Oyster Cult spokesperson on keyboards, guitars and Patti Smith) got little hands and little eyes, and even if he doesn't exactly walk around telling great big lies, the naughty gnome is certainly a pint-sized bundle of glaring contradictions.

"Rock 'n' roll is just mindless fun," he opines tersely. "Kent was asking me all this intellectual stuff until I made it clear that I wasn't interested in pursuing the conversation on that level." He sucks his sinus snot-free (you get used to it after a while). "I think I disappointed him . . ."

And, like The Wasted One, I hadn't anticipated mere Wallyisms from the oblique opiate of the thinking headbanger. Not after all those album covers of sinister, shrouded figures . . . limos pulling up outside bleak Gothic mansions . . . customised Luftwaffe etchings . . . cold, sterile mazes and psycho-stellar allusions in an hallucinogenic planetarium.

And, over the humming sound of that well-tuned moped, lyrics to match the patented B.O.C. ambience of primal paranoia with the aura of impending doom permeating each and every pernicious groove.

But now — never mind the flagrant symbols — it seems Godzilla gets no kick from intellectual nuances.

But then, H.M. behemoths are all notoriously susceptible to svengali-management, huh, Al? Like, the Leber / Krebs team have got King Edward Nugent, Aerosmith, Rex and Mahogany Rush, while Bill Aucoin has got Starz and Kiss . . .

Allen honks his hooter. "Those Kiss guys couldn't wipe their ass by themselves."

I tell Lanier that I guess B.O.C. lost their grey-matter when Sandy Pearlman (Snow White to B.O.C.'s five dwarves) took off to produce The Clash declaring, "There is a real revolutionary, anti-authoritarian, subversive consciousness in The Clash songs; I'm going to make them acceptable to American ears!"

In the space of minutes Lanier changes his mind about rock 'n' roll being a brainless beano. "The whole fucking thing is a poetic invention, a grandchild of the whole Dada / Surrealist attitude. Music is a positive thing for me, though punk works on a very negative attitude — in a sense that negative is positive to a large degree."

Huh?

"Rock 'n' roll thrives on negative energy . . . though music for me is a *very* positive thing; creative energy."

OH. I'M interested to hear Lanier numbering the negative aspects of U.K. folk-music when Blue Oyster Cult have always gone out of their way to cultivate an image of a "portable Altamont" celebrating its own arcane artifice.

"Well, yeah," he drawls in his customary street-cool whisper that strains for the total attention of your HP7 batteries. "In Bridgeport, Connecticut, there's this bike gang called The Huns who always come to our shows. They're used for security at the hall and last time we played there they gave us a motorcycle escort to their clubhouse — stopped the traffic, man! — and threw a party for the band."

Yeah, real Private Army stuff. Real rock culture tradition, innit?

"Well, it certainly hasn't reached the level where we play benefits for the Hell's Angels and all that shit like The Grateful Dead did . . . it's just a very stupid, dilettantish attitude to all that stuff that people in rock 'n' roll have. You'd think fucking *Altamont* would have meant something to them but it *doesn't*."

Then why do *you* do it?

"It's just a typical, middle-class syndrome," Lanier sighs. "It's *great* to hang around with tough people. You get a contact high off of associating with violence."

THE B.O.C. fascination with, to quote Pearlman, "the evil heart of rock", can be attributed to two factors; over-compensation of the worst kind for their physical low altitude and a crass predilection for slumming caused by their strictly academic roots.

They came together on the campus of a poor-man's Berkeley called Stony Brook in the late-60s under the patronage of Sandy Pearlman and cut two albums for Elektra of yer standard psychodelical fare as Soft White Underbelly and the Stalk Forrest Group. Both albums are still unreleased here.

"We had our first deal with Elektra and just laid around doing acid and blowing our huge advance," smiles Lanier.

The turning point in the band's prehistory occured when Pearlman and fellow academic and rock scribe Richard Meltzer experienced an alked-out satori listening to the Doors' "Waiting For The Sun" and getting wrecked on a sickly, black, flat Mackeson-like brew called Cully Stout Beer in Meltzer's Greenwich Village abode.

During an inebriated fixation upon the label of their chosen beverage, they threw anagrams at each other so that Cully Stout Beer became Trolleybus Cue, Stout Belly Cure, Trycolute Blues until they eventually arrived at *Blue Oyster Cult* which evoked imagery so subliminally enigmatic that even Pearlman with his Woodrow Wilson scholarship (they dish out only ten of *them* each year) was satisfied that his boys at last had a suitable moniker.

With his projected vocation of a university professor down the dumper, Pearlman declared, "Rock 'n' roll has a heart of darkness. B.O.C. are what I would do if I was a performer," wrote lyrics for the band with Meltzer, and produced them with Murray Krugman for a total of four albums with his leash on the combo ever taut.

With the B.O.C. inverted question / crucifix mark serving as a brand logo (it's the Greek symbol for chaos, and chemical sign for lead, etcetera), Pearlman called the junk-culture symbolism shots: "The 45 minutes in the middle of *The Phantom Of The Paradise* movie is the absolute realisation of a certain image I have of rock 'n' roll being dark and evil and sinister . . ."

Sandy's favourite celluloid work was scored, incidentally, by Paul Williams, who also makes Toulouse Lautrec look like Meadowlark Lemon *(He means another shortarse — Ed)*.

By the fifth album, Pearlman had reduced his involvement to manager and producer because, according to Lanier, "The band blossomed as writers."

"Agents Of Fortune" marked B.O.C.'s transition from Heavy Metal tyranny and mutation to Stainless Steel S.F. flavoured let's-be-supernatural, a formula diluted for the outfit's latest luke-warm waxing, "Spectres", a pastiche of paens to vampires, nightmares, Nostradamus and the like.

"'Spectres' is a deliberate attempt to make an album that would sell three million units and beat Fleetwood Mac," boasted Pearlman, the Pavlov's Dictator, in *NME* recently.

● *Continued over page*

OR: Short Stubby Legs, Crummy Attitudes, Phony Symbolism & Oldhat Headbanging...

TONY PARSONS meets BOC & is not impressed.

Pic: JOE STEVENS.

BOC l. to r. Joe & Albert Bouchard, Buck Dharma, Allen Lanier, Eric Bloom.

BLUE OYSTER CULT CONTD.

Eric Bloom limbers up after reading Parsons' article on the Cult.

Pic: JOE STEVENS

● *From previous page*

I find "Agents Of Fortune" the apex of B.O.C. output whereas on "Spectres" the inspiration of the occult figures seems to be spread a mite thin on the vinyl. Was Lanier disappointed with the album?

"I'm disappointed with its sales," he says morosely, spring-cleaning his mucus-membranes.

THE MAELSTROM aesthetic; it's easy enough to get away with in the studio when you know your product is going to be shrink-wrapped (sorry, guys) in portentous sleeve-designs, but the image cracks, splinters, disintegrates in the flaccid flesh.

After seeing the Cult on their current UK tour, Eric Bloom just has to be the most arthritic-limbed, self-conscious, goddamn *embarrassed* performer I have ever witnessed in my long and sweet life, while Travolta-suited Donald "Buck Dharma" Roeser resembles nothing so much as the Omo man after a few revolutions in the spin-dryer.

At Hammersmith they played old chestnuts like "Kick Out The Jams" and "Born To Be Mild" interspersed with songs from all six albums, cranked out in the hamfisted, anachronistic fashion that would have died out if we had truly had our shit together, *maaaan*. But we didn't. So cut the sleeves off your denim jacket for "The Golden Age Of Leather". Cower as the quintuplet of axes level their sights at the fawning auditorium. Power in the hands of fools. And I seen a better light show on the front at Sarfend, moosh.

"R.U. READY 2 ROCK!!??!!??"

Boogie man getting up my nose. We leave early. There's even less to these meet-your-macho midgets than meets the iris.

Allen Lanier lolls his head around on its axis, turns his peepers skywards in a display of gormless stupor, tongue hanging loosely from gasping mouth. Then he beams.

"That's the kids in England," he grins triumphantly.

Good to see you respect the punters, Al . . .

"Oh, we get fifty waiting for autographs backstage at every show," he says quickly. "You don't get that in the States, kids over there watch rock shows on the same level of watching *Star Wars*.

"Americans have got it made. Money, sun, lotsa space. If you're an American, life is very easy . . . unless you're black, of course."

The B.O.C. image of closet Nazism so enraged the Jewish Defence League in America that they planned to sabotage the band's gigs, but Lanier views it as a "metaphor for negative imagery. Rock and roll lives off false imagery. We've dropped all that simply because it wasn't amusing anymore."

You feel no responsibility for the feelings of others?

"Of course not. It was just an in-joke that had run its course. I'm a very conservative person when it comes to rock 'n' roll."

Lanier's viewpoint on the latest release by Patti's other beau, Tom Verlaine, is that it's "a stiff. I produced their first demo tape; it's the best thing they've ever done . . . I don't mind blowing my own horn!"

If Patti packs you in for fish-head Verlaine, you may have to!

"Hey, how come you got so many Arabs in London?"

They come here for the smack and then can't tear themselves away.

"What they come here for? Everyone knows the best smack in the world is in Paris."

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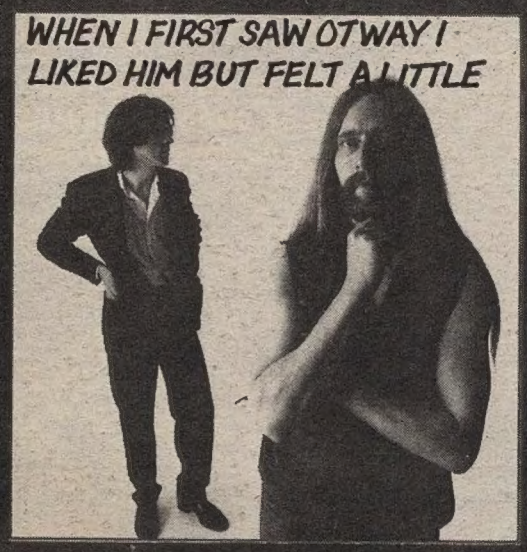

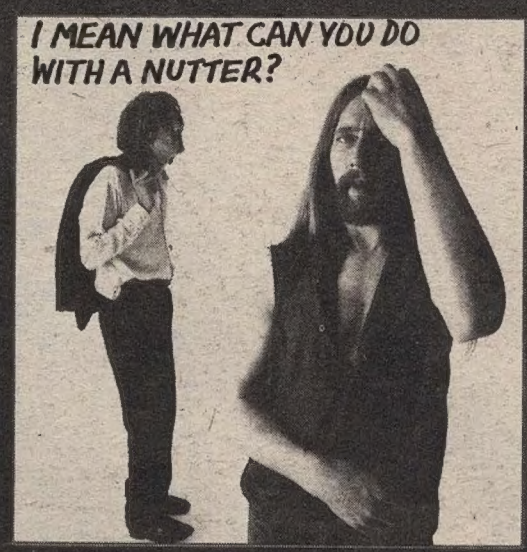

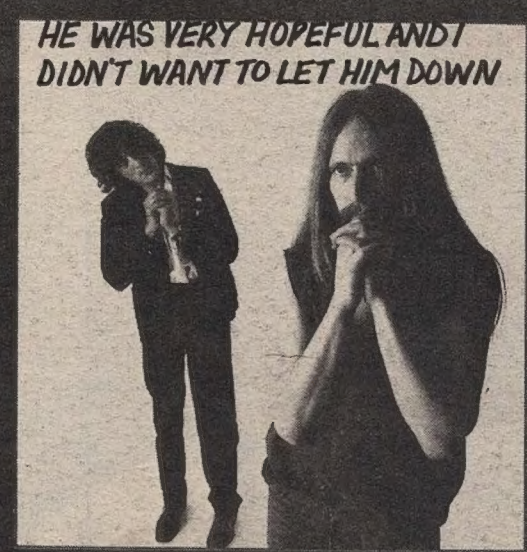

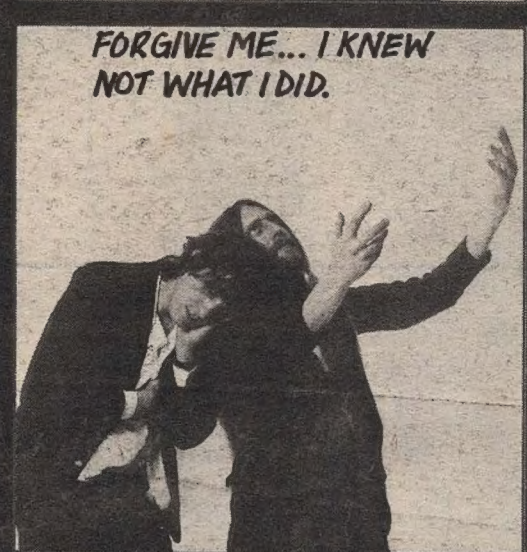

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That Jefferson Hairpie!
Those fabulous Lurkers!
Those irresistible Cimarons!
That Manfred Mann!
. . . whoever he may be . . .
That Lonesome Groover!
Those cuddly Devos!
That Frankie Miller!
Ray That Lowry!
So where's the Goldie & The Gingerbreads story?

Did you spot your favourite star dancing The Hooligan in our candid snap (above), taken by Anthony Brainstorm-Jones at Schnerdo's Discotheque — the most fashionable nite-spot in downtown Manhattan! Yes, that's Manfred Mann in the backline (L-R): Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Mike Vickers, Mike Hugg, Manfred Mann. Oh, and opposite them, welcome Goldie & The Gingerbreads! Upfront: The Beat Girls! Actual location: "Gadzooks", duff TV show circa 1964.

DISCO TAKES OVER ENTIRE UNIVERSE!

IT SHOULD COME as no surprise that the predominant theme of this year's music business trade festival — MIDEM — was disco, which in recent months has begun to appear far more than just a cute fashion.

Disco is now the fastest growing and most influential section of the music business, and is rapidly turning into an industry in its own right.

The influence of disco is spreading fast. Later this month at New York's Hilton Hotel more than 100 disco sound, lighting and accessory companies will meet for a Disco Forum, to celebrate the industry's fifth and most profitable year to date.

The likes of Andy Gibb, Donna Summer, Gloria Gaynor and Tavares will be on hand to provide entertainment at a nearby Manhattan disco. Among subjects for discussion will be "the inter-relationship between discotheques and radio in breaking disco records; the impact of movies on the growth of the industry, and means of sustaining the disco momentum."

They should have no problem. *Thank God It's Friday*, the latest disco movie, is being steamrollered into the public consciousness, and disco is prompting the return of whole new consumer industries.

Menswear manufacturers, appalled by generations who were happy to slouch about in jeans and leather jackets, now rejoice in the sudden boom demand for well-cut three-piece suits — worn, of course, with black shirts and Cuban heel boots.

A big Brooklyn department store is opening a special "Night Fever" menswear department. Vidal Sassoon, a sure-fire trend-jumper, has cut out a $25 Travolta-style hairdo.

The innumerable Travolta look-alike dancing contests has led to a boom in dance schools. Henry Dior, president of the Dale Dance Studios of New York, almost went out of business when rock'n' roll came in.

"When rock came in people were dancing freestyle," he recalls. "And you don't have to be taught to dance freestyle — you can fake it."

Those were hard times. Dior recalls: "By the late '60s everything died, most of our franchises folded, and by 1969 we were only getting about three or four new customers a week at our New York studio."

Then disco dancing arrived and suddenly people wanted to learn how to hustle. To stimulate the trend, a company called New York Hustle Inc. took troupes of dancers out to the discos to demonstrate the possibilities of this new style of moving. It paid off with a boom in club-footed customers, a tie-up for three direct-mail "Learn To Hustle" albums for Columbia House, and a new syndicated disco TV show called *Soap Factory*.

Jeff Shelley, who runs Hustle Inc., says most of his students are aged between 21 and 35, turned on to dancing by the *Fever* movie and the Bee Gees. He comments: "People who used to just go to the movies or rock concerts are now getting into dancing."

John Saionz, owner of the Manhattan franchise for the Fred Astaire Dance School, claims it is The Hustle itself which is responsible for the good times. He points out: "The Hustle is the first real new dance to come along since the Cha Cha in the '50s, and it will be around for a long time.

"The Hustle has done for dance what The Beatles did for music."

And if you're going to dance, you need the right kind of music. Which is why Henry 'Bo' Thorpe, described as a "musician, journalist, and public relations executive," is heading a 21-member band called Generation II which, according to *Billboard*, "plans to mesh the excitement of today's disco music with the style and sophistication of yesterday's big bands."

Looks like the Glen Miller Revival was a little early.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

NF PRINTS PUNKZINE

LATEST ENTRANT to the wonderful world of literature is a creepy little leaflet called The Punk Front, which has been spotted in the Leeds/Bradford area.

Adorned prominently with the National Front symbol, it sets out the attitudes that are expected of the NF-supporting punk about town.

See the picture of Tom Robinson! See the speech bubble. "I'm against the Front coz they'll ban vaseline." What wit! See Paul Simonon! "I hate the National Front because they don't like me turning the new wave into commie propaganda."

Quite a new twist, huh? The NF as defenders of the new wave . . .

In the middle of the sheet is a cartoon of a Jewish-looking guy with long hair, glasses and a moustache. His talk bubble: "We in the Anti-Nazi League tell you the NF eat black babies for breakfast and gas their own mothers — we haf pictures, already." In the corner, a cut-out picture of four men carrying Anti-Nazi banners: three black, one white with a huge nose drawn on and glasses again (why do they think all Jews wear spex?) — and underneath, the caption: " 'British' people stand against the National Front."

Opposite them, a couple of young punks are positioned to gaze malevolently at the picture of the demonstrators. "If that lot's against the National Front," says one, "then me and my mates are joining."

Which, believe it or not, is what a few Leeds punks — a very few Leeds punks — are actually doing.

Apart from the outbreak of fighting at a recent Buzzcocks gig in Bradford — reported in Thrills three weeks ago — they've also been known to dance the goose-step at the 'F' Club, much to the disgust

Continues page 13.

MANFRED'S ON THE CHARTS AGAIN

MANFRED MANN, aged 37, is back in the charts with "Davy's On The Road Again". Isn't he getting a bit old to be messing around with pop singles?

"For a journalist, that's an intelligent question," says Manfred. "For a five-year-old that's a stupid question. The fact is that the single is in the chart. Therefore, I am not too old."

Manfred — abrasive manner intact — is lunching at BBC Television Centre, where he's recording a bit for Top Of The Pops. With almost 20 hits over the years, he's one of the show's veterans. Indeed, most of his success seems to rest on his knack for finding commercial songs.

"Well, there's been a lot of singles. It's a reasonable assumption, I suppose, that this is the case. But that's not where we've been aiming in the last few years. I find it very gratifying that we've just been able to tour England with no hit single and to be sold out — or virtually sold out — everywhere we played. To me, that's much more important."

But hasn't he just paid lip service to 'serious music', while getting on with selling singles to kids?

"No, not at all."

Not at all?

"This album has sold a quarter of a million copies outside the United States. And we've sold 90,000 singles, if that. And you're telling me my greatest success at the moment is coming from singles?"

A lot of people, though, will think that Manfred Man is simply doing the same thing as in the '60s, concentrating on cute little chart records.

"Listen, a lot of people still think Paul Jones is lead singer. What a lot of people think doesn't mean it's true. A lot of people probably think Harold Wilson is still Prime Minister."

But when are you going to become a really serious musician, and get away from chart pop?

"Why can't one be a serious musician and do pop music?"

Well, hadn't Manfred made the distinction himself when he split up a chart band in 1969 to form the jazz-rock band Chapter Three?

"Let's put it this way. I don't think the music we're doing now is not serious. I think we're doing a perfectly serious thing. It's not the same band or the same people as in 1969."

Manfred found his new hit record in his usual fashion. It was a rack on an obscure album by an American songwriter, John Simon. Manfred's had the song for seven years. Did it worry him that he had to scavenge around for material from other people?

"Great phrase that, Bob. This is the journalist asking provocative questions hoping to get interesting answers. If I wasn't more cautious, I'd get irritated. Yeah. We're happy to scavenge around."

Wouldn't it be better to have hits with your own material?

"Yeah. It'd be much better if I was Bob Dylan or Paul McCartney. I agree with you. Why would it be better if we wrote our own material? Only if it was good."

But you'd have a more readily available supply of good stuff, if you wrote it yourself?

"Well, of course. Bit of a smartie here. This boy's on the ball. True enough, Bob. If we wrote our own stuff, the conclusion is correct. We'd have a readier, easier supply."

This reply produces laughter from our fellow diners. So why don't you write your own stuff, then, Manfred?

"Because I'm not fucking good enough!"

More laughter.

Okay, then, but what creative satisfaction can you get from using other people's songs?

"I get the same satisfaction as Billie Holliday presumably got. Or Frank Sinatra presumably got. Or Joe Cocker presumably got. Or Charlie Parker. Or Miles Davis. Or John Coltrane. Anyone playing music they didn't write themselves. I couldn't define it. It's just what I do."

Of late, Manfred seems to have run into difficulties. His Earth Band has split up, though he's not prepared to discuss why. He's having to audition for new musicians. And it's only now that he's successfully followed up his big hit of eighteen months ago, "Blinded By The Light."

"It's an interesting question, isn't it?" says Manfred. "One is having 'difficulties'.

"We live in a world where thousands of musicians are unemployed. We may not be as successful as Fleetwood Mac. But in my view, the band's been extremely successful. We've got quite a good following. Our records have sold consistently for a number of years.

"Christ, I know a lot of people who'd love to have our problems."

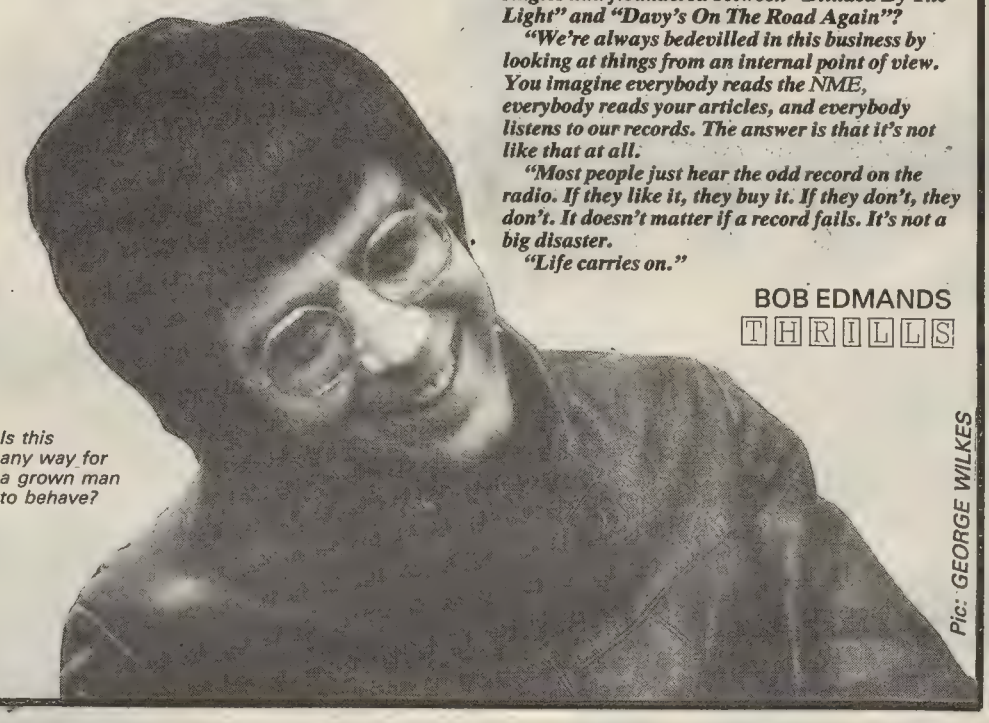
But hadn't he been upset because a number of singles had floundered between "Blinded By The Light" and "Davy's On The Road Again"?

"We're always bedevilled in this business by looking at things from an internal point of view. You imagine everybody reads the NME, everybody reads your articles, and everybody listens to our records. The answer is that it's not like that at all.

"Most people just hear the odd record on the radio. If they like it, they buy it. If they don't, they don't. It doesn't matter if a record fails. It's not a big disaster.

"Life carries on."

BOB EDMANDS
THRILLS



Is this any way for a grown man to behave?

Pic: GEORGE WILKES

THE CIMARONS are something of a reggae institution. Coming out of Harlesden in 1967 playing rock steady — at a time when a black musician was frowned on if he played anything other than soul — they were at the core of the Trojan label's roster of reggae acts in the late '60s.

Covering MOR standards like "Mammy Blue" and "Over The Rainbow" on record, The Cimarons also backed the up-and-coming Jamaican stars like Marley and Toots on their first British trips. In fact, they got the gig as the faceless back-up men on virtually every major tour of the time, playing to the original skinheads when today's cropped troops of the Sham Army could barely walk, let alone moonstomp.

Ten years on, the sevens have clashed and The Cimarons are still making music. With a live album on Polydor in the shops, they've already completed work on their first studio album for the label.

The new album — due for release sometime in June — was recorded at Pebble Beach, a studio in the genial south coast seaside town of Worthing: a far cry from the pressure of Kingston, JA, three years ago where their last studio effort, the excellent "On The Rock" set on Vulcan, was finished.

"These surroundings give us a different atmosphere, a different tone," keyboards player Carl Levy tells me as he smears a slab of butter over his juicy steak in the Bed, Breakfast And Evening Meal joint opposite the studio.

"The Jamaican studios are the best in the world, but we can relax here and get down to recording."

The other four Cimarons — singer Winston Reid, bassist Franklin Dunn, guitarist Locksley Giche and drummer Maurice Ellis — nod in agreement.

The band regard themselves very much as a family. A unit. Only the ebullient Winston was not with them right from the outset, and he's now been fronting the group on stage for fully six years.

Each member contributes his own songs to the set, though it's the warrior-faced Levy who seems to

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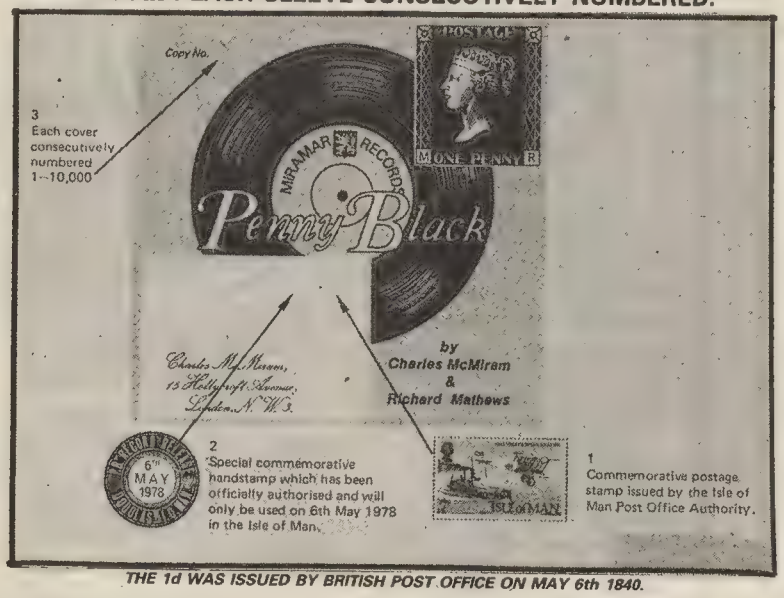
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CIMARONS STEAK OUT IN WORTHING

appoint himself as the chief spokesman.

"There's no essential difference between British and Jamaican reggae," he emphasises. "It's the same thing. Only the commercialists trying to make money will segregate England from Jamaica. It's the same music — it's just coming from a different part of the earth. In coining the phrase 'British reggae', a man is cutting the main emotional link with Jamaica, and if you cut the root from the tree, the tree will die."

Seen, Carl. But surely there are basic differences between the British and the Jamaican sound.

"Yeah — and that's good. But in the end, it's the same music."

Soft-spoken guitarist Locksley chips in: "Part of our glorification now is to see that the young bands can come. A band can start now and be known in a few months."

The recent live album was a pretty disappointing affair on the whole, not least because it was so out of date. But some reviews — part of a detectable critical backlash against reggae in the music press — suggested that, for all good intentions, The Cimarons had skipped the groundwork in their proffered Rastafarian concepts.

But the band has been together for a long time, and they now have solid foundations to build upon.

They reckon that a trip to Nigeria in 1969, at the height of the Biafran War, was a turning point in their career — one which helped cement the ideas for the future.

"We toured along the front line where soldiers would have to guard us while the bombs were exploding all around," recalls Carl.

"It was the first time we had really been together as a group. Before that there was always one of us still at school or on an apprenticeship. The African experience knitted the whole thing together on the spiritual side."

Taking the point further, Levy refers to "Civil-Ization", one of the band's newer numbers.

"The idea of the song is to plant a seed in the mind of the listener. We open an argument. It's an important point that, basically, we do not preach. Instead, we put forward an argument which we see as the truth. Then it's up to someone else to come and disprove it.

"Black people must have the truth about African history revealed to them. Generally the picture people get of Africa is a very distorted one. Civilisation was cradled in the old Ethiopia and came down the Nile to Egypt. Some philosophy tries to make you see the Egyptian race as white, but it is a race which is the result of interbreeding of foreigners and black Africans."

A high point of the Roundhouse album is a fine cover of The O'Jays' Gamble/Huff-penned "Ship Ahoy". The song's message of hope is as valid now as when it was first written.

But nowadays it's reggae that's got soul, that's dealing with people under pressure . . .

"Soul groups were a little more aware in the '60s . . . when Detroit was burning," says Carl. "But since then there has been nothing, with the build up of a black bourgeois middle class in America.

"Even in Jamaica, American soul got a big push and the Jamaican musicians were made to think that they had to walk like Americans, talk like Americans, fuuuunnk like Americans. It caught on a bit, but reggae was always stronger, more positive. In the end it was reggae rockin'."

While never the most innovative of reggae bands, The Cimarons are certainly one of the most genuine on the UK patch — no band just out for instant glory and quick lucre would have stuck together through ten years of only limited success the way they have.

And if the day ever comes when The Cimarons are no longer a force on the reggae front, then that particular circuit would be a lot poorer for the loss.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

FRONT

From page 11

of the left-wing local bands who supplied the backing — The Gang Of Four and The Mekons.

Both bands, in fact, have decided not to play the club again until it changes its current 'apolitical' stance and bans the NF aggrovators.

'F' Club promoter John Keenan, however, dismisses them as "basically yobboes. There's never more than half a dozen of them. I'm doing my best to keep politics out of the club."

The latest incident involving these guys — who claimed to be supporters of the ultra-right wing British National Party until that folded recently — came on May 24, when Sham 69 were due to play the 'F' Club but had to pull out to record a Top Of The Pops appearance.

Keenan turned a bunch of people away, and later that evening they turned up in the Fenton pub, where members of both The Mekons and Gang Of Four were drinking, and began singing "Tomorrow Belongs To Me" as performed by the Hitler Youth in Cabaret.

Inevitably, a fight broke out. One student received a badly cut eye which required immediate surgery, and among other injured parties was a girl student who took a serious kicking in the head. Police arrested students and Front supporters.

Meanwhile, it has come to Thrills' attention that a rock club calling itself Column 88 has opened up at Gatsby, Whitley Bay.

We'd be interested to know whether the owner — or, for that matter, the bands who play there — realise that Column 88 is actually a fascist terrorist organisation who take their name from the eighth letter of the alphabet: HH, or Heil Hitler.

You have been warned.

JOHN HAMBLETT
PHIL McNEILL

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A Warner Bros Recording [illegible]

BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND

BOOTSY? PLAYER OF THE YEAR
(Warner Bros. K 56424)

OTHER MONSTER ALBUMS

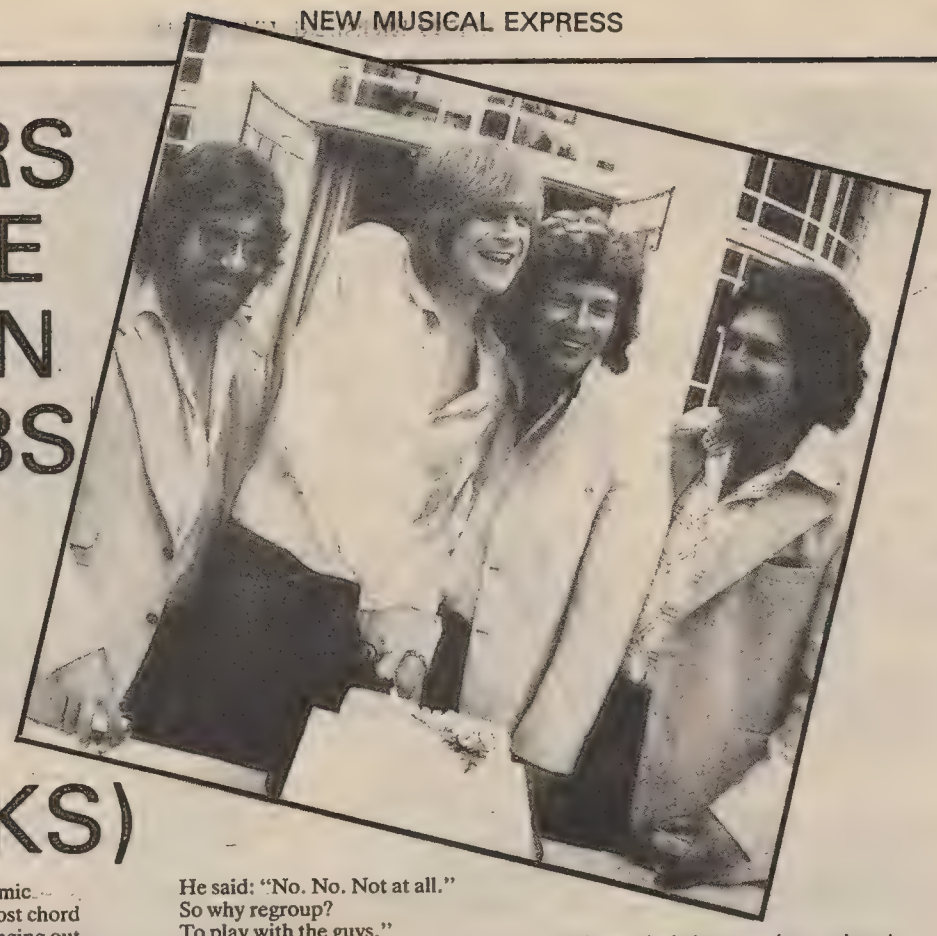
AHH...THE NAME IS BOOTSY, BABY!
(Warner Bros. K 56302)
STRETCHIN' OUT
(Warner Bros. K 56200)

FUNK ATTACK

June 20 - 21	Hammersmith Odeon
June 23	Manchester Apollo
June 24	Birmingham Odeon

'BOOTZILLA' AMAZING MONSTER COLOURED SINGLE
BOOTZILLA/
HOLLYWOOD SQUARES
(W[illegible] 8[illegible])

HAIRDRESSERS AND BRUMMIE BUSINESSMEN QUIT DAY JOBS TO FORM MYSTICAL ALLIANCE (& MAKE BUCKS)



Above: hairdressers (centre) and businessmen (flanks) celebrate their union. L-R: Graeme Edge, Justin Hayward, John Lodge, Ray Thomas.

ON THE LAWN of a country house in Surrey, champagne and strawberries are served in vast quantities, while in the background a brass band burbles benignly.

It's a very British scene. A party given by members of the new aristocracy — The Moody Blues.

The house and grounds were hired for the day. And so, of course, were the brass band and the caterers.

But it still provides a glimpse of the state of nirvana to which anyone can ascend with the help of 26 million album sales.

There are two types of Moody Blue on display. One type is the blonde hairdresser variety, whose melodic gifts have done much to generate those 26 million sales.

The second type is heavily moustachioed, pot-bellied Brummie businessman, with an accent liked squashed plums. The homely element.

A very brief acquaintance suggests that both types of Moody Blue are nice chaps.

But for a band supposedly obsessed with spiritual profundities, these guys lack a certain finesse with more worldly themes. When it comes to the symbols of their massive material wealth, they choose to flaunt them in a particularly graceless way.

The Moodies were presented with what was described as "the greatest number of platinum discs awarded at any one time."

Draping yourselves, as the Moodies did, around all this platinum, is the nearest anyone can get in public to rolling about in money. But then all big rock stars do that.

What was particularly offensive was the way the discs were delivered.

They were trundled in aboard an armoured car belonging to the Security Express private police force. And as the Moodies posed for the cameras, guards in civilian battledress hovered nearby.

As a piece of radical theatre, it could hardly have been bettered. The rich have always used violence to hang onto their money. Rock superstars tend to be very rich indeed. And The Moody Blues are a prime example.

It's a massive irony, of course, that they got that way through an avowed concern for humanity's cosmic destiny. They found their lost chord all right. You can hear it ringing out from cash registers all over the world.

I asked the band's drummer Graeme Edge if it didn't worry him that he'd made so much money out of things spiritual.

"No," he said, "Not in the slightest."

"No?" I said.

"No," he said. "Because I pass it all over to the Government anyway."

Graeme Edge, who is not one of the blonde hairdressers, has a nifty way of dealing with aggressive questions. He gives replies that consist of one short sentence each, says them in a sweetly reasonable voice, and smiles.

The party had been thrown to publicise the Moodies' new album, their first combined effort for some years.

I asked Mr Edge if they'd got back together for business reasons.

He said: "No. No. Not at all."

So why regroup?

To play with the guys."

Yeah?

"Yeah."

A less blunt approach seemed to be in order. Who prompted the reunion?

"Our manager," said Mr Edge. "But then, he's had a try, regular as clockwork, every six months. This last time, we felt it seemed like a good idea. Enough time had passed for things to get a bit more normal. In 1972, they were a bit abnormal, and a bit frightening for us."

How do you mean?

"Well, we didn't want it to be that big. Didn't want it to be like that. Things are different now. People at that time started turning you into minor deities. And they really did think that you'd got answers for questions on all sorts of things.

"They didn't realise you were just a singer in a rock'n'roll band. These days, they just expect you to sing rock'n'roll and play music. Which is great. That's all we ever wanted to do in the first place."

This account of The Moody Blues seems a little disingenuous. The band must have been aware of the effect of their mystical philosophising. Had they taken it less seriously, perhaps, than their followers?

"No," says Mr Edge. "We were quite serious in what we were saying. Society was going through a revolution at the time. We were kicking off the last traces of Victorian values. You remember those glorious late '60s, don't you?"

I say that I do.

"Well, we were only reflecting what everybody around us was talking about. The trouble is that if someone has a thought, and you have a similar thought and you write it into a song, for some reason people think you're better than you are.

"It was very confusing. Why should people elevate you into that kind of position, when all you're doing is singing and talking about what everyone else is singing and talking about? Everybody was into mysticism. Everybody was trying to find a basis for a new system of morals.

"All over the world, people were starting to look and search. And we were the same. But people wouldn't take it at that level. They thought we'd got some secret."

It just goes to show, perhaps, that there are a lot of dumb bastards in the world, who think Graeme Edge is Bertrand Russell, Justin Hayward is John Stuart Mill, John Lodge is A.J.Ayer, Mike Pinder is Socrates, and Ray Thomas is Rousseau. Or something like that.

I didn't say that to Graeme Edge. It's only just occurred to me to be so bold. Instead, I asked him about the new wave. After all, everybody is no longer singing and talking about the same thing as The Moody Blues.

"The new wave are great, though, ain't they?" says Mr Edge. "That Ian Drury *(sic)*, I love him. It's the first time there's been a big pop singer singing about London instead of L.A. 'Billericay Dickie' — I love that. I love Ian Drury *(sic)*. Like rugby songs, ain't they?"

But where does the new wave leave The Moody Blues? Are they still singing about the same things?

"We've done what we've always done. We're singing about what we're doing and what we are. Justin's written a beautiful song called 'The Day We Meet Again', which could be about a boy and a girl or about us lot meeting in the studio. Depends on how you want to look at it.

"Mike's song is very introspective. Typical of Mike. My song is about my new son who's 18 months old and what I hope for him in life. That's all we can write about. What's going on around us."

At this point in the proceedings, a Decca press lady arrives with two bottles of champagne, and puts them down on the table in front of us. "One each," she says, and goes away.

Mr Edge goes on to tell me how he's spent the past few years. For one thing, he bought a yacht, and sailed to the Caribbean, saw the natives eat a whale, heard them play their oil drums, and generally had a ball.

I say to him that the mood of the times has become more cynical. Did his songs take account of that?

"No," he said. "Because I don't feel at all cynical. I'm absolutely delighted with my life. Right now, it's perfect."

But isn't it the case that the Moodies have got back together because their solo projects had floundered?

"Oh, no," said Mr Edge. "I'm ever so proud of my solo albums. I play them and enjoy them."

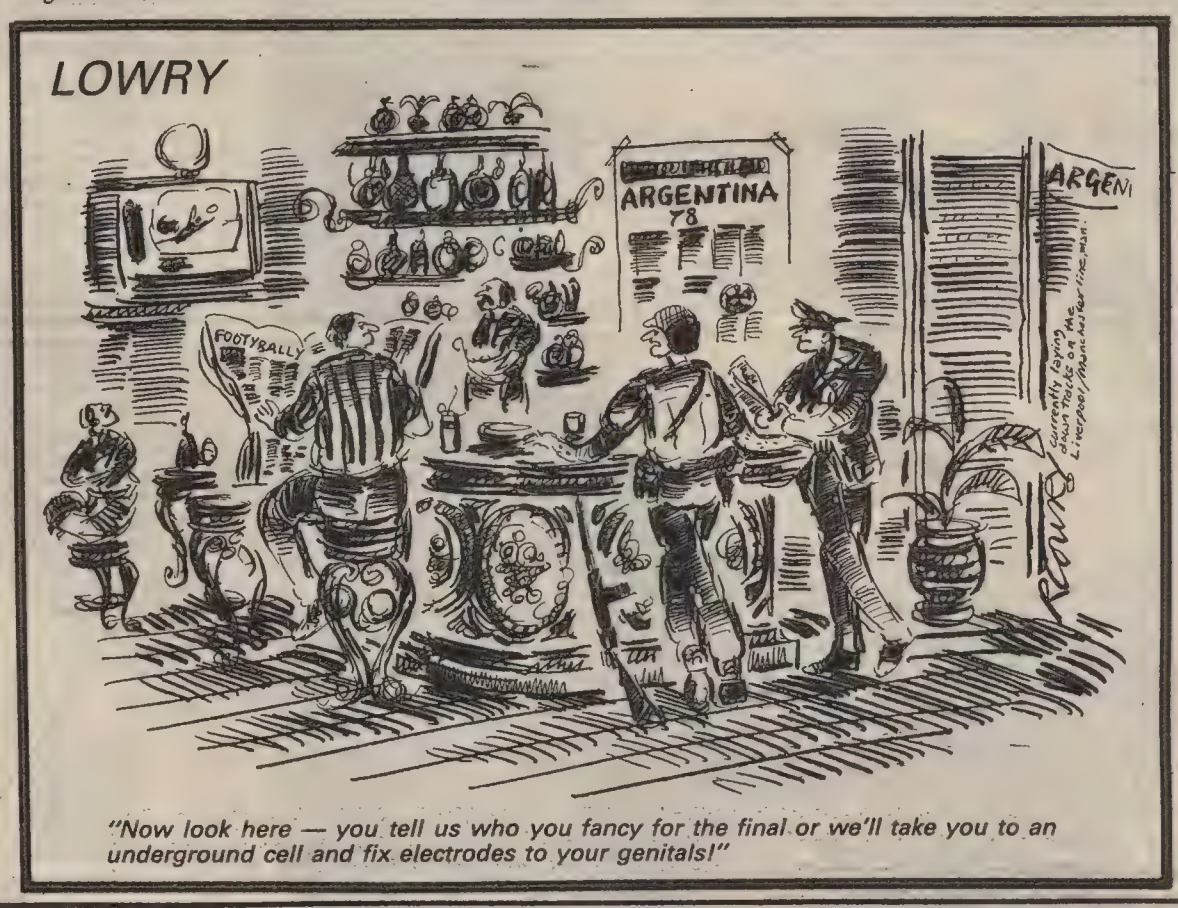
But they weren't a commercial success, were they?

"Well, I'm lucky," he said. "I'm in a position where I don't really need that side of it."

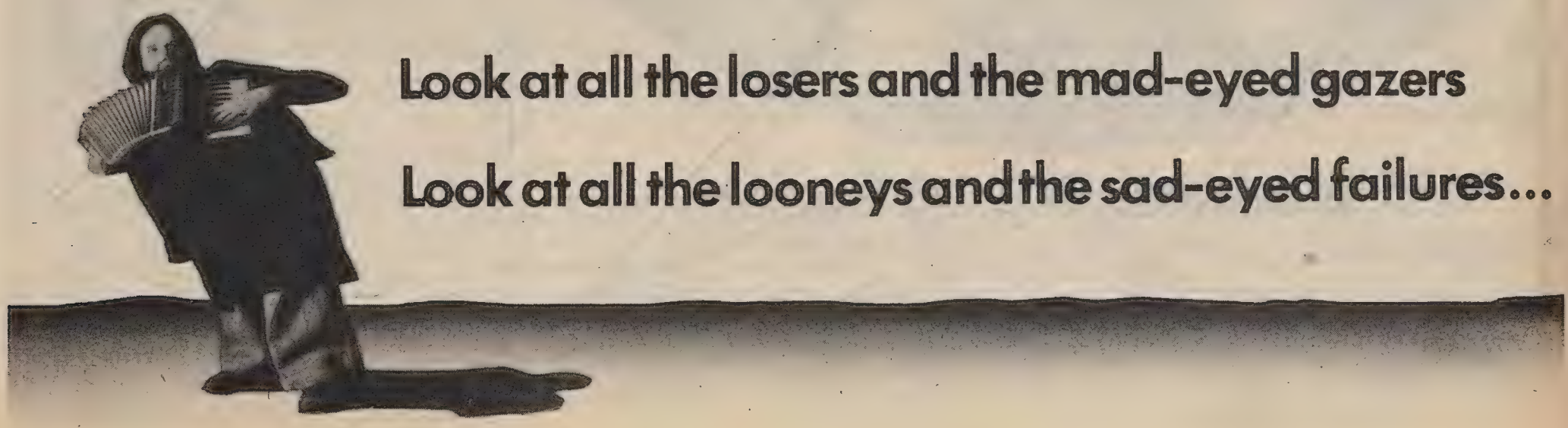
On that thought, we thanked each other, and Mr Edge wandered off with his bottle of champagne.

I left my bottle of champagne on the table. I've never bought any Moody Blues records, so I don't feel they're in my debt.

BOB EDMANDS



"Now look here — you tell us who you fancy for the final or we'll take you to an underground cell and fix electrodes to your genitals!"



FRANKIE MILLER PICKS HIMSELF UP AGAIN

(No. 572 in a never-ending series)

IS THERE ANY point in saying that one day Frankie Miller is going to make it?

Few artists have ever attracted as much support by as many rock writers as Miller. But because of his erratic behaviour, he has now stretched journalistic tolerance to the absolute limit. His recent album, "Double Trouble", it was generally felt, would either make him or finally kill him off.

But then, commercial success isn't any justification of real talent. Bearing that in mind, it's little wonder Frankie is indignant he should be given this kind of ultimatum to break through, *or else*.

"I never think of last chances," he explains. "I'm not saying I'm going to have to make 11 or 13 albums to get through, to make the big one. But there's a lot of people who did that.

"I remember with my first album, one of my friends in Glasgow said, 'If you don't make it with this, that's it'. That was the most ridiculous thing I'd ever heard.

"I know people want me to be successful, and I admire that. But I'm not unduly worried about it, not at the moment.

"If it happens, it happens," he adds philosophically. "And I'll do my best to *make* it happen.

"I'll do everything that's asked of me, *apart* from sell my soul."

Refusing to compromise is one thing, but Frankie has often seemed intent on destroying himself.

Since this Scottish singer first started singing in London's pubs and clubs in the early '70s, his career has been ill-fated all down the line.

Jude, the group formed by Robin Trower and ex-Jethro Tull drummer Clive Bunker, for which Frankie was enlisted as vocalist, split before they even recorded. He was then signed by Chrysalis as a solo artist, but he has never been able to hold a band together.

Dubious management, compounded by Miller's infamous boozing and brawling, led to a haphazard life in rock'n'roll. It wasn't until two years ago, when Procol Harum's lyricist Keith Reid took over his business affairs, and Frankie formed Fullhouse, that he finally looked ready to achieve recognition.

The group established a reputation that complemented the critical respect for Miller as one of Britain's greatest R&B singers. They made what is arguably Miller's best album, "Fullhouse", but then last summer unexpectedly disbanded after a moderately successful American tour.

It looked like Miller had blown it again.

Indeed, even he had misgivings about killing off an obviously effective formula.

"At one time I was real happy," he explains, "and there was a good band atmosphere. But then it just got a bit crazy — it started to lose something.

"When we were in America we should have been a lot more aggressive. But there were a few in the band who'd never been there for a start, and they were a bit overwhelmed by the country itself.

"So at the very end there was nothing progressing, and I didnae want to know."

He hurriedly formed another band to play last year's Reading Festival, and although they recorded "Double Trouble" with him, Frankie is reluctant to describe them as a permanent fixture.

Basically he would prefer to freewheel. Not only does this allow him freedom of choice with a variety of musicians, but it relieves him of the financial strain of retaining a band on a fulltime basis.

If Miller hadn't been so infamous for his own personal habits and apparent professional chaos, people might not in fact have thought he was on the skids again after the Fullhouse episode.

After all, his career is by no means in complete disarray.

"Fullhouse" sold more copies than the collective sales of his first three albums, and the single "Be Good To Yourself" was a minor UK hit. It's too early to tell whether "Double Trouble" will meet with similar commercial success, but musically it follows the same hard rock style as "Fullhouse".

For the next album he intends to use the same band and producer Jack Douglas, and it seems there is still some purpose to his career.

"I'm making forward steps rather than big jumps," Miller says. "It could be an overnight thing, but I see it as a working development. And I'm glad it's like that, because I know a lot of people who were screwed up by making it big too quickly.

"That won't happen to me." *(No kidding! — Ed.)*

Despite considerable hardships, Miller has taken consolation in the fact that he has musical respect. Six different singers have covered "A Fool In Love", which he wrote with Andy Fraser for "The Rock"; similarly "Little Angel", "All My Love To You" and "Ain't Got No Money" have been recorded by other acts, the later by Bob Seger on his new album, "Stranger In Town".

An amiable if a slightly gruff guy, Miller is not really possessed by any burning ambition to be an international rock star. Yet he is also unlikely to court total failure.

"I want to make it," he asserts. "There's no doubt about that. I need to pay rent, and there are lots of things I want in life. But it's only from being successful that'll get these things.

"And I want to do it through my talent; I think I'll do it on my terms. If the single, 'Stubborn Kind Of Fellow', goes, that'll be great. But it's never crossed my mind to record something for the sake of being a success.

"There were certain things I could've recorded, but they just weren't me.

"I wouldnae do anything I didnae think was me, especially at this point. And I think everything on 'Double Trouble' is more or less me.

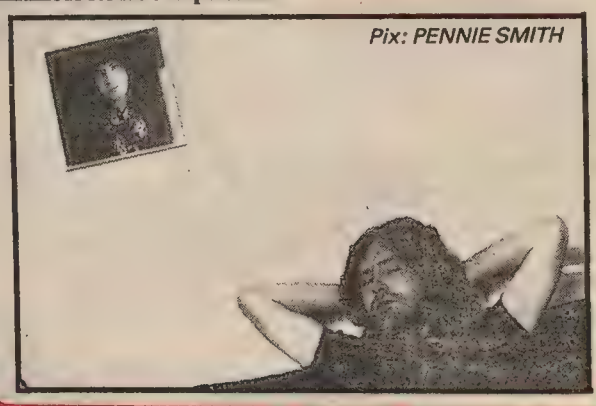
"But, yeah, I want to be successful. I want to be successful for everybody that's behind me — including myself.

'I don't think it's true I'm self-destructive, because I've got a will.

"I *know*," he concludes, "I'll never ever go over the top and do myself in."

TONY STEWART

THRILLS



Pix: PENNIE SMITH

Gently fold in the lemon peel, finely chopped nuts, flour and salt. Whip the egg shites until stiff and gradually add to the other ingredients. Turn into a lined 7-inch cake tin and bake for 50 minutes at 180° (Gas mark 4). Turnnout and leave to cool. Make the

The Carrickfergus Advertiser's version of Chocolate Peanut Crunch — strange ingredients, bub. Sent by Linda Jamison.

MCN
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1. Classic T.T. (Hailwood on 750 Yamaha).
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TT78 Motor Cycle News TT78

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Branches throughout England and Wales. Merchandise subject to availability. Where you see the record department sign Access and Barclaycard welcome

Offer ends July 8th or while stocks last.

STRIDE, WALL & The Fulham Boys

Pix: MIKE STONE

STARDOM LURKS IN THE COACH & HORSES

"IT'S ABOUT TIME it happened," grins Pete Stride cheerily. "Considering the way our crowds have grown in the last couple of months, it's about bloody time."

Stride, if you're not already familiar with the name, is lead guitarist and chief songwriter with that bastion of the Great British Three Chord Wasteland, The Lurkers.

And The Lurkers, in case you haven't been avidly scanning yer Top 30s and 50s over the past few weeks, have lately been grabbing themselves a slice of the proverbial chart action with their latest fab smasheroo "Ain't Got A Clue", one of the best surprises the singles chart has thrown up so far this year.

As the man says, the success of the single, if it has left them a little flushed, was no less than they expected: for in the last three months or so, The Lurkers have hardened into one of the hottest live combos in and around London.

And they have the booty — a tremendously loyal hard core following of Real Fans — to bear this out.

Street-level is an apt, if cliched, adjective. The Lurks are about as subtle as a steel-capped boot in the groin, and on a bad night almost as painful.

Stride, a strong contender in the Keef stakes this year, lays down his blowtorch rhythm guitar lines with wired urgency, a neat foil for the monotone vocal and early Fab Macca good looks of singer Howard Wall. Beneath all, the throb of bassist Nigel Moore and drummer Manic Esso never relents.

White light, white heat, no flashy solos and plenty of feedback — both aurally from the screeching speakers and then again from the audience who come to get wrecked, invade the stage, but above all to Paaagaaaaa!

Offstage, as usual, the madmen are mere regular blokes who booze a lot and play darts regularly down at the Coach & Horses in Ickenham — West London semi-detached suburbia.

Stride, Wall and the amiable Esso chucked in their day jobs in garages and offices, like so many others, around the end of 1976 and started rehearsing solidly. Nigel Moore was the original bassist but left to be replaced by Arturo Bassick before the band's first gig, inevitably at the Roxy.

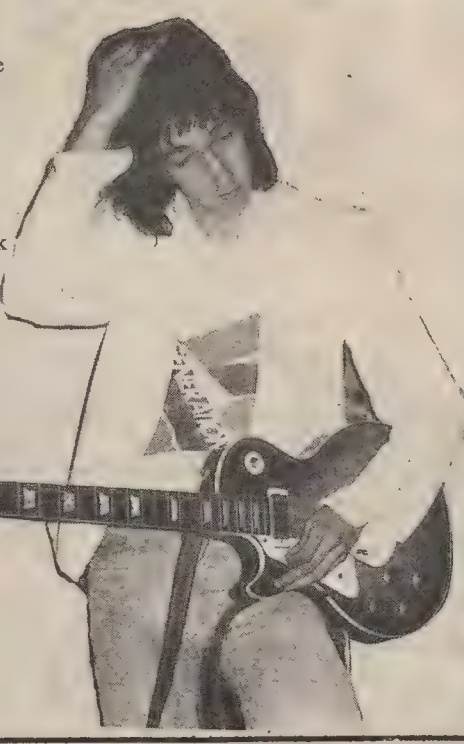
In the face of an almost unanimous critical thumbs down from the rock press, they gigged and released their debut single, the near-classic "Shadow", and a disappointing follow-up late last year before Bassick left to form his own band Pinpoint.

Kym Bradshaw, who had then just quit The Saints, was slotted in on bass.

"At first we were really chuffed when Kym joined," mumbles the reserved, shy Stride. "You know the sort of thing — big name bass player joins our little band. But offstage he just turned out to be really straight." (By this he probably means that the Aussie was reluctant to become a regular at the Coach & Horses).

"Kym was like a married man. We haven't seen him since he left, but we still do one of his songs. Now we've got Nigel back he will probably stay with us forever," he adds warmly.

Last week saw the release of the band's debut album "Fulham Fallout" — Fulham, along with Kingston and Southall, being the traditional home of Lurkers fans.



"Most of them only like us and no other band," says Nigel. "But it's not only round London. We're starting to get a strong following up north as well. There's pockets of fans all round . . . Luton, Reading, there are fifteen fanatics in every town!"

"The album's great," proclaims Stride with laconic modesty. "We wanted it to be a bit more over the top and raw than it has turned out. It sounds sophisticated to us. The idea that we're going for is layers and layers of rhythm guitar over a good heavy drum sound."

The much vaunted Ramones comparisons are also shown the door.

"They're a pop group. We're more of a rock and roll band. Mike Glossop (producer) did a great job really on the album — we went along to all the mixes to make sure . . . like, you never really trust anyone until you hear the final thing.

"A producer will usually say, 'Yeah, I know you want it really loud,' and then because of this big code of professional conduct, they turn out a real studio job. But Mike's lived up to what he said. We know what we're capable of in the studio now, that's the important thing."

Their prowess as a live band is undoubted, but there still remains something dull and narrow in the mundane insularity of The Lurkers and Fulham Boys.

"I think being in a band's been good for us," says the ever-grinning Esso. "We've made a lot of friends out of this. Like, we used to never have any friends before.

"We were content just to sit in the Coach & Horses in Ickenham. We can go and have a drink with more people now.

"It's a good thing."

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

Above: a detail from the cover

FANS OF DEVO — and no person of taste can be excluded from this category — will be more than interested to learn of a new fun bootleg released about now.

This album, entitled "Workforce — Live! On Site", features material recorded largely in the States, although sections of the recent Roundhouse concert are included. But the real interest of the album is the extraordinary care taken over the production and packaging. The sound is good, the material is put together coherently (or at least as coherently as Devo get!), and the cover design is terrific — better and more imaginative than a great many professional jobs. It's selling at about four quid a shot.

Oh, and a Knebworth bootleg is already being 'advertised' — even before the gig!

PHILIP HAYES

The Misfits are everywhere...
"MISFITS" SPART 1055. The new album from the Kinks
Includes the Single "Rock 'N' Roll Fantasy" ARIST 189
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GRACE SLICK'S SUPERSTARSHIP

Planet minders turn platinum miners

THE COMMUTER shuttle circles a complex of naval dockyards criss-crossed by elevated freeways before landing at Philadelphia's ultra-modern airport. The Hilton courtesy car picks us up and takes us over the freeways to a tall slab hotel set among parking areas and waste lots. Shimmering in the far distance in the heat haze are the glass towers of the downtown Philadelphia skyline.

Our hotel looks out over an empty swimming pool and a quarter-mile of parking lot which surrounds a huge circular sports centre. Beyond that is another circular structure, a little smaller. This is the hockey rink where Bowie played last week, and where the Jefferson Starship are playing tonight.

There couldn't be a better spot for a starship landing — vast concrete spaces, power and facilities to excess, the lush geometry of American super-abundance.

My view of the Starship is probably more American than British, since they have never been very important here. I see them from a background of American underground experience, and with that sympathetic tolerance that comes from growing up with a group and measuring their changes against your own. I first heard "White Rabbit" in early 1967 on the car radio while driving up the Taconic Parkway to visit Tim Leary at Millbrook with Ken Weaver of The Fugs and Betsy who worked at the Psychedelicatessen. *(That's funny — I first heard it on the jukebox down the Pig & Whistle — Ed.).* WABC had the record on a 15-minute turnaround, and even now it reminds me of that trip . . .

A limousine glides to a halt on the glistening tarmac next to the huge concrete ramp leading down to the arena's backstage entrance.

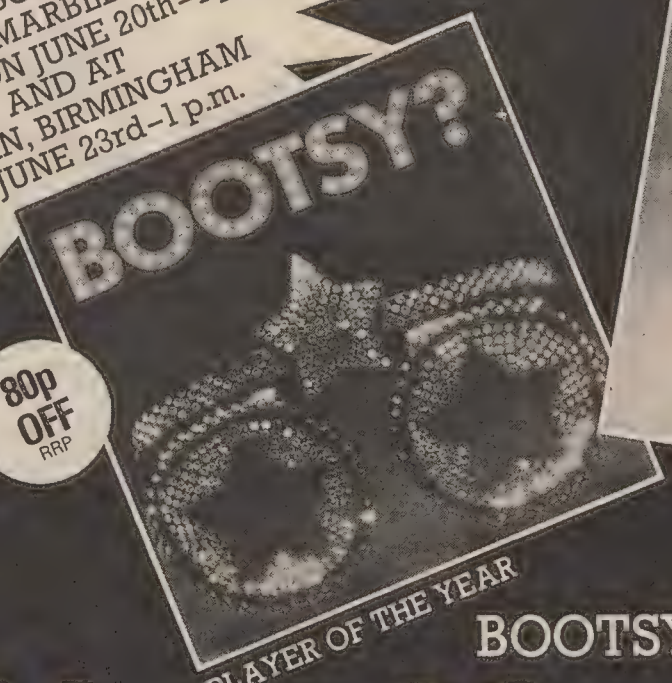
The rear door is thrown open and a board thrown out, closely followed by Craig Chaquico in Hawaiian shorts and armpit-length hair. He lands neatly on his skateboard, flip flops it into position and then, despite the protestations of the security guard, launches himself down the ramp. It's a long ramp, big enough to take American trucks, and he reaches a good 35mph by the bottom of it.

Chaquico wrote "Skateboard" (with Grace Slick) on the last album. He is the ultimate American lead guitarist. You can see at once what will happen to him: in a year or so he will form his own heavy metal band like Nugent or Montrose. But now he's loose, enjoying himself, young, eager and smiling . . .

Everyone but Grace is at the soundcheck, except Marty Balin isn't

BOOTSY'S IN TOWN

MEET BOOTSY AT VIRGIN, MARBLE ARCH LONDON ON JUNE 20th–1 p.m.
AND AT VIRGIN, BIRMINGHAM ON JUNE 23rd–1 p.m.



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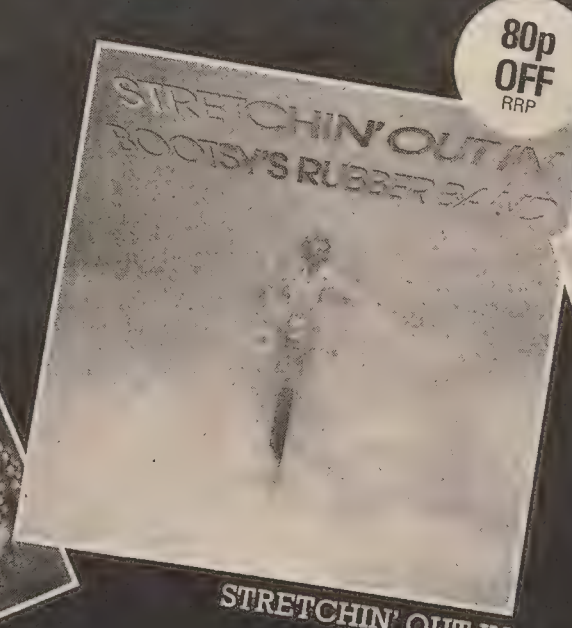

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BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND AT

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really there. He sits on the bleachers near the stage looking bored and uncertain.

Balin still refuses to commit himself fully to the group — his penchant for love ballads is in sharp contrast to the Starship's traditional radical, futuristic stance as represented by, say, Paul Kantner. He is not on contract — he won't sign one — but receives an equal share of the band's royalties, which they divide equally between the seven musicians, their manager and their producer — some of the '60s ideas are still practiced.

Balin is still into magic and his own projects. "The Starship is too limiting for me," he reckons. "There are eight million stories in this city. The Starship's only one of them."

His most recent project has been producing an album by Jesse Barish, the writer or co-writer of four of the songs on the Starship's last two albums. Will Balin stay with the Starship? Well, he's been talking about maybe sticking around for one more album, and maybe an autumn tour, so the answer is probably yes.

THE STARSHIP are experimenting with a clear stage. All the lighting, the huge PA stacks and even the stage monitors are mounted overhead on a giant gantry, giving an uninterrupted view of the stage for 180 degrees.

Behind the group, balanced one each side of John Barbata's drum kit, stand two huge frames. Built into these are the stage amps, backstage speakers, tuning strobes and other equipment. Lids can be clamped onto these two giant boxes, transforming them into flight cases which can then be wheeled straight from the stage and into the truck: very neat.

The overhead spots, splaying down from the jumble of massive airborn equipment, make it look as if the members of the band have just beamed down from space.

THEY OPEN with "Drive Your Tiger", achieving a group sound which takes me way back to "Bless Its Pointed Little Head".

Most of this audience only know them from their recent hit singles, and the mix is designed to make them sound like a guitar band. Suddenly, there's Gracie . . .

I hadn't seen her in years, not since the Airplane were virtually a Fillmore house band. Does anyone out there remember when they did a double-header with The Doors at the Roundhouse? Grace's voice is stronger now, more mature, as she is. She can soar without a waver. They sing "Down On Me", getting the hits out of the way early in the concert.

"Anything that's on stage in America is just a big hamburger," observes Marion, next to me. "The audience just consumes it — they consume everything." And the 18,000 audience do just that. Craig's first guitar solo is greeted with wild applause, even though it consists of fairly threadbare '60s riffs. An unimaginative piano solo from Englishman Pete Sears causes ecstatic applause.

The Starship is a dense-textured band, seven members plus two men on brass. The dynamic changes come from the strident chords, oddly clear grace notes, or the vocal emphasis that rises up above it. A line such as *"when you see the saucers"* leaps out of the mix and hovers there in the air — this has always been their most distincitive feature, and it has carried over from Airplane to Starship.

Steve Shuster and David Fareq just emphasize the dynamic shifts more than before with their horn work.

The backline of the Starship is admirably suited to this kind of playing. Drummer Barbata was with The Turtles, toured with CSN&Y and is a veteran of more than 75 studio albums (Ronstadt, Hendrix, Clapton, Stills, Cooder, etc . . .) and really knows how to be supportive. Same goes for David Freiberg, who had five years with Quicksilver Messenger Service before joining Starship on bass and keyboards which he alternates with Pete Sears.

Sears comes from the very English background of four Rod Stewart albums, and obviously has less of a California sound than the others. This is particularly so on bass, where he carves out a space for himself as if he were carving an Easter Island Man.

Also staying pretty much in the background — and this is perhaps significant — is the Starship's akcknowledged leader Paul Kantner, who now seems happy to sing support vocals and work behind the scenes. He only has one song on "Earth", and obviously feels that this is not the time for futuristic visions and hot licks for the band.

They do a long show — it sometimes lasts for three hours — and include all the old favourites. It's astonishing how good "Somebody To Love" still sounds.

They do an encore, of course — and there is something oddly familiar as the band power through the chord changes like an American juggernaut changing gears on the New Jersey Turnpike. Oh God, it's "White Rabbit", with a trumpet intro, no less . . . I thought Grace would get lost on this one but no matter how frenetic the guitar solo or strident the horns, her voice comes soaring through, gliding round the vowels, sucking and snapping at the consonants with no problem.

Only a few bands have survived from the '60s. Despite internal troubles — half the band want to achieve big money and superstar success, the other half want to hold back from that and stick closer to the Airplane's original concept — despite all the criticism of selling out, of making what are essentially "light" albums of late, the Starship survives. And I'm glad.

MILES

THRILLS

"Look mate, just don't bug me — I'm only standin' here to calm me nerves before I turn to Gasbag, OK?"

The Lone Groover

BENYON

HMM— MANAGER BLAMED FOR SCREWIN' UP TOUR! — INTERNAL FIGHTS — GUYS SULKIN' . . . .
SHOCK HORROR!
DAILY BUNGLE
—MEMBERS FALLIN' OUT OVER BREAD 'N' PERCENTAGES— PRESS BLOWIN' UP STORIES 'BOUT SEX 'N' DRINK—
SHOCK HORROR!
DAILY BUNGLE
—HMM— ONE MEMBER FLIES BACK T'LONDON WITH DRUG PROBLEM—
DAILY BUNGLE
—NUTHIN' UNUSUAL 'BOUT THAT, EH?—IF Y'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT A BAND—
BUT...
THIS IS A GODDAM FOOT BALL TEAM—
....HOW DOES IT FEEEEL

THE END

TEN YEARS AFTER
TEN YEARS LATER
ALVIN LEE
'ROCKET FUEL'

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June 13th.	Sheffield University.	25th.	Memorial Hall, Newbridge.
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15th.	Leicester University.	28th.	Talk of the East, Lowestoft.
16th.	Country Club, Kirk Levington.	29th.	Old Granary, Bristol.
17th.	Rock Garden, Middlesbrough.	30th.	Metro Club, Plymouth.
18th.	Fjorde Green, Leeds.	July 1st.	Oxford Polytechnic.
20th.	Tiffany's, Edinburgh.	4th.	Barbarella's, Birmingham.
21st.	Dundee Technical College.	5th.	Marquee, London.
23rd.	76 Club, Burton-on-Trent.	6th.	Marquee, London.
24th.	Boat Club, Nottingham.	8th.	Civic Hall, St. Albans.

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THEY GO ON AND ON AND ON....

. . . BUZZCOCKS tours, that is. These boys are overworking. In fact, KIM DAVIES is getting quite worried about it. PENNIE SMITH supplies pictorial evidence.

"I HATE MODERN music, disco, boogie and pop . . ."

The small, neat figure of Pete Shelley stands in the glare of cold spotlights, croaking vocals through a thick headcold.

He's flanked by the two Steves, Diggle and Garvey, John Maher almost hidden behind a mound of drums.

The Aylesbury audience love this modern music. Hundreds of kids pogoing frantically — I was sardined in the middle, feeling old at 19 but watching a group I'd almost idolised for a year striding confidently towards the big-time.

"I Don't Mind", "What Do I Get", "Boredom", they already trot out the adopted anthems of a new generation as if they'd been megastars for years. But what happens to a punk band when they become commercially viable, faces on TV, when they leave the comfort of cult status?

As far as Buzzcocks are concerned, it hasn't made much difference. This sort of talent wasn't going to stay hidden in clubs for long, but it surprised a lot of people when the first album shot into the charts and weeks later they were plastered all over *Top Of The Pops*.

Because although they'd earnt quiet respect with "Spiral Scratch", Buzzcocks had never quite been latched onto by the rock press or the omnicient London pundits as *the* happening thing.

There were the Pistols, The Clash, reluctantly The Stranglers: meanwhile, Buzzcocks, casually accepted as a cog in the Manchester scene, were building up a loyal, roots following around the country and steering quietly around a lot of business traps.

I saw them about eight times, beginning with the Clash gig in Harlesden in early '77. They moved steadily up the ladder from being an acceptable support to packing out the Roundhouse in a hail of applause and saliva.

At Aylesbury there was no question, Buzzcocks had arrived as the most important long-term product of the punk mainstream.

THERE HAS BEEN a band bearing that name for two and half years, since Shelley met Howard Devoto at college and wrote some songs that needed a group to play them.

The rest is history: Devoto leaves and Shelley becomes figurehead, new bassist Garth eventually proves unsuitable *(Or not pretty enough? — Ed.)* and is replaced by Steve Garvey. They all come from Greater Manchester, Pete moving in from Leigh. He and Steve Diggle are in their early twenties, Steve Garvey and John still clinging to their teens.

So much for information.

A few days after the Aylesbury gig I sat in a BBC canteen watching Buzzcocks pick their way weakly through plates of unappetising fish.

They've got through four short tours already this year, and they appear to be in a state of roadshock, too numb to realise they're as tired as they look.

Pete's ill. His voice, always gentle, has almost disappeared. They've been trying to lay down some tracks for John Peel, but with a vocalist who can barely talk they aren't making much progress.

In a pub up the road, with the oppressive cassette recorder straining its mike for words of wisdom, I begin to feel, frankly, at something of a loss.

I know the 'new wave' is supposed to have shrugged off the star-fan syndrome, and I've never been particularly interested in passing the time of day with any Big Names of stage and disc. But Pete Shelley . . . well, I'd been a gawping admirer of his presence and music since I was chased halfway across Barking for wearing a Buzzcocks armband many moons ago, long before I lost my innocence and became a paid listener.

He's always been such an anti-hero: the small man, almost the underdog. He's not arrogant, difficult or obscure. In fact he's disturbingly underwhelming. Whatever, I was pretty-chuffed to meet him and fumbled for an obvious question.

Like what music he had been listening to at the time of Buzzcocks' birth?

"Things like David Bowie, Roxy Music, Velvet Underground. The normal stuff that kids of my age were listening to. Well, no, I wouldn't say that exactly — not Budgie or Deep Purple, I was never into that."

He leans confidentially across a pint of bitter, his voice a soft , accented whisper. He rarely grins; sometimes his eyes widen and his tones become slightly mocking, indicating that the answer isn't too serious or warning you to expect a cautious cliche.

For instance, "The band was formed . . ." then melodramatically, "because there were songs which were crying out to be performed."

If you've heard "Another Music In A Differnt Kitchen" you'll probably agree that while avoiding self-indulgence or over-elaboration, the band perform some imaginative, even tricky, musical manoeuvres by new wave standards. But I don't remember their musicianship being the subject of high praise in their formative days.

Pete (petulantly): "We didn't start from scratch!"

Diggle: "Anybody can be a good musician if they can play something which affects other people."

Sure, but there's been a noticeable improvement in technique, right?

Pete: "Yes, well you've only got to listen to 'Spiral Scratch' and the new album. There's a difference. The advantage of becoming a better musician is that when you get an idea in your head, you're able to translate that immediately into the actual sound itself . . . so you can get more of the subtleties across. It's not that there weren't subtleties in the early stuff, it wasn't just blam-blam-blam, they just didn't come across so good because we didn't have the ability to put them across."

Even so, "Spiral Scratch" has been acclaimed as an early punk classic. Look at the small ads any week and you'll find tardy punters offering any price for it. You've read about it a hundred times — so how does the band feel about it being dragged up by every fan, audience and journalist they come across?

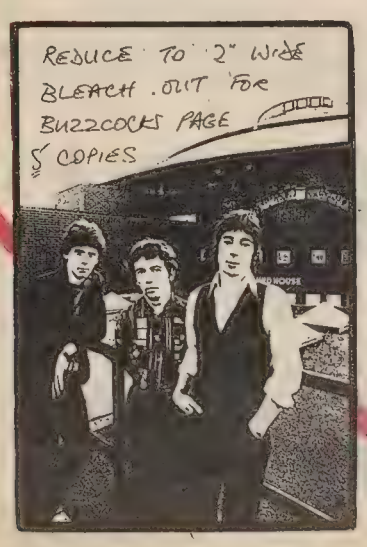
Pete: "Well, it's a bit trying, people referring back to it, 'cos it was done eighteen months ago. It's in the past really. I mean, even referring back to the album seems dated to us. It wasn't meant to be a classic, it took us by surprise when it happened."

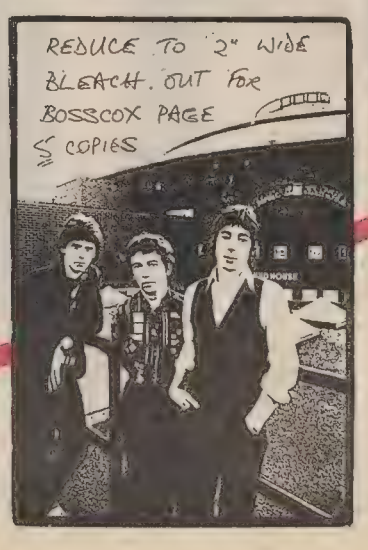
A faintly amused pause . . .

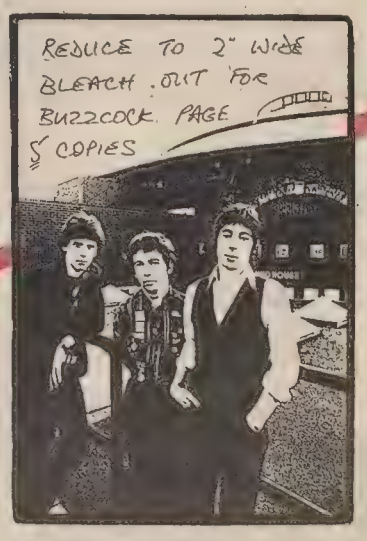
"All our fame and success has taken us by surprise."

There was a long gap between New Hormones and the United Artists deal. It had us Buzzcock addicts snaffling up the first Roxy Club album just for some vinyl relief.

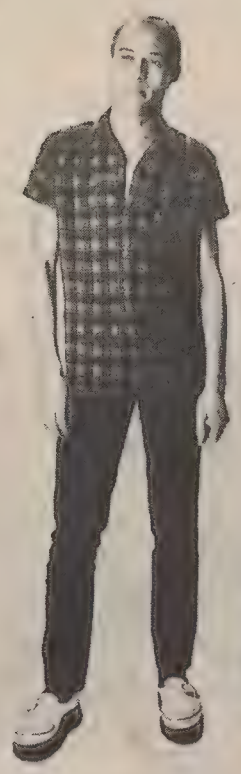
Pete: "It was partially waiting for the right deal to come along and partially 'cos we had no money."







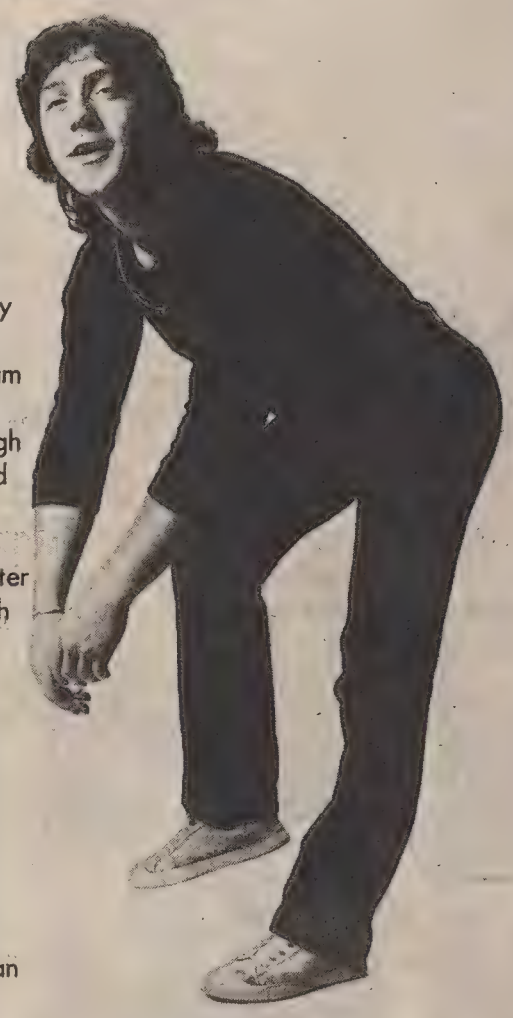
● Turn over, Rover



Tropical Love

A single

Tyla Gang



JUNE
Thursday 15th North Staffs Poly
Friday 16th Limits Club Sheffield
Saturday 17th Newcastle University
Monday 19th Marquee London
Tuesday 20th Barbarellas Birmingham
Thursday 22nd 'F' Club Leeds
Friday 23rd Town Hall Middlesbrough
Saturday 24th Porterhouse Retford
Monday 26th Tiffanys Hull
Tuesday 27th Trent Poly
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Friday 30th Penthouse Scarborough

JULY
Friday 7th Music Machine London

Beserkley
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BZZ15

Produced by Matthew King Kaufman and Kenny Laguna

● From over page

BUZZCOCKS

Still, the album came out quite some time after their contemporaries had made their best (and in some cases their last) shots.

"The delay was forced on us," Shelley admits, "but it was partly our own decision as well. We didn't want to rush into anything, and it's worked out okay. If we look back on it now it's easy for us to see faults in it. If we'd done it a year ago we would have been able to see more faults. It was done just after Christmas."

Happy with it?

Pete (a verbal shrug): "Yeah, s'okay. It's like having your picture taken. People say, 'That's a nice picture,' and you say, 'Yes but I've changed since then.' It's still a nice picture though."

BUZZCOCKS HAVE been strongly associated, rightly or wrongly, with something called The Manchester Scene.

Pete: "Oh no, we haven't made a decision to be a Manchester band, it's just that we haven't been in London that much. People try and make something of it, just like the stuff to do with Akron . . . the Akron sound, everybody's signing up groups from Akron. We've played twenty per cent in London, twenty per cent in Manchester, sixty per cent round the country."

There still seems to be some sort of inverted cool adopted by some groups who go out of their way to avoid the hip Big City circuit.

Pete: "It's just that it's pointless playing in London every night. And the thing is, we're not like Dick Whittington, we don't think the streets are paved with gold."

Another illusion shattered.

So what's it like being pop stars?

Pete: "Well, I remember when we were first writing songs, thinking, 'Oh, people will like these!' Great expectations! It's worked out," he croaks more seriously, "that they've gradually thought, 'Hey they do write good songs.' It's catching on."

They'll be spotted by fans in the street next.

"We do get that, yeah. There's a lot going on at the hotel now. The chambermaids keep leaving us notes."

With unexpected gleeful animation he produces evidence and waves it inches from my nose.

"All these are found inside the room saying, 'We'll meet you at two o'clock.' I woke one night and found one pushed under the door saying, 'We can't come tonight, the night-porter's on.' "

Idols already.

"It's boring, isn't it?"

Still, it's not as though they attract attention. I'd met them in a handful of situations (gig, studio, pub) and decided they were the quietest, most reticent band I'd ever encountered. What about the song "I Need" — where's all the sex, drink, drugs, wild parties every night on the road?

Diggle: "A lot of people say that . . ."

Garvey (interjecting for the first time in about ten minutes): "Do you think we're quiet?"

Well, I've run into some acts that go to the other extreme and beyond, but yes, that's the distinct impression.

Diggle: "We don't go out of our way to drown people with our personalities."

Pete: "All of us are restrained characters. The controls are those which we've put on ourselves. Therefore, when we get into a position where we can do anything, we just do what we usually do. Some people when they get some freedom just go berserk."

So if they aren't in it for the debauchery, what do they get out of rock'n'roll?

Garvey: "Well, it's very fulfilling . . . I don't drink much. The thing is, Buzzcocks were one of me favourite bands before I joined. I was one of about twelve bassists who went to an audition, and I was the worst one so I got the job."

Pete: "It's basically what I do. I've found a perfect role in life. I enjoy writing songs, I just write them naturally. And I like making music."

THE NATURAL writer has plenty of new material on the way — five unreleased songs. Two are in the set already — "Noise Annoys", a jerky but memorable next single and the cute pop anguish of "Fall In Love With Someone You Shouldn't". "Walking Distance" is Steve Garvey's instrumental, premiered on the John Peel sessions, "Love You More" and "Real World" are the others.

Steve Diggle, who unveiled "Autonomy" to the world, reckons he's got a couple more up his sleeve, and John Maher's got one on the way.

Pete: "It's hard introducing songs into the set 'cos we've already got so many. Twenty-seven. It's hard to have a nice balanced programme without going on for two hours. 'Orgasm Addict' and 'Whatever Happened To' have been dropped now."

Recently, Howard Devoto's become known as the new wave intellectual. Pete Shelley's gained a similar reputation as the new wave poet. *(If you say so — Ed.)*

Pete: "Yes, the greatest living poet . . . I do enjoy writing. If this great bubble we're all in at the moment suddenly burst I'd carry on writing songs."

I thought he might like that image.

"In a small, egotistical way I probably do, yes. I used to have a burst for a couple of weeks, write a load of rubbish. Then I'd settle down and write a couple of good songs."

But Buzzcocks haven't yet reached their peak. That's what's so significant about them, why I place them above The Clash in terms of actual potential. There are no personality crises, no confusion of policies or images, just the music.

What next, five days at Earl's Court?

Diggle: "No, we're going to do six . . . We're really looking forward to the next album, we've got some interesting material."

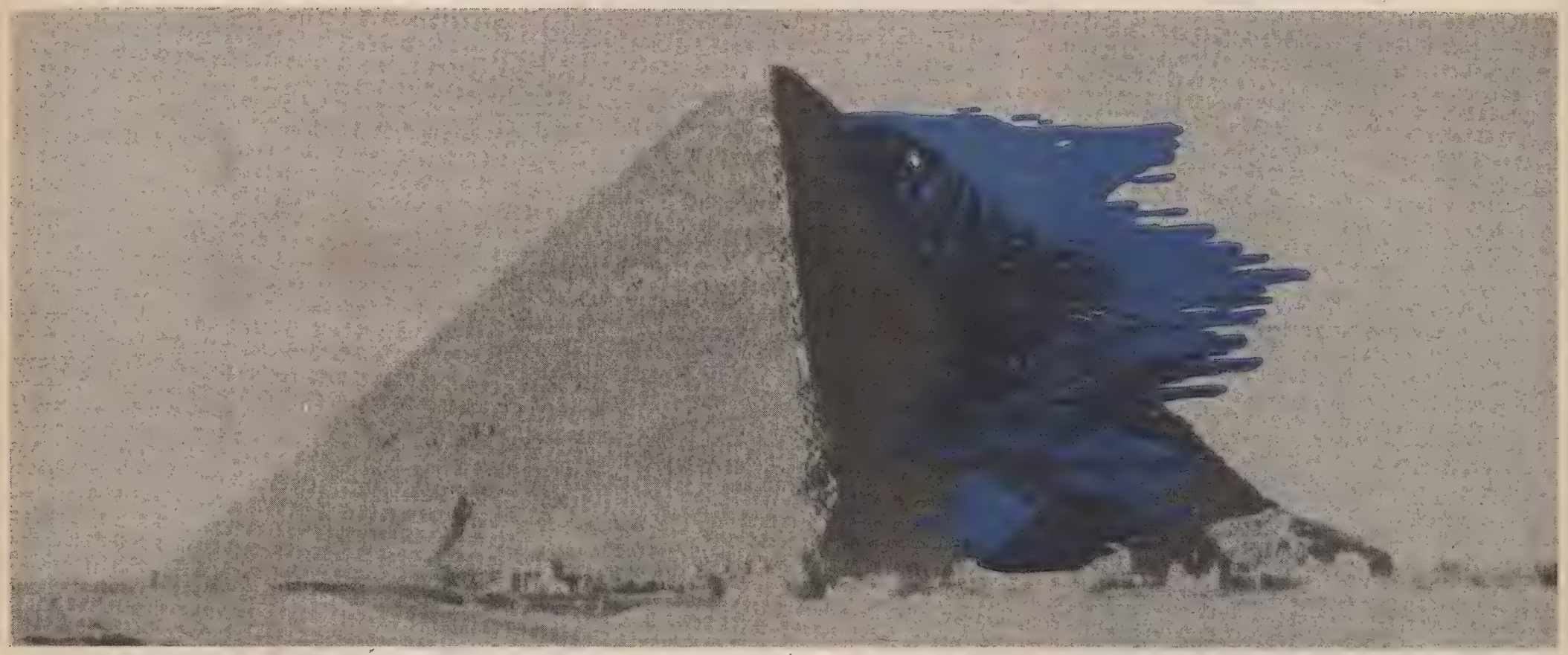
Pete: "I'm game for anything . . . as the actress said to the bishop."

That album is set for recording in July and August, with Martin Rushent again the producer. Today Britain, tomorrow the world — but will Europe and the States be ready for an invasion by the Buzzcocks?

Pete hints at a smile. "I hope so — for their own good."

HOW I WISH THEY WOULD

STOP!



PYRAMID

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Melody Maker, June 1978

In 1969 Alan Parsons was an assistant engineer on 'Abbey Road'.

In 1972 Alan Parsons was the engineer on Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side Of The Moon' and received a Grammy nomination.

Since 1972 Alan Parsons has produced a succession of hits for Steve Harley And Cockney Rebel, John Miles, Pilot and Al Stewart.

In 1974 Alan Parsons and his manager Eric Woolfson formed The Alan Parsons Project – a new approach to the making of records.

In 1976 The first Alan Parsons Project album 'Tales Of Mystery And Imagination' was released to critical acclaim.

In 1977 The second Alan Parsons Project album 'I Robot' sold platinum in the U.S. and silver in the U.K.

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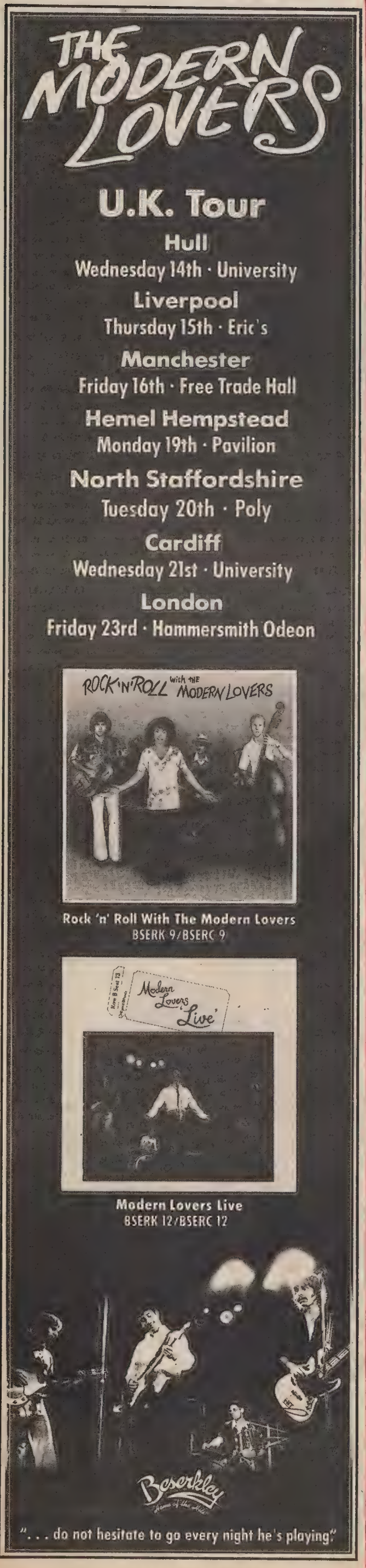


ROCKERS TIME

Reggae Singles Reviewed By PENNY REEL

GENE RONDO/MILITANT BARRY: Jah Jah Worker/Natty Dread Supreme c/w Africa Is My Home/Sound Call Africa (Burning Sounds Disco 45). Imitating the same preremptory arrogance of a mill or factory siren, the horn riff with which this music begins introduces Gene Rondo in both declaration of proletarian unity and repudiation of its dark, Satanic plight.

Hence: *"All for Jah Jah, workers put up them hand,"* — he sings. *"Natty dreadlocks ina England a read up the Gospel; natty dreadlocks ina Babylon a preach up 'im doctrine."*

In my opinion, "Jah Jah Worker" is Gene's supreme recording in a long career that's included performance of ska, reggae and serious opera; and is my most frequently played sound at the moment.

Sadly, Militant Barry's "Natty Dread Supreme" toast is considerably inferior to Mr Dunn's prior appearance on wax, "Free Black People", even if it succeeds somewhat in this coupling.

ERROL DUNKLEY AND JAH STITCH: Hard Luck Story c/w To Hell And Forward (Aries Disco 45). Originally issued a few months ago, "Hard Luck Story" merits review today for two good reasons. In the first place, it has not been previously dealt with in a *Rockers Time* column, which, by virtue of the music's eminence — the second consideration — amounts to an omission of serious remark.

To rectify! Errol Dunkley the Man is an artist of fine consistency who has pursued a chequered career, and whose rewards from the same have been mostly in deficit of natural justice.

Both sides of this disc were cut shortly after Dunkley's release from remand in Brixton Prison earlier this year — arising from a matter of alleged assault — and each bears witness to this distasteful tribulation, in expression of undiluted pain.

"Hard Luck Story" is marginally the better title. *"Every man has his own problems, every man has his own hard luck story,"* — he wails. *"I've got so many of my own, I don't want to hear another man's own"* — voiced to a skeletal bass and drum dub accompaniment.

The tunes are further distinguished by a coupling of Jah Stitch toasts, performed in the Killer's customary ponderous style: the pair both proving sympathetic reprise to diminutive Dunkley's plaints. His *"Errol Dunkley at the control tower"* observation being of priceless utterance.

THE REVOLUTIONARIES: "Power Disco: Fatal Dub" — Cardiac Arrest/Heart Failure c/w Rigor Mortis/Post Mortem (Ballistic). The theatrical accompaniment of overdubbed ambulance bells ringing, doors slamming, and female voices lamenting does little to detract from the significant conclusion of this gruesomely-titled record: ie, a quartet of Channel One instrudubs of palpable ordinariness.

For those who thought "African Dub Chapter Three" to be the greatest thing since "Derrick Top The Pop" this can be genuinely recommended.

GREGORY ISAACS: Loving Pauper (Eji Disco 45). Mr Isaacs' version of the Dobby Dobson Treasure Isle rock-steady classic, in extended play from his "Extra Classic" LP. Considering how inundated is the market with this particular tune, it seems an incomprehensible release from small-budget Eji.

Personally, it's my favourite of all the recent versions, with Gregory in fine voice on a subdued Gussie Clarke production.

His appraisal of "My Time" on the flip is, by contrast, disposable; Trinity's cut-price toast, an added hindrance.

PAT KELLY: Soulful Love c/w I'm So Proud (Chanan-Jah). A pair of poignant love songs, expressed in lyrical tones by Pat Kelly — a crooner who models his style on the late Sam Cooke and may be fairly claimed the Soul Stirrer's natural legatee.

Fine Phil Pratt production exemplifies Kelly's studied vocal performance. Both sides are currently popular on the lovers-rock circuit, and with followers of sounds like Soferno B and Chicken Hi Fi.

JUNIOR BROWN WITH RANKING RUEBEN: Jah Find Babylon Guilty (Tempus). Not an auspicious debut by Junior Brown for his new label, although there is some evidence of future potential. Standard UK production with a standard toast. For a more hilarious example of Ranking Rueben's litany, interested parties are advised to locate Sons Of Jah's "Modern Day Slavery" on the Natty Congo label. Scoo!

VELVET SHADOWS: Babylon A Fall Down (Horse). JAH LITES: Cool Rockers (Spencer International). Two more UK productions, from a pair of little-known groups with some half-a-dozen releases between themselves.

The Velvet Shadows' effort is a distaff mix, carrying the type of vocal delivery that dates it with the era of groups like The Tennors and Ethiopians. Their previous Horse release — "Wailing Of Black People" — remains a more fully-realised achievement.

"Cool Rockers" is of more modern tempo, such as might seem fitting for a song that eulogises reggae's present-day definition. Nevertheless, it's nothing more remarkable than a not unpleasant way to structure three minutes.

DELROY WILSON: All In This Thing Together c/w Because I'm Black (Eji Disco 45). Delroy Wilson is the patron-saint of lovers-rock; his renditions of "I'm Still Waiting", "I've Been In Love" and "My Cecilia" having set the pace for more close dancing than virtually any other music in recent years.

"Together", finally issued in this country after a lengthy pre-release expiry, is his artful contribution to the movement this year, maintaining its popularity with a crowd even still.

This is one that is really best enjoyed at a dance, where Sarge's *"we're all in this thing together, we gotta work it out"* unfailingly signals a unified response.

Ken Boothe executed the definitive version of "Is It Because I'm Black?", and his rendition stays supreme.

LOUISA MARK: Even Though You're Gone (Bushay Disco 45). Louisa Mark is also an entertainer esteemed among lovers-rock devotees; both her "Caught You In A Lie" and "Keep It Like It Is" having enjoyed a considerable reputation re the same.

Gamble/Huff's "Even Though You're Gone" is presently attracting similar favourable reaction in the reggae discos, locally. This production proving one further example of the soul-based coquetry the UK scene distils so successfully.

Personally, I nourish a healthy resistance to Ms Mark's charms on this waxing; though I do not doubt I'll wake up tomorrow morning with the melody on my lips, and in urgent need of a Phensic.

JOY MACK: You Had Your Chance (Four Sixty). Infinitely more to my taste is this strident Joy Mack exultation, fulsomely accompanied by a dominant trombone riff and dense backing track, to which she empties her soul with phrasing that refers directly to a style of singing that reached its zenith two decades ago courtesy of Dinah Washington.

Unlike her contemporaries in the lovers-rock field — such as Brown Sugar, 15-16-17, and T T Ross — Joy Mack resists the twee, little-girl stance, preferring an existential of an independent woman. When she declares herself *"a girl who needs a man"*, you had better know it is the truth!

TAPPER GETS A MASSAGE

TAPPER ZUKIE: She Want A Phensic (Dangerous Woman) c/w Different Fashion (Front Line).
TAPPER ZUKIE: Viego c/w Archie, The Rednose Reindeer (Mer — Music of the Most High). Set to the familiar rhythm of Johnny Clarke's "Ride On Girl", I King Zukie has established for himself the year's most in-demand reggae tune with "Phensic", and also his own greatest success since "MPLA" in 1976, which it now looks set to emulate.

Clarkey opens his account bemoaning *"I Work so hard just to keep her satisfied, but no matter what I do, she is still unsatisfied . . ."*

At which point, Tapper intrudes with: *"Well do the chick — she mus' be sick — she mus' be want a Phensic,"* and then proceeds to detail the outcome of the relationship, with explicit reference to his technique of massage in a suitably unidentified garage: *"she jus' a gwan like an idiot."*

To reiterate: Virgin have acquired the single rave sound on the reggae market; with the proper promotion, the company could elevate "Phensic" and Zukie into the national charts. Judging from its current state of play, this hoary institution could well benefit from Phensical aid.

The elitist critic, however, admits he thinks "Phensic" trite, preferring the suitably obscure "Archie, The Rednose Reindeer" cut from Tapper's 1973 "Man Ah Warrior" set. A blatant admission of inverted racist bigotry, armchair analysts concur.

He mus' be sick!

JUNIOR BROWN goes shopping for clothes.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE SMIRKS: OK UK (Beserkley). Boy, did I get a wrong number . . . The Smirks look so cheery on the sleeve pic (Simon Smirk isn't smiling but *he's* wearing a puffa-chuff scarf) that I was prepared to believe stories about them being the Freddie and The Dreamers of the '70s. Until, of course, I played da record. From the prissy "California Dreaming" parody which opens the sublime "OK UK" with a grin, they crash straight into the pithiest put-down of the nose-blown State you ever could wish to hear: *"California heartache gets on my wick/And the creeps who sing about it make me sick . . ."*

Musically, it's a frenetic mutant hanging in there somewhere between the Cavern and Brian Wilson's sand-pit, with boundless Tunisian enthusiasm to boot. And why's the UK OK? Take it away, lads:

"We ain't got big cars or continental bars/But for what it's worth/It's the best place on earth for picking up the tarts on a Saturday night." OK?

P.S. The B-side is fab, too.

ANOTHER SINGLE OF THE WEEK

JACK NITZSCHE: Hard Workin' Man (MCA). Like a dozen Bo Diddleys rolled into one giant jackhammer, "Hard Workin' Man" arrives with such pent-up force that it is absolutely cranium-crunching. That it is from the soundtrack of *Blue Collar* (a Richard Pryor movie unlikely to see the light of projection in this fair isle) is irrelevant. The worthy Mr. Nitzsche has fashioned a piece of concrete music, urban blues-rock so tough it hurts. But then Jack *has* got the best of helpers — raunchy Ry Cooder with his bottleneck back and the incomparable Captain Beefheart, croaking like a sweaty Wolf. Just get it, that's all.

IMPORT SINGLE OF THE WEEK

IAN DURY: Wake Up And Make Love With Me/Billericay Dickie (Arista/Stiff import). Seeing as the sultry "Wake Up!" is on the B-side of "What A Waste" and the bumptious "Billericay Dickie" is on "New Boots!!" (and everyone should have a copy of both essential items), the only reason for sniffing this out is if you intend purchasing a Rock-ola for your parlour. Because both songs sound great on a juke box. And why shouldn't they? There's nothing wrong with 'em!

Smic by PETER MARLOW

Singles Reviewed By MONTY SMIFF

THREE EPs

DRUG ADDIX: Gay Boys In Bondage/Addington Shuffle/Special Clinic/Glutton For Punishment (Chiswick EP). From New Addington to Paddington come Drug Addix, a Surrey five piece built for comfort and designed for peeve. Although you probably wouldn't care to introduce them to mum, Drug Addix have — in Art Nouveau — a guitar player who's finger-lickingly diverting, so that it doesn't much matter that Sterling Silver is singing about dope and blow jobs, clap and gross outs. Or that Ron Griffin may well be playing drums with his feet.

Some of its *is* as childish as the pic sleeve (of the week) suggests, but Mr. Silver does a stirling Lou Reed piss-take on the best song, "Gay Boys In Bondage", an absurdly sordid masochistic melodrama: *"Got some smack in the heel of my leather thigh boot/Got some Valium in the pocket of my rubber suit . . ."*

WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS: Fuck Off/Night Time/Toilet Love/Mean Muthafucking Man (Safari EP). Wilful Wayne flexes its, er, muscle on four songs going by the collective title of "Blatantly Offensive". Good try, Wayne, but it's easier to upset the BBC than it is me. Even so, "Fuck Off" should be a standard by now and it's still good to hear Jools Holland's piano work — Greg Van Cook is no slouch on guitar, either. Of the other tracks — well, if smelling dirty socks and wiping your bogies on other people are your thing, then the abrasive "Toilet Love" should leave you flushed. My own favourite is the sqalid soap-operatic story of the "Mean Muthafucking Man." Bitch-rock rules, eh Wayne? Pressed, by the way, on vinyl the colour of vindaloo-induced fecal deposits.

PATRIK FITZGERALD: Buy Me, Sell Me/The Little Dippers/Trendy/Backstreet Boys (Small Wonder EP). With his attacks on the vagaries of 'success' and people pretending to be what they're not, Patrik Fitzgerald sets himself up like some kind of East End Randy Newman — but he lacks the ability to be ironically objective about anything. His "Trendy", therefore, is just downright condescending and the 'epic' "Backstreet Boys" *("This one's about being beaten up in the street . . .")* is like a Cockney paranoid Donovan dirge. It's no wonder he attracts such disparate responses, really.

ALL THE RUNNERS UP

GARDEZ DARKX: Heartbeat (New Bristol). A weird one. Latif Gardez's chunky guitar is commonplace enough but Paul Darkx's trumpet adds a disquieting tone to a song which sounds OK so long as you pay no mind to the potentially pretentious words. The other side, "Freeze", is apparently the A, but it's a bit of a mess, like John Entwhistle's been given the run of studio gimmickry. Still, what with this lot *and* The Pop Group, Bristol seems to be pretty ship-shape.

CAN: Can-Can (Lightning). Can Can "Can-Can"? Don't think Offenbach would think so. But are these Kraut clowns serious? Of course not, dummy, that's why Can's "Can-Can" is going to be played nationwide — to provoke titters. It provoked me.

THE TRADE WINDS: New York's A Lonely Town (Charly). I wondered why this sounded like bad Beach Boys until Roy Carr told me, in meticulous detail, that this bunch were the State's sole East Coast outfit to have a go at the surfing schtick and this is a re-issue of their 'classic'. Brian should have taken time out from building sand castles to sue.

GERRY RAFFERTY: Whatever's Written In Your Heart (United Artists). This isn't a single, really, it's an album track — they haven't even bothered editing it down from a cumbersome five and a quarter minutes. Sure enough, Gerry does some more soul-searching but without a sax solo it's no "Baker Street."

THE LINES: White Night (Linear). Rough but very ready. The squeaky sax is a definite plus, adding a tart edge to a song which probably wouldn't have disgraced the late '60s. Where are they coming from, maan, and where were you guys when Arthur Brown needed a few chewns . . .?

THE BOYS: You Make Me Shake (Outrage import). They sure sound like boys — boys who spent too much time listening to duff English beat groups, boys who grew up too close to their mums. $1.75 from PO Box 82823, Lincoln, Nebraska, if you're still interested.

TOO MUCH: Who You Wanna Be (Lightning). An occasionally neat rocky riposte to the gaggles of poseurs who walk through all our lives — see, us dumb reviewers can be as deep as all you bleedin' song-writers. Repetitive and ordinary in the long run, but there's something compelling about Russ Sollof's fuzzy guitar work.

TRASH: N-n-e-r-v-o-u-s (Polydor). Trash are a Reading band reading amateur angst. There's an authority about Simon Wright's vocals that is properly accentuated by Shel Talmy's trenchant production but the song itself is banal and any inherent power is all but vitiated by some blowsy harp. The B-side, "Page 3 (Dumb Blondes)", is either heavily ironic or patronising but in many ways it's more powerful than the top side.

RENAISSANCE: Northern Lights (Warner Bros). Like an anaemic, acoustic Yes stuck in some horrible stately time-warp, Renaissance make pretty music for people with Habitat furniture and *Daily Telegraph* subscriptions. Singer Annie Haslam sounds only a shade more effeminate than John Anderson.

JOANNE MACKELL: Trip The Light Fantastic (United Artists). And this one's fishy, too, because Ms Mackell sounds more like a bloke than Joan Armatrading or even Bonnie Tyler. It's alright, actually, a lazy, lusty rocker with lots of exotic euphemisms for, er, dancing.

THE LATE SHOW: Drop Dead (Decca). The good words being spread about this bunch are just about confirmed by their debut single, a — how you say? — Turtlish upbeat little number about being harrassed on all sides. Don't put up with it, tell em to drop dead, 'cos: *"I've got two good hands and two good feet/And the bits in the middle just about meet . . ."*

ALTHEA AND DONNA: Puppy Dog Song (Virgin Front Line). "Uptown Top Ranking" was one of those freak one-offs, like Barry McGuire's "Eve Of Destruction" or Don McLean's "American Pie" — no one knew what they were about, but they caught the public's imagination for a while. This is a paltry nursery song, about as substantial as a Twiggy fart.

EUMIR DEODATO: Whistle Bump (Warner Bros); CHUCK MANGIONE: Feel So Good (A&M). Two geezers who've done about as much for jazz as General Custer did for the Injuns proudly present their efforts to get in on the disco/funky/George Benson scene. Mangione at least attempts to raise some spittle in his horn but Mr Deodato — the man who slew Richard Strauss *and* Glenn Miller — allows the electro-phasing to funk everything up.

THE TIGHTS: Bad Hearts (Cherry Red). Chainsaw buzz-guitar beneath the song proper (sic) gives the game away: these Dada-doting lads from Worcester professing an antipathy to punkettes sound like they'd be well at home down the Vortex. Singer Malcolm Orgee, though, is good. And for all you namby-pamby liberal feminist dykes out there, the pic sleeve features a young girl bound by barbed wire. Pretty symbolic, eh?

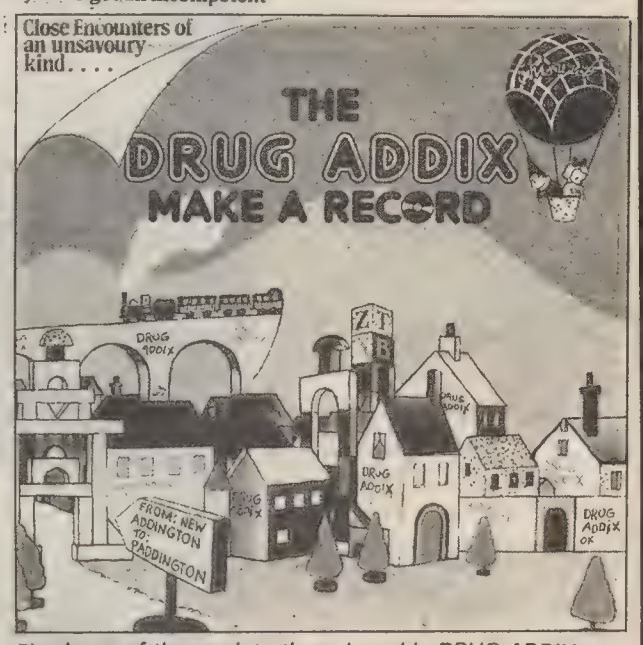
THE PHANTOM!: Lazy Fascist (Cool Ghoul). Here you've got an incompetent reggae band (white, I shouldn't wonder) telling you that if you're 'offended' by their record, you're a fascist. To me, that's like saying because you don't like Helen Reddy, you're a chauvinist porker. The tune's a lift from Marley's "Crazy Baldheads", the lyrics are pure Tom Robinson cliche corn (the singer actually sounds a lot like Tom) — sentiments admirable, execution lamentable.

NEW HEARTS: Plain Jane (CBS). The nation's vast population of Janes will be delighted with this because it's as plain as the title and will progress little further than Watford. The B-side confirms — if these two songs really are their strongest material — that New Hearts wear old hats.

JONNY RUBBISH: Living In NW3 4JR (United Artists). To the chewn of "Anarchy In The UK"; Johnny Rubbish does a fair Lydon lift: *"I am a capitaLIST/I am a profitEER . . ."* etc, because *"I Want to live/In NW3/Retire to Jersey . . ."* A slight conceit, perhaps, but vaguely amusing, which is more than can be said for "The Other Side", a puerile collection of naff jokes and dead sketches purporting to be a *News At Ten* pastiche. Reggie 'Rug-head' Boozerquet does it better himself.

AND A PAIR OF DUTCH CAPS

MOLLESTERS: Plastic (Plurex import); THE DILDO'S: Help me loving you (Lark import). According to the Mollesters (sic) we're all plastic, mac. An intriguing example of Euro-punk circa 1977 — certainly one that would allow F. Zappa a hearty guffaw. The Dildo's, though, need urgent surgery — a strapadichtomy, perhaps. Even Them in 1964 sounded more convincing than these '70s bar-band prannets.



Pic sleeve of the week to those loveable DRUG ADDIX

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SUICIDE IS NOT THE ANSWER

Martin Rev and Alan Vega extinguish New York street fire with cool

Form a band instead and drive others to it

PAUL RAMBALI Checks Out The Odd Couple From The Big Apple

FOR A PAIR of "faggot art types flirting with A New York death trip pose," as someone was once uncharitable enough to call them, Suicide just now have a lot to live for.

They've put in vinyl time only twice. The first, a primitive cameo of "Rocket U.S.A." on the "Max's Kansas City Collection Volume One", passed largely unobserved. The second, an album released at the beginning of this year on Red Star records elicited exactly the reverse response.

It got featured space in the music weeklies, most of which — in the prevalent look-to-the-future new year mood — was positive. Sadly the album's limited press run meant the man on the street had little opportunity to sample the goods, copies of "Suicide" now being scarcer than a smile in Scotland.

Nevertheless tongues wagged, name-dropping Suicide became good for at least a dozen cultural points, and in a cover story loaned from San Francisco's *Search & Destroy* fanzine, London's *Time Out* went so far as to proclaim them proof positive of Britain's lack of imagination and America's surfiet of same. *(Speaking for themselves obviously. — Ed.)*

Now they've an outlet proper for their album via a distribution pact between Red Star and Bronze records, a European tour with Elvis Costello about to commence, and at the end of July they'll be cruising this country downbill from The Clash, no less.

All of which is a lot to happen in the space of six short months. Especially when you've been perpetrating your particular brand of aural paint stripper for over six *years* with not a hope of commercial, perhaps only spiritual recompense.

Suicide played their first gig on St. Valentine's day '72 at the Mercer arts Centre with The New York Dolls, Wayne County and Jonathan Richman — tales of their capacity for audience alienation and outright mob shock have since become legend.

For Suicide music — as you have probably surmised by now — is not something to be heard genially; not something to drown out the hum of the air-conditioning. It has been compared to Kraftwerk (superficially accurate), The Doors (ditto in one specific case) and Billy Preston (this is utterly mystifying). It might tartly be called rock's answer to "I Feel Love".

Performed by Alan Vega — singer and (to borrow Fee Waybill's by-line) method frontman — and Martin Rev — assorted electric keyboards, burnt out amps and rhythm box — and drenched in something called space echo, the sound of Suicide lies somewhere twixt kraut-rock and Lou Reed's "Coney Island Baby". One could mention here Terry Riley and Philip Glass to lend avant-garde kudos, but instead picture cosmic surf music with a high modern urban paranioa count and see if that makes more sense.

Depending on your frame of mind, it's either an enthralling combination of the future and the familiar, or else irritatingly pretentious.

AND SO to the town of Metz in northeast France, where Suicide had been invited to open proceedings at a science fiction festival. Suicide were star-billed on Friday night, *Dune* author Frank Herbert on Saturday. It was their first ever European gig, maybe his too.

I was, I admit, prepared for the worst — pseudo-intellectual semantics, art's abstract functions, the lot. After all, Alan Vega once had exhibitions of his scuplture (piles of old neon tubes and TVs), and Suicide are almost conceptual to a fault.

As we sat down to talk in their hotel room, however, my misgivings faded. Dressed well out of synch with current chic, they look like average slightly eccentric social outcasts, and, it turned out, like most eccentrics they're sincere.

They met back in the early '70s, when Martin was moving from piano to electronics after tiring of the possibilities of the acoustic keyboard, and putting on large free form ensemble gigs using local jazz players.

It emerges that his musical experience stretches far and wide. Beginning with '50s New York rhythm'n'blues and doo-wop music as a kid growing up in the Bronx, and moving onto jazz in the '60s. He would make regular trips to the Manhattan clubs to see the likes of John Coltrane and Miles Davis, and used to jam with Tony Williams and Sam Rivers.

He is also conversant with the major strains of modern classical music. He even likes disco.

"From before the age of ten I was getting hit by the music I really love, and then when I was a teenager the rock stuff I was playing — as a musician and a craftsman — really didn't challenge me enough. Jazz was the most alive music for me."

But he grew disenchanted with the way jazz was becoming increasingly cerebral and distant from its environment.

"Their visual aspect, the way they saw themselves performing, was going back to express African things, which was great. But there were still stories to be told about what we were living through that the jazz musicians just weren't telling anymore. They'd gotten so sophisticated that they were going back to their spiritual roots, the post-Coltrane back-to-the-tribe thing. What Alan and me were living in had still be be expressed, and the only way to express it was through sound a theatre, which meant lyrics, a story, characters.

"So he and I matched up our interests and our backgrounds and what we had and started working."

Martin talks in cool, measured tones, a vivid contrast to Alan's hyperactive Brooklyn accent.

"Music is like a visual thing," says the latter, who at that time was involved in a theatre group. "When you listen to music you visualize, like a movie or something. We just decided to build a music around certain characters. The kind of people we ran into on the street, and so on."

And over the years, with what must have been a sizeable amount of dedication, they've slowly been refining Martin's electronic experiments and Alan's interest in characterisation into Suicide.

"We kept at it because we have a vision," says Alan, with unconscious melodrama. "We know our vision is correct because we've been proved out in a sense. The world is coming down, it's all crumbling. New York is just an early indication."

He cites as an example "Frankie Teardrop", a song of theirs about domestic slaughter based on a real incident, unlike Jim Morrison's psycho ramblings on "The End" to which it has been parallelled.

"That's what happening all over the place. Everybody's blowin' everybody else away, and who are these people? They're not maniacs. They're just ordinary people gone a little berserk because life just got too hard for them" — an oddly compassionate statement from someone who might otherwise appear to be simply waiting for the end of the world.

THE AFOREMENTIONED vision, however, did not sit lightly with its intended audience: "We went down pretty badly for a long time," admits Alan.

"Then about a year ago" — coincidentally about the time they linked up with ex-? And The Mysterians and N.Y. Dolls manager Marty Thau, who is now Red Star impresario — "it all started to change. The time was right. We were making New York music and people knew it deep down but they didn't really want to know it. A year ago I guess what they were living with in the streets got so bad that they began to see Suicide as a form of entertainment."

I'd argue that it's more a sophisticated form of torture. The screaming white electronic noise coupled with Alan's deliberately excessive Little Richard affectations left me startled and dumbfounded.

Suicide aren't joking, and they're not about to be conventiently mentally pigeonholed either. I await their Clash gigs with a mixture of trepidation, fear and perverse delight.

See for yourself to find out why.

Pix: ADRIAN BOOT

TEN YEARS OF STAGE FRIGHT: THE LIFE AND

ALTHOUGH AT the time individuals may tell you different, it's no big deal for a band to break up. It happens almost every week and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the split happens against a back-ground of acrimony, fist fights, law suits and all the other symptoms of bad blood and evil feeling that get covered by the blanket euphemism of "musical differences".

What is less usual is for a band to decide, with perfect accord and perfect harmony, simply to call it a day. When, however, the band in question is *The* Band you have to expect the unusual. The Band have rarely done what is expected of the run of the mill rock group. Where the average group uses flamboyance as a virtual tool of its trade, The Band have been almost Calvinistically self effacing.

All along the line, they have ignored the various fads and fashions that have been the top dressing of rock and roll. Their continuous and single minded thrust was towards uniquely workmanlike music, carefully conceived and meticulously executed. It was therefore no great surprise to find that once The Band had decided to call it a day, the culmination of their sixteen year career wasn't a flurry of slagging off in the media, or a protracted round of complex litigation. The Band decided to go out in style and host one of the greatest parties that rock and roll has ever seen.

The idea that San Francisco's Winterland auditorium should be transformed into a huge turn of the century style ballroom, that a Thansksgiving dinner and all the trimmings should be served to some five thousand of the audience, and that The Band would be joined on stage by a roster of guests that read like a history of rock and roll, was a formidable one.

As if it wasn't enough, the entire event was also to be filmed by superstar director Martin Scorcese.

The problems were immense. The staging, organisation and catering were taken care of by the Bill Graham operation. The show; the integration of the guests, who included Ronnie Hawkins, Muddy Waters, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Neil Young, Eric Clapton, Van Morrison, The Staple Singers and Bob Dylan; liason with both the record company and the film makers were the responsibility of Jaime Robbie Robertson.

Robertson was in London recently to talk about this project, The Band and its grand flourish of a final bow. Before getting into either the show or the movie, it was necessary to find out exactly why The Band had decided to call it quits in the first place.

Robertson's answers came as little surprise to anyone who has ever experienced life on the road with a rock and roll band and the way it distorts reality and warps perspectives. Even in the muted opulence of London's Savoy Hotel, his eyes still show traces of the thousand mile stare that is one of the legacies of too many planes, too many hotel rooms, too many dawns seen from the inside out and far too many miles on the endless highway.

"It's a way of life that drives a lot of people crazy. It's the combination of being surrounded by thousands of people and then being all by yourself in a room. It's very hard, emotionally. You drink a lot, it makes a lot of people take drugs, anything to take the edge off it. It's basically an impossible, unnatural way of life."

The Band know just about all there is to know about the road. They've played bars and honky tonks, and the biggest auditoriums both with and without Bob Dylan. They've seen rock and roll's highways madness from every conceivable angle.

"The road is a merry-go-round, tour-record, tour-record . . . it just consumes everything. After sixteen years you can use up your number of turns on this particular merry-go-round. All you have to do is relax your grip just a fraction, you slip, and it throws you off. It's the law of averages. How many airplane rides do you get before something goes wrong?

"We had to move on to some other place, another place where we could pick up our education again. For us, leaving the road was a progressive and aggressive move."

When most bands break up, it's usually the result of an accumulation of frustrations, annoyances and abrasions that are swallowed for the sake of surface harmony and getting to the next stop on the line. They may be swallowed but they never quite get digested. They lodge in the group's collective gut until, after festering for months, sometimes even years, they erupt in an explosion that shatters the links that originally held the unit together.

This is the way a rock and roll outfit falls into pieces. The Band once again, are the exception to the rule.

"We probably thought about it for six months before we did what we did. It was a little thing here and a little thing there, a sign pointing this way. Finally we got round to talking about it. It was a very complicated decision for us. We'd spent half our lives on the road, it wasn't easy to turn round one day and say, well, that's it, let's knock it off."

Because The Band have given up the road, does that also mean that you won't be playing together again? On this point Robertson is very insistent.

"I don't think we could ever stop playing together. It's nothing like that at all. We'll always work together. I like the guys in the band. I enjoy playing music with them tremendously. Hell, we wouldn't even know how to break up. What does that mean? Does it mean you file some papers or agree in front of a judge not to meet with each other ever again".

Top, The Band as is . . . except that they're not any more.
Above, Robbie with Bashful Bob performing some classic protest song at some gig somewhere in America (or maybe Canada) at sometime or other.
Left, Garth Hudson messes with the squeeze box, while Robbie shows off a pose he learned from Ray Davies.
Below, The Band as was . . . the 19th century cowboy rabbi look.

IN A lot of ways, The Band are a product of their long hard upbringing. As the Hawks, they were originally brought together by veteran rocker Ronnie Hawkins as a backup band. Someone once wrote that for a kid to join up with Ronnie Hawkins was the musical equivalent of joining the Marine Corps. When I ask Jaime Robertson if this is true he smiles.

"I never read that, but it's true in a sense that when we started out with him we were very young, I was sixteen years old. It was essential to Hawkins that we were very, very good at what we were doing. He pushed us very, very hard, all of us, so we'd get our musical abilities together.

"I wrote a couple of songs that he'd recorded and then asked me to join The Hawks. He called me up and I said sure, I'd like a job, but what will that mean? He said; 'Well, son, it won't mean much money, but you'll get more pussy than Frank Sinatra.'"

Whether it was the lure of pussy or the lure of the music The Band all stayed together when Hawkins moved on. One thing was sure, the attraction wasn't the money. They started on a long, seemingly endless grind round tiny clubs and beer joints. They found themselves in the heat of Texas with clothes fit only for a Canadian winter.

They experienced the dubious joys of stealing food from supermarkets in order to eat, and playing in places where people threw beer bottles at the stage. In New York they were kicked in the teeth and occasionally comforted by "the friendly women who walked up and down ths street . . . New York was an adult portion."

This period obviously produced, if nothing else, a wealth of stories. In the South they encountered a terminally sick Sonny Boy Williamson, spitting blood into a tin can as he played his harmonica. At times, the dates they played bordered on the horrific.

"We got to this joint in Texas. It was a huge barn of a place with a vast dance floor. We set up, and on the first night we went down to play there were about three people in the place. A one armed go-go dancer, a couple of drunk waiters, a couple over here, another couple over there and — a fight broke out. It was incredible. There weren't enough people to get angry. About ten years later, we found out that the club belonged to Jack Ruby."

After six years on the road, The Band's fortunes finally changed for the better or, at least, for the more bizarre.

"We were playing a place in Atlantic City called The Boadwalk. We were contacted by Bob Dylan's people, and in what seemed like a couple of minutes we were over here (in England) getting booed from town to town."

AFTER TWELVE years, the Bob Dylan 1966 tour is looked on as some sort of magical, legendary event.

At the time, it was viewed as far from that. It was one of the most controversial series of rock shows ever embarked on by an artist of Dylan's stature. His introduction of an electric backing band was looked on by the folkies among his original fans as little short of open treachery. Large sections of the audience gave loud and continuous voice to their protests when Dylan came on with The Band for the second half of each show. The folkies' violent objections weren't the only response to Dylan's adventures in the land of electric rock and roll. The embryonic hippies in the crowd saw Dylan's move as a giant step in the progress of rock.

They in turn attempted to shout down the complaining traditionalists and at some shows, emotions got so out of hand that small fights broke out between the opposing factions.

Dylan, the instigator of the whole circus, appeared to take it all in his

MICK FAR
leader of
tribute ar

TIMES OF ROBBIE ROBERTSON & THE BAND

admittedly wasted and somewhat stumbling stride. Whenever a disturbance erupted in the audience, he either ignored it and carried on regardless, or stared down from the stage with an enigmatic, almost zen expression as though he felt that everything was going according to plan.

The Band, however, weren't attempting to make any major strides in popular culture. They were simply doing a job. So how did they feel about all the commotion?

"We didn't mind the booing so much. After all, we'd played in joints where they'd thrown beer bottles. Our main thought was that it was a strange way to make a living. You get in this private plane, they fly you to a town, we go to this place, we play our music and people boo us. Then we get back on the plane, we go to another town, we play our music and they boo us. We go to another town . . ."

Robertson still looks bemused as he recounts the story.

"Yeah, it was a strange way to make a living. It wasn't just in England. The same thing happened in Ireland, Europe, Australia, the USA, we were booed just about everywhere. The weirdest thing about the whole tour was that as time passed, people started to act like it never happened, like it was always great."

That first tour with Dylan may have been violent, hectic and confusing, the road at its most bizarre, but it did give The Band the breakthrough that they'd been waiting for for years. It also, incidentally, gave them their name.

When Dylan had hired them on, they'd still been known as The Hawks. Obviously The Hawks wasn't an ideal name for the backup unit to the then hammer of the military industrial complex. In his rather surreal encounters with the media, Dylan simply referred to his sidemen as "the group" or "the band". Over the next eighteen months, despite half hearted attempts to assume titles like The Rednecks or The Crackers, The Band somehow stuck.

This was a crucial eighteen months for The Band. In mid 1966 Dylan took his near fatal fall from a motorcycle and retired to his Woodstock home to convalesce. He took The Band along with him, and it was during this period of comparitive seclusion that they started work on what was to be their very first recording (with the exception of a few made with Ronnie Hawkins) after being together for eight years.

The result was the now legendary "Music From Big Pink". After eight years The Band had become an overnight success.

FROM THAT point on, The Band seemed to occupy an almost unique position in the rock hierarchy. Eschewing all pretentious of flash and filigree, and looking like a more rabbinical version of the Earp brothers, they perfected a revolutionary blend of rock and country music.

Album after meticulously produced album followed "Big Pink" and their songs were covered by everyone from Johnny Cash to Joan Baez.

Possibly the most interesting feature of The Band's music, particularly for a writer, is the way their lyrics drew on just about every facet of their collective cultural background. The imagery in their songs rang through the American Civil War, the Depression, the rowdy turn of the century West Coast; just about every major period in US history/folklore found itself drawn on.

More than that, though, they touched on it from a completely novel angle. "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" from "The Band", their second and perhaps finest album, is a prime example. Of all the Civil War epics that have poured out of recording studios over the years, it's one of the very few that made the characters, Virgil Caine and his family, actually come alive and breathe.

Along with this clarity, they had the ability to arrange super realistic images in surreal juxtaposition to create an almost Fellini effect. (Play "Life Is A Carnival" and think about it.) Robertson's comments on song writing have an obliqueness that can only have been learned from Bob Dylan.

"We live in a nuclear age, nuclear technology, nuclear families."

Huh?

"I'm not going back to anything."

What about the Civil War or the Depression?

"I can't write about 1990 because I don't write science fiction songs. I can write about things that I can feel something I can relate to. It's not because I want to live there or anything, it's just story telling.

"I could relate to farmers in the Depression ("King Harvest Is Surely Come") getting together in unions better than I could relate to if you want to go to San Franciso put a flower in your hair. It's just drawing on my cultural background. I could certainly feel something about that."

SO THERE were no flowers when The Band went to San Francisco to wind up their career on the road. Instead, what *The Last Waltz* movie shows is a train of superstars having a damn good time being funky, trying not to show how much they're milking the moment. The music ranges from predictable to superior, and in the case of Muddy Waters it verges on the incredible.

Martin Scorcese has obviously attempted to make a film that isn't just a rock and roll concert film, but something that stands up as a film on its own. On first examination it looks as though he's failed. It was worth the try, though. The result is that if you're interested in the performers you see them with depth and clarity, but the problem of putting rock on the screen has evidently yet to be solved.

One last question begged to be asked. Isn't making a drastic change in direction in your life and career pretty damn easy if you're a wealthy rock musician? Surely it isn't so simple if you're working in an auto factory? Even if the factory's driving you nuts, you still have to raise the price of next week's groceries.

"It's never been a matter of money. We were never concerned with making money. Think, if they put their whole mind into it, anyone could make the change that we've made."

Anyone can do a Gauguin?

"In some ways this is the message we tried to get across in the film. The guy in the auto factory has only got to say to himself, 'I've had enough of this auto factory shit, I'm going to work for me. I'm going to take a shot on myself.' It has nothing to do with money."

The one problem that remained unresolved as I took my leave was that money might bring its own perspectives.

The Last Waltz *will open in London in July at a cinema with Dolby sound.*

DISCOGRAPHY

Music From Big Pink (Capitol)
The Band (Capitol)
Stage Fright (Capitol)
Cahoots (Capitol)
Rock Of Ages (Capitol)
Moondog Matinee (Capitol)
Northern Lights — Southern Cross (Capitol)
Best Of The Band (Capitol)
Islands (Capitol)
The Last Waltz (featuring other artistes Warners)

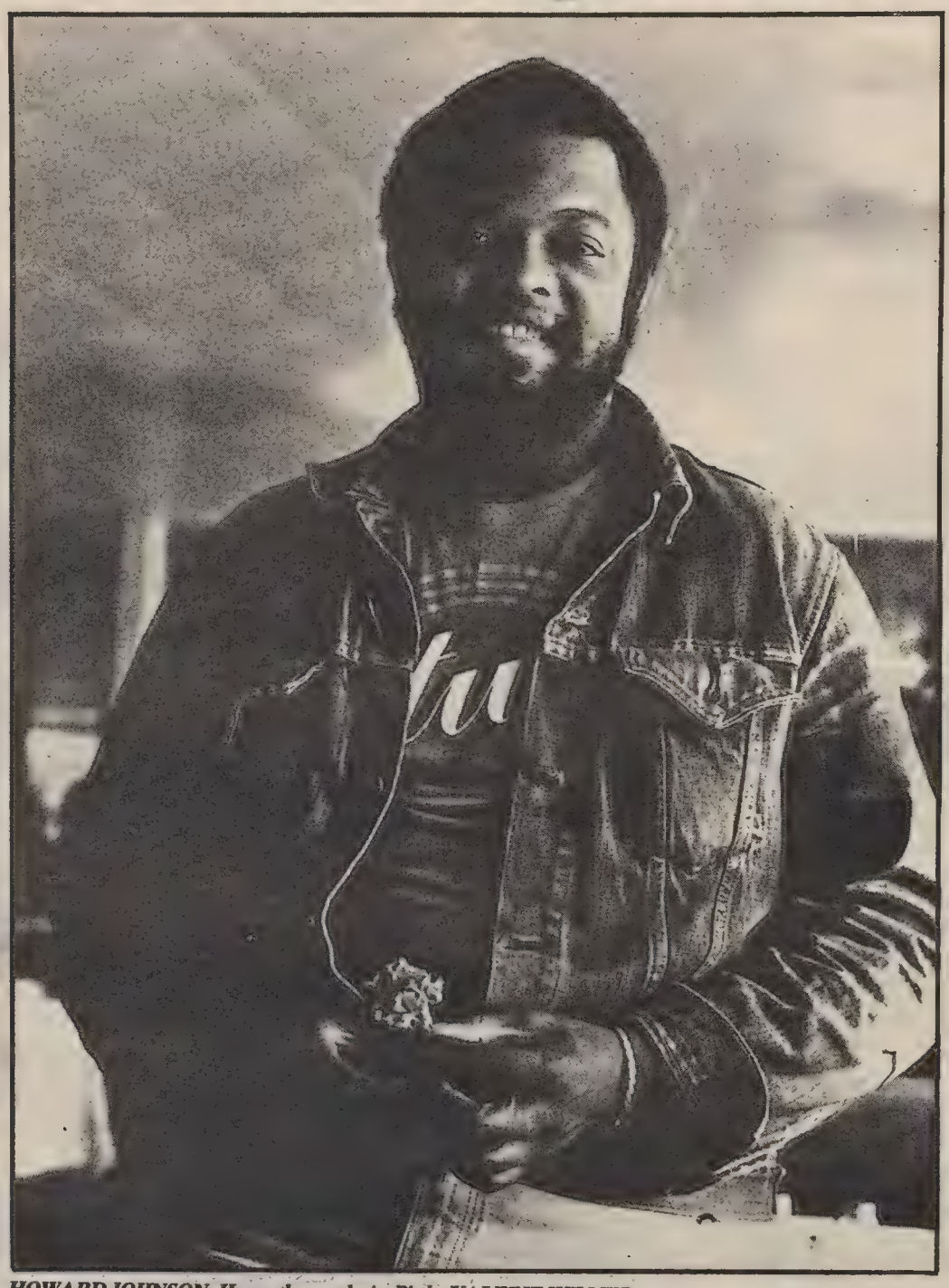
With Bob Dylan:

Before The Flood (Island)
The Basement Tapes (CBS)

ROBBIE ROBERTSON '78 Pic: PENNIE SMITH

RREN talks to the The Band and offers a nd retrospective.

He's got his hojo working. .



HOWARD JOHNSON: Happy the way he is. Pic by VALERIE WILMER.

JAZZ

HOWARD JOHNSON has played with everybody — from Mingus and Taj Mahal to Lennon and The Band.

And he won't hear a word against his tuba. BRIAN CASE nearly sits on it.

SURREALISM LIVES, for there, on the 19th floor of a block of high-rise flats, facing Big Ben, stands a heavily-built man playing a tuba. The little flat flutters. The man swaps fours with the giant clock, pitching huge fruity chords against the mighty chimes of 10 a.m. "Hi there!" I bellow and he turns from the picture window. He has a tuba motif on his T-shirt and, for a moment, no head save the gleaming external intestine of the tuba itself — a Magritte come to life.

This is Howard Johnson, jazz's greatest tuba player. He places the instrument on the sofa, and presses the flesh. "Here — sit down," he says, moving the tuba into a corner next to a baritone saxophone. "The tuba doesn't have to have the best seat."

It won't be Howard's fault if it doesn't however. Most of his working life has been spent rehabilitating that one-time joke and Hoffnung cartoon, of an axe into a position of respect and dignity.

"It's been fair game because it hasn't been played well. That was one of those self-feeding problems — it wasn't being played well and it was getting the jokes, and then a lot of tuba players got a real second-class citizen mentality. But all that's changed now."

"But hasn't it got a kinda built-in joviality that would restrict the material a tuba can play?" I asked him.

He shook his head emphatically.

"That's one of the things it does have, but it has absolutely everything else too. For instance, in our band, the top range of the instrument is played in two different ways. It's played to sound like very high notes, and it's also played so that those notes are just familiar-range notes. I play a G in the staff in the treble-clef on the tuba — that's right in every instrument's middle-range — and I can make it sound like a middle-range note, or I can play it so that it sounds as if I'm screaming. It has incredible flexibility and a tremendous dynamic range. It has an overblown register similar to the trombone, you know — where the trombonist blows really hard so that it sounds like the brass is gonna break up. Tuba has that too.

"A lot of things trombonists do are more indiginous to tuba. Multi-phonics sound better, and they're easier to do. No — it has a lot more choices of personality. We can play as softly as everybody else — and MUCH LOUDER!"

He has had a tuba band since 1968, using from six tubas upwards to 18, and is shooting for 30. Substructure boasts the best — Bob Stewart, Morris Edwards, Joe Daley — and anyone who sees that in terms of a hippo watering place has another think coming. The tuba has a four and a half octave range, more than most brass or woodwinds, and in the hands of the modern masters it is as agile as an ibex. Cop Howard with Shepp, "Mama Too Tight".

"Doesn't it take phenomenal lung power?" I asked.

"The real answer is no, because the sound projects itself. You make the sound with the mouthpiece, and in as much as the mouthpiece is bigger, you need more air — but you are by no means filling up 26 foot of horn."

Howard has three tubas — the double B-flat, the F tuba and the tenor tuba which is like a large euphonium, all Belgian-made. "The euphonium", he observes, "is supposed to be the mellow member of that family, but it sounds tinny by comparison."

BORN IN Alabama in 1941, Howard Johnson started out on drums and baritone saxophone. "I was a shockingly terrible drummer, a tedious drummer. It wasn't that my time feel was bad, I just never had that co-ordination to beat anything with those sticks. The band director at Junior High definitely didn't need me as a drummer, he though I was just a clown filling out my time. I couldn't do a decent roll after years of trying."

No objections were raised, consequently, when Howard came across a baritone in the instrument room, but incomplete tuition left him with the G scale and little else.

"When I was still a drummer, I always watched the tuba players. I really liked the sound of their instruments and I spent most of my time just watching them. When I played the baritone sax in the concert band, the parts were very like tuba parts. Somehow, I must've subconsciously recorded their embouchure. I thought I might know a scale, so I picked up a tuba to see if I did. The band director saw me, and he asked if I'd been working on it, because when people start to play the tuba they sound just horrible for three or four months at least.

"I had as good a tone as the guys there, which isn't the phenomenon a lot of people think it is. We do record things like that when we don't know it. That apparently happened with Harold McNair."

Howard, docked at Portsmouth with the US Navy in 1962, has gigged with the late tenor and flautist, as well as Ronnie Ross, Tubby Hayes and Dankworth.

"Most of today's instruments are pretty highly developed — they've got it all on there. You just look at the instrument and see a little hand going in there, you know? Oh, not the bassoon — you'd never be able to figure that out just by looking at it. You have to carefully learn all those thumb keys and everything — the finger keys are just there because your fingers happen to be there.

"I did get the feeling even when I was playing those dumb High School parts that there was really a way to express yourself on tuba, though I wouldn't have put it in those words. I really felt a PROJECTING of myself. The tuba is definitely going to give you the feeling of projection!"

Howard chuckled. He's a good-humoured, highly articulate and intelligent man, as meticulous in his replies as he is in the interpretation of the scores of Charles Mingus, Gil Evans or Carla Bley.

"I got interested in jazz, and I definitely wanted to play that, and the tuba playing was coincidental at that time. A lot of young musicians say to me, I've got this technique, I can do this and this, but how do I get into jazz? You don't really do it that way. There's no jazz tuba technique. You just express yourself on your instrument — you just HAVE TO be that individual and the music comes as it will."

The history of jazz tuba started busily back in New Orleans where it was used for rhythm in the same role as the double bass. After that, it was mainly downhill, with the occasional employment by arrangers like Gil Evans on the milestone "Birth Of The Cool" album, and the odd rarity like Red Callender or Ray Draper. The New Wave saw a great resurgence.

"I very much disliked Ray Draper's playing. Red Callender I discovered about 1960. He's a kinda father figure. He did some recordings then that are about to be released on his own label, Legend."

With both Black Arthur Blythe and Sam Rivers featuring tuba in their combos, I wondered whether there was any black political consciousness aspect involved: return to the roots.

Howard didn't think so.

"Absolutely not. It's just that the concept of being able to play music on the instrument seems to have come to people now. Young players aren't interested in the Dixieland thing, that rhythm section playing is a whole other head. The idea of having a tuba player instead of a bass player in the avant-garde is one that both those leaders came to independently. And they're not the first. When I was still in the Navy in 1962, I met Max Roach who'd been working with Ray Draper and he had exactly that idea. The tuba having a bass function, but not a time-keeping function. Max said he would take care of the time, and the tuba could underscore the roots of the changes if he wanted to, or just do some low-pitched ruminating under the solos. It was a totally radical concept to me, and I was eager to try it, but we never actually got together to do it. That was 16 years ago.

"I've just recently done a record with Frank Strozier, and Frank sorta sat home and conceived of the same thing. The German bass and tuba player, Peter Kowald, is doing that in Peter Brotzmann's band. It's the old thing of the idea whose time has come, you know."

"How did Mingus use you?"

"He used the instrument very intelligently. He was delighted that I'd try anything and what he had me doing that he thought was terrible challenging was just what he couldn't get his other previous tuba players to do. That was no sweat — but then he started to stretch my limits; I grew musically in that organisation, started with Gil Evans about a year later, and that continued."

HOWARD JOHNSON has established quite a reputation as an arranger, working for Taj Mahal, Maria Muldaur, Paul Butterfield, Phoebe Snow and John Lennon as well as the expected jazz fraternity. He plays with The Band in the Scorsese movie, *Last Waltz* too.

Had Gil Evans been an influence?

"I don't seem to have other people's motivations," said Howard. "I only ever arranged because there wasn't anybody else to do it. It was either that, or not have anything to play. I always did it with a kinda surface attitude that — I certainly never thought of doing the work you have to do to establish yourself as an arranger. I mean, there are arrangers in New York looking for work. I kept the ones I did like, and if you look at the body of my work, it seems really special because I only did special things. It still kinda mystifies me.

"I wanted to do the thing with Taj Mahal. The Lennon thing, I was called in to be the baritone sax player on that date. We were going to do head arrangements and as nobody was taking the weight, I kinda gorilla'd the session. I declined an arranging credit because it wasn't the way I'd have done the project at all. Some of the pop records were fun indeed. Paul Butterfield asked me to do 'Please Send Me Someone To Love', an old Percy Mayfield number I kinda grew up with, so it was right in the pocket for me.

"As for Gil Evans' influence — it's of no conscious influence at all, because I haven't figured out what he's doing really. I don't know how he arrives at his conclusions. I'm still trying to figure out what happened in 1949."

Currently, he's working on his skills as an improviser, and feels that he lacks experience in that area though on his showing with Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia that night, I'd say he was a little harsh on himself.

"I recently did a week with Ted Curson in Chicago, and it put my playing in a whole other place to play solos every night instead of parts. I got the most opportunity to stretch out with Gil Evans, but there's a lot of soloists in that band! When it comes to going to Europe, it's an expense, and having a tuba player is usually down the line from a bunch of other instruments."

He wound up asking me one. Was jazz popular in Britain?

"Not very," I said. "The British aren't a musical race. They prefer re-creations. They like to hear the hustle again. The Proms, Gilbert and Sullivan."

"They'll love me then," he laughed. "I'm going to try and re-create this afternoon's rehearsal."

When I left him he was back playing with Big Ben, using a plastic washing-up bowl as a plunger mute.

Selected Recordings:

Archie Shepp: "Mama Too Tight" (Impulse)
Gil Evans: "Plays Jimi Hendrix" (RCA)
Carla Bley: "Tropic Appetites" (Watt)
"The Jazz Composers Orchestra" (JCOA/Virgin)
Dexter Gordon: "Sophisticated Giant" (CBS)
Taj Mahal: "The Real Thing" (CBS)
John Lennon: "Walls & Bridges" (Apple)

HEY SARGE, WHAT'S GOING ON?

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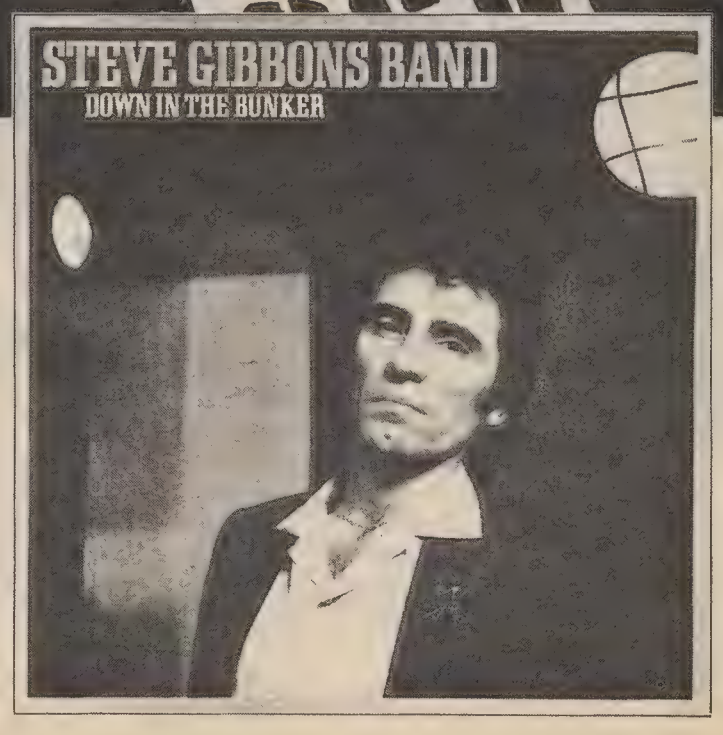

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ALBUMS

THE BOOMTOWN RATS
A Tonic For The Troops (Ensign)

THE FIRST despatch from the front came early. A coupla months ago it arrived at the NM-Inistry of Propaganda and Pure Filth for Pop Kids — a tatty, coffee-stained postcard of Kamp Dalan, further despoiled by the scruffy scrawl of 'Modest Bob, and the boys in a relatively well-known Irish showband': "Album sounds amazing," said the wonky hieroglyphics, "Incredible, astounding. The definitive rock LP? Album of the century? Yes, yes, yes..."

So The Boomtown Rats are pleased with their second album — surprise, surprise.

Well, fact is that *this* pudding proves that Bob's immodesty is not unfounded and that no matter how many times he risks letting eggs the size of ostrich offspring mess up his big head he pulls off a bit of fancy footwork and ends up atop the dung heap. No two ways about it — the boy's good. Not as good as he thinks he is, perhaps, but a beaming beacon in the murk of rock and roll nonetheless.

Because, whatever its faults, "A Tonic For The Troops" shows as healthy a disregard for 'fashion' as did their first album. And, again employing various honourable forms of rock and rhythm and roll, the Rats show a marked development on that auspicious debut.

Not as musicians especially, because their ability in that department has never been questioned. But Geldof's songwriting has sure grown up.

The "Like Clockwork" single, reviewed last week, hints at this, er, maturity and makes for a strong opening track here. The sentiments expressed are a bit insular, vaguely "No 1"-ish *("You're born in tears and die in pain, that's your limit ...")*, but the execution sweeps aside any reservations.

When I wrote that Abba would love to have made "Like Clockwork", I wasn't being derogatory or even overly flippant. I meant that it is a well-constructed, powerful pop song, the dense layers of musical and vocal effects meshing in a frenetic Sparks-like maelstrom of sound.

Somewhere in darkest Germany, Geldof and hordes lay claim to mankind's future. . . **Pic : CHALKIE DAVIES**

And that's just for starters, right? There are at least three other first-rate songs, the best of the bunch being "I Never Loved Eva Braun".

This is no reprehensible Nazi-chic, but an extraordinarily affecting distillation of David Irving's highly dubious 'biography' of one A. Hitler. Adolf is the narrator, in fact, as he states his case in a manner which provokes the sceptical back-up chorus to questioning asides.

Geldof's Hitler is (innocently?) ignorant of the 'facts', resentful of Eva's 'place in history', a meek vegetarian as clownish in his own way as E. L. Wisty's Hitler (a dimunutive ball-room dancer whose neat steps made him a champion).

The music accompanying this Python-esque scenario is perfect, and would only gain further stature were some enterprising film personage canny enough to ally it to Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph Of The Will*, thus putting Nazi propaganda into proper perspective — because it *is* funny and touching that such an absurd figure should be so important.

Johnny Fingers' nostalgic beer-*hausen* piano is but one of the acutely judged components, and on a beautifully judged coda the Rats actually employ military-style drumming and wistful whistling to evoke an entirely appropriate response from an anonymous lady: "Gee ..." she murmurs, and you can't but help agree.

Faction is obviously preying heavy on Geldof's mind because — leaving aside the panache with which his pertinent "Don't Believe What You Read" is carried off — "Me And Howard Hughes" is bewilderingly ambiguous enough to have been penned by Clifford Irving (no relation) himself.

Like "Eva Braun", it's an atypical but entirely admirable loping rocker, employing abundant oh-oh-yeeaaahhhs and a weird dago-like Denny Dias guitar break which throws you completely.

And then, of course, there's the epic finale, "Rat Trap", an urban nightmare number which rivals "Joey" for sheer weight and substance.

It's developed like a grade-A B-movie, Geldof doing a jive Joe Friday over the staccato bass line and street-wise finger clicking, a la *Bog Side Story* Billy is the suss protagonist this time round, terminally pissed-off in a town where even the traffic lights tell him what to do.

As for the rest, none of it's less than interesting. There's the straight-ahead crunch-rock of "Blind Date", with jagged rhythm guitar and syncopated hand-clapping lending it an anthem quality; schizo piano and angular guitar jabs on "Can't Stop", Geldof on a knife-edge amidst the Fripperies (believe it or not); the previous single, "She's So Modern", sounding better in the context of an album — as a put-down of poseurs it *is* slight but the battering ram locomotion of the band is very impressive and the harmony guitar break is *so* sweet.

That leaves two spots vacant for the duff bits, and even they're not entirely lost. The scratchy guitar intro on "Living In An Island" let's you know it's gonna turn into a half-assed reggae-rock number, and it's a bit like a vintage 10cc song without the puns, at once too clever and not clever enough.

And "The Normal people" just hits too easy a target, although the vocal effects are once again memorable: to hear *"You're a real lucky bugger ..."* sung in such smooth harmony is pretty cute.

So, at the death, the Rats still rule.

You think I'm pulling your trousers? Pop, rock, modern music, call it what you will — it's still got bloody big balls on.

Monty Smith

COME AND GET IT*
*(Your Culture, People)

CULTURE
Africa Stand Alone (April Records)
Harder Than The Rest (Virgin Front Line)

TO CLEAR out the undergrowth as much as I know how . . .

Man, it's a bad enough thing when the single (7" or 12") releases of a Jamaican act successively defy all attempts at measuring a constant, cohesive identity of the act concerned — but when I find myself confronted with definite chameleon switches of style and immediacy of style within the course of two elpees, released within a month of one another . . . some deadlock, tell you that!

"Africa Stand Alone" is a set produced by Dragon Productions, and released on April Records. "Harder Than The Rest" is a set produced by High Note Productions under the guidance of Ms. S. E. Pottinger, and released on Virgin's Front Line.

The two albums have four tracks in common. Beyond that, it is rumoured that April Records' possession of the four is not a little illicit, albeit based upon some hazy beforehand arrangement between the i-three Cultures and the label. Simply, it may be that Virgin are in some-way peeved at having had the artistic / financial exclusivity of their deal with 1977's premier reggae act deflated — ("Africa Stand Alone" is currently atop the national reggae chart) — and who can blame them for that?

Culture — Joseph Hill, Kenneth Paley, Albert Walker — have departed and departed from the surreal jungle sound-cage of producer Joe Gibbs, studio svengali behind last season's a-tropical glory "Two Sevens Clash". Suitably, following the 77 clash, Culture 78 is a less apocalyptic sound of vision . . . but *mellow* — what? Restrained, less angular than the squeeky, telephone-wiry "Clash", and yet further, harder, defined, definite. Diamond Sound channels: urgency; prophecy; prayer.

"Africa Stand Alone" is the rough cut of a diamond. Irregular — more beautiful? "Harder Than The Rest" is polished, structurally conceived as a whole, not the sum of its parts. Each set has two invaluable tracks not to be found on the other — "Holy Mount Zion" and "Stop The Fussing And Fighting" on "Harder", and "This Train" and "Dog A Go Nyam Dog" on "Africa". Pick and choose, on neither will you lose. . . .

"Africa Stand Alone" lacks the uniformity of "Harder", and is all the more beguiling for that. On one hand there are the day-to-day, almost sprightly songs such as "Love Shines Brighter", "This Train", and "Behold The Land". Straight, Up music — strong and warm, a Gospel inflexion stirring throughout the tone, tempo, and arrangement.

"This Train" is coarser, but unavoidably Evangelic. The congas, and Joseph Hill's gravel intonation, conjure up the spirit of Winston Rodney. Tumbling, crackling bush *fire!* and a lyric applicable anywhere from BC to AD 1978: *"This train . . . doesn't carry persecutors!"*

The other strain of "Africa" is more brusquely righteous, specifically Isle Of Springs in its fervour. Culture sounding entirely unlike themselves on "Dog A Go Nyam Dog" — a flowing, jagged episode in the rapids, delving against denial, emphatically aided by haunting, heraldic horns.

Culture : "We smile, but all we ever get from 'im is roaches, roaches, roaches. . ." **Pic : DENNIS MORRIS**

The trio's vocal expertise has not diminished. The call and emphasis arrangements are underlined by the difference in texture between Joseph Hill's irregular, compelling delivery and the more uniform timbre of Paley and Walker.

The other pleasing thing about "Harder" is that the voices of Paley and Walker are brought upfront rather than just simply integrated. "Holy Mount Zion", "Fussing And Fighting" and "Work On Natty" are the three previously released as singles on High Note, and it's a pleasing manoeuvre to assemble them together on one set. The less affluent amongst us endorse fully this entrepreneurial Vernons Yard venture!

Otherwise, as you may have gathered, there is nothing to malign. Culture's strength and purity of concern simply makes the critic feel redundant. They have furthered themselves without compromise.

No one can possibly claim that they fail to understand this music, or that they suspect its sentiments — who can squabble over basic human solidarity?

And what is more cheerful than the belief in a household god? Live with Culture!

Ian Penman

Poor you–plagued endlessly with special twelve inch limited edition singles, special pressings in all sorts of odd colours (Never mind the reproduction quality Walter, just think of the publicity value) special 'collectors item' colour bags, special exclusive T-shirt offers–only to purchasers of the new, special ten inch green album by the Snot Band–extra special, never-to-be-repeated music paper compilations on the best of British punk/new wave/heavy metal/funk/folk/jazz which no punter in his right mind (you) can afford to be without, not to mention the super special retrospective double albums with free single and hand embossed, nine colour sleeve at no extra cost (That'll be nine quid to you, sonny).

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DEAD FINGERS DON'T TALK, THEY SIGH

DEAD FINGERS TALK
Storm The Reality Studios (Pye)

THE ONLY time I saw Dead Fingers Talk they were fighting a losing battle with the acoustics and the audience at the Astoria Theatre in Tottenham Court Road. "I know it's a terrible gig, but it's a *showcase,*" explained the man from Pye — which tells you more than you think about the way that people's careers get screwed up in the wonderful world of rock and roll.

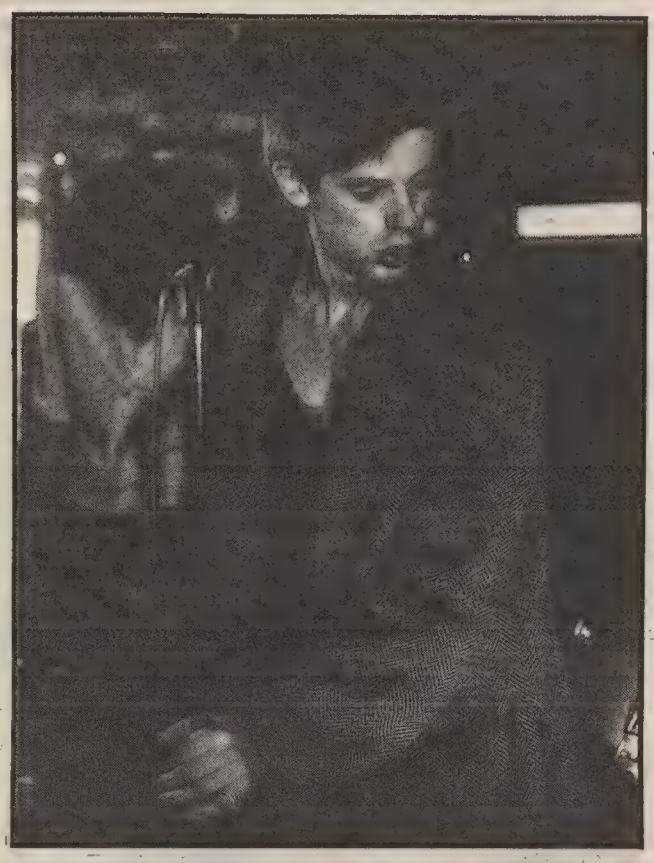
Still, they displayed presence and courage and ideas, all qualities that transmit themselves on "Storm The Reality Studios". Both in form and in content, DFT's grasp of continuity is impresssive: they've seized on aspects of youth culture that haven't changed that much over the last decade, and expressed their perceptions in music that draws a straight line from Jimi Hendrix (there's a reference to "Purple Haze" in the last cut, and DFT have been known to do the song as an encore) up to the present day.

Between '68 and '78, their power base of operations would appear to be '72: specifically Bowie *circa* "Ziggy Stardust" and various incarnations of Lou Reed, a natural tendency of DFT's, but amplified and extended by producer Mick Ronson, who made the journey from Hull and back himself several years ago. "We Got The Message" on the second side is to "Ziggy" what Badfinger's "No Matter What" was to The Beatles' "Rubber Soul", and "Someone/Everyone" on the first side sounds uncannily like certain sections of Lou Reed's "Berlin" — Bobo Phoenix's acoustic guitar and voice evoking Reed's "Oh Jim" with almost uncanny verisimilitude.

Guitarist Jeff Parsons ends up sounding like a cross between a very timid young Hendrix — certainly younger and more timid than Hendrix himself ever was — and Ronson himself, Ronno having absorbed his mentor's expertise at recording voices and guitars but displaying a weedier rhythm section sound than anything Bowie ever produced.

So much for form. The content of the best of DFT's recorded material is considerably warmer than Reed's. "Electric City" is as much a city song as Reed's archetypes, but though Phoenix (the composer of most of the album's material) makes no attempt to gloss over the squalour in which Reed wallows so obsessively, his city is still a place for optimism and idealism.

This somewhat starry-eyed quality overspills into old-time hippy-dippy love-yer-brother stuff on a few of the tracks, but — as a diametric opposite to the violence fetish of too much of the last few years' rock and roll — that stuff lives better than it sounds, so it's nice that DFT have their ideals in the right place, though lyrics like *"For all we know know, we might not be alive at all / Just a dream in someone's mind . . . my destiny slowly unfolds throughout eternity / express, through me, the power of the universe"* are purest yick whether it's '68 or '78.



Hey, white boy, whadya got in that overcoat? Pic: NIGEL BURNHAM

Elsewhere, Phoenix displays his compassion to better advantage. "Nobody Loves You When You're Old And Gay" laments the lot of the ageing queen, "Fight Our Way Out Of Here" points out *"First we made flowers and now we make fists/they made money out of that, they'll make money out of this"*, while the apocalyptic title track (which features effective usage of techniques unfortunately defused by overuse earlier in the album, like out-of-synch overdubbed vocal/guitar lines) lays it down even clearer: *"Drinking gin and tonics selling punk clothes to the vulnerable/the image became the reality and everyone was so gullible/punk rock revolutions, don't make me laugh/the people in control still know money's where it's at"* before concluding *"Some people wanna fuck you up/ some people they just wanna fuck."*

You can tell just by hearing this album — even if you didn't know already — that DFT like to play Lou Reed songs in their set. Pity William Burroughs never wrote songs, because if he did, DFT'd be playing them too.

"Storm The Reality Studios" indicates that Dead Fingers Talk have a fair idea of what they'd like to achieve, and much of the materials that they will need in order to achieve it. If Phoenix and his boys can reach the heights of their best material with greater regularity, they will indeed be a band to reckon with. As it is, they're good now and they're going to get better. Keep tabs on 'em.

Charles Shaar Murray

CLINT EASTWOOD
African Youth (Third World)

VISIONS OF spaghetti westerns meet Magnum Force abound. Has the Hollywood super cult hero plummeted to the depths of David Soul or, worse, Dennis Waterman? Have no fear, this isn't the ballad crooning debut of the famed actor/producer/director/etc.

Clint's case for consideration, apart from his being Trinity's younger brother, arose from the fact that his name appears on at least two excellent Jamaican 45's that shone like diamonds in the mud of a torrent of "Jah this" and "Ranking that" records over the past year. "Badder Than Clint" and "Heart Of The City" still remain my favourites of his own output and the rest.

This is his first album, a second to follow hot on its heels on the Cha-Cha label soon, and is admittedly inferior to his previous output. On the other hand, "Youth" is more listenable than all the Front Line and Third World takeovers put together. The again, that's not difficult. But will it sell crate loads to Africa? Who cares?

Our Clint just pleasantly blabs on ad infinitum about nothing in particular in a manner and voice superficially akin to the failing Dillinger, only ten times more agreeable. The rhythms, some very old, are produced by 'Stiker' Lee and although they are not as heavy as, say, Joe Gibbs or Yabby You, still sound like his best desk job since I. Roy's infra-bass album "Dread Bald Head", since deleted on Klik.

There are only a couple of sleep-inducing tracks to be found here. There remains a good case for the 10" reggae album. The pressing quality is becoming less snap, crackle and pop.

Hear before purchasing.

John Gray

JOHN TRAVOLTA
Whenever I'm Away From You (Polydor)

COMBING MY hair, I stare into the mirror, into my eyes: soft, blue oysters. I'm a cult.

It's Saturday night, five days of routine behind me and I'm more than ready to step it on down to THE PLACE where all is clean, spinning, shining bright, and I can forget my day job at the abattoir, and all are silent as they watch me move to-fro in the spinning, shining, blinking . . .

And the silent, clean, shining girl of my dry-clean dreams will be there and she will see me, know me, stare into my eyes . . . no-one will say anything which isn't right, cool, neccessary, nothing about any division between what's Real and what's Make Believe . . .

And I'll forget the nightmare I have where instead of being

sharp I am wearing a chunky pullover and ordinary shirt and I look like Andy Williams and I sing like Andy Williams and I sell like Andy Williams to infatuated young girls who seek reassurance and make themselves cry for latent father-figure-lovers like Andy Williams . . .

And with an orchestra behind me crooning sweetly, she takes my hand, takes my cheque book and we walk together into the place where all is shining bright, spinning, clean . . .

Ian Penman

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The legendary legend himself. Pic: JOE STEVENS

MICKEY JUPP
Mickey Jupp's Legend (Stiff)

SOUTHEND, HOME of the blues, one of the most important towns in the recent history of British rock 'n' roll. The Feelgoods, the Flyers, the Rods and they all, whether or not they acknowledge it, must owe a debt to Mickey Jupp.

Mickey Jupp *is* a legend, he couldn't have found a better name for his band. Now well into his thirties, he's had several shots at the big time but has always seemed destined to remain a purely cult figure.

This could be his last chance, a compilation of tracks from three old albums ("Legend", "The Red Boot Album" and "Moonshine"), plus a few singles. Trouble is, although a name like Jupp's hangs around people's minds and some actually remember what they've read about him, not many are going to bother buying the record.

Which is where they lose out. This isn't a case of critics making a fuss because he's a seminal figure or a handy name to drop. This is simply about the best album I've heard this year. R&B, rock and straight commercial pop, Jupp can write it all and sing it in a clear, ringing voice.

Mo Witham contributes very

. . . To Space

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Go Live From Paris (Island)

AGAIN I am thrown down into the dreaded (Double) Live Album dungeon. What sin have I committed, Master, why do you punish me so?

Four sides of the "Go" round table/musical chairs game. Performed *en* Paris. Important percussionist Stomu Yamashta, important keyboard operator Klaus Schulze, drummer Michael Shrieve, guitarist Al Di Meola, Stevie Winwood, sundry other instrumentalists, galactic habituees and foreign satellites . . .

Schulze's solo idiom is soporific, meandering Euro-moogic — which happens to be electronic. Yamashta's is this meandering, electronic concept/conceit — which happens to be soporific. The two get on like a star on fire: "Go" is a musical black hole, a region of time/space from which it is impossible to escape into creativity.

Appropriate then, that so much of "Go" is concerned with Space ("Space Requiem", "Space Song", "Stellar"), and that so much of it is empty.

The Space Sounds are side one: Parisian audience noise. "Space Song", "Carnival" and "Wind Spin" merge, wordless. Not until the fourth song "Ghost Machine" — in which Winwood sings — did I realise that the one-long was three-merged. A synthesiser barks at the machine-heart. A clickcluck space-bass dips and surfaces like a pissed dolphin.

"Ghost Machine" features Winwood's voice. Otherwise, specious space. Flashy guitar, space-scales, probably from Di Meola, who is to continue in the same vein for the rest of the album. (I've only got a white label — space! — so I can but guess who flys what).

Side two: less Parisian audience noise. "Surf Spin" sounds like "Space Song". Segue into "Time Is Here" — space chorus chanting, Winwood singing, guitars exploding, everything happening at once. This would seem to be "Go's" major fault — the structures, playing and positioning of songs all come out sounding as though this

If you don't like Suicide you're dead anyway.

From Southend . . .

neat guitar to most of the tracks along with drummer Bill Fifield (later Bill Legend of T.Rex) and bassist John Bobin. Names like Robin Trower, Gary Brooker, Chris Copping and B.J. Thomas appearing on the sleeve are a reminder that Jupp once played with The Paramounts before they became Procol Harum.

Opening with "Shine On My Shoes", electric blues, there's hardly a mediocre track on the whole set. "Georgia George" is a deliberate "Johnny B. Goode" rip-off executed flawlessly. "My Typewriter" starts with a sinister declamation reminiscent of "Monster Mash" and "Hole In My Pocket" is more blues, the way only Southend plays them. It was probably haunting the Kursaals when they wrote "Pocket Money".

Side two opens with my two favourite cuts. "Cheque Book" annihilates the version on "Down By The Jetty"; it's quicker, more positive, with backing vocals and a definitive performance by Jupp. "City" is a gently strummed love song, sharing a slight American flavour with most of the material, but graced with a haunting tune and lyrics on a theme similar to "Cheque Book".

"Cross Country" is the second number that could easily become a rock standard, the timeless rhythms and words that only Chuck Berry completely mastered, the sort of song anyone might want to cover. "Lorraine" is another intelligent love song, lyrics that convey emotion simply and accurately without ever becoming corny or embarrassing.

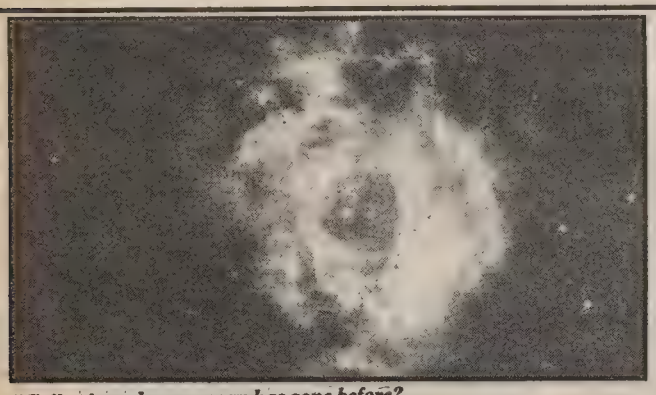
"Anything You Can Do" is a much slower, broader version of R&B than that perpetrated by Dr. Feelgood and "Five Years" betrays some of the man's country influences, embellished with casual synthesiser; Mickey Jupp seems to have an infinite number and variety of good tunes in his head.

The selection ends with another track that might be recognised, the 1977 single "Nature's Radio", slightly offbeat by Jupp's standards but boasting more clever lyrics and a sweet hook.

This album could appeal to anyone who's enjoyed one of the Southend bands of the '70s, but it would be unfair not to emphasise that Mickey Jupp has his own distinctive style and personality. He might have been more successful if he'd worked in narrower areas. This isn't just a bunch of useful pub rock numbers, it's a set of songs that I don't think I'll ever be bored with.

Bet you still won't buy it though.

Kim Davis



"Go" going where no man has gone before?

were a concept album about a Grand Prix not, er, Space. "Winner Loser" is bearable — textural hints at plausibility, the playing calm and Winwood collected.

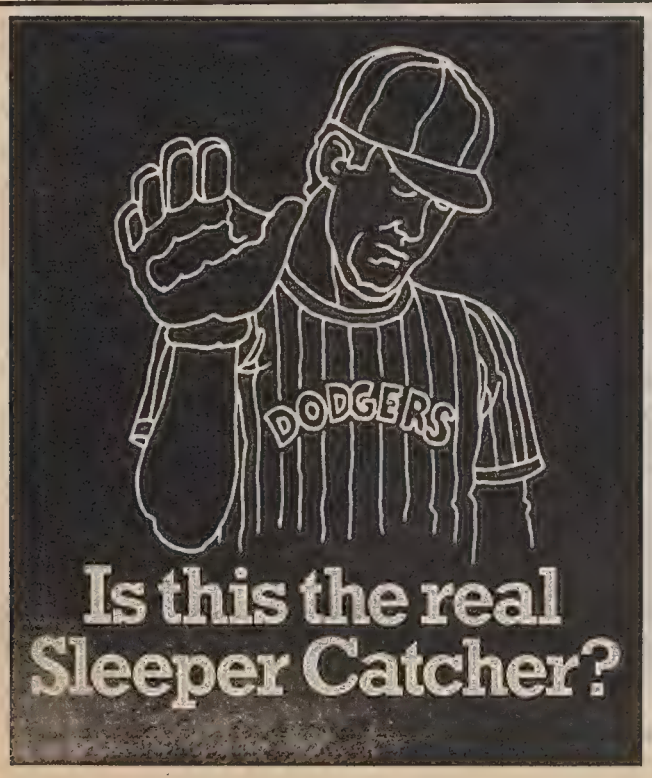
Side three: hardly any Parisian audience noise. "Solitude" and "Nature" are more acceptable, less glamorous, more tangible a presentation of real musicians playing real music. "Crossing The Line" initiates an intelligent structure but commits suicide on a dreary guitar solo voyage into the celestial orbs and . . .

Side four: no Parisian audience noise (did they go home?). "Man Of Leo" is more plumb-line cosmos vibrant pontification. Doesn't make faerie sense. "Stellar" and "Space Requiem" are two sloppy views of the same fishy premise. Stinks, either.

The 'premise' being that if you throw enough roses into your lavatory it'll flush dividends. Or something. I don't doubt the calibre of the musicians involved in this project, I don't question their 'ethics'. Etc. Just the way in which they approached (or not) the collective enterprise.

Just remember. In Switzerland they had 500 years of democracy and peace — what did that produce? The cuckoo clock.

Ian Penman



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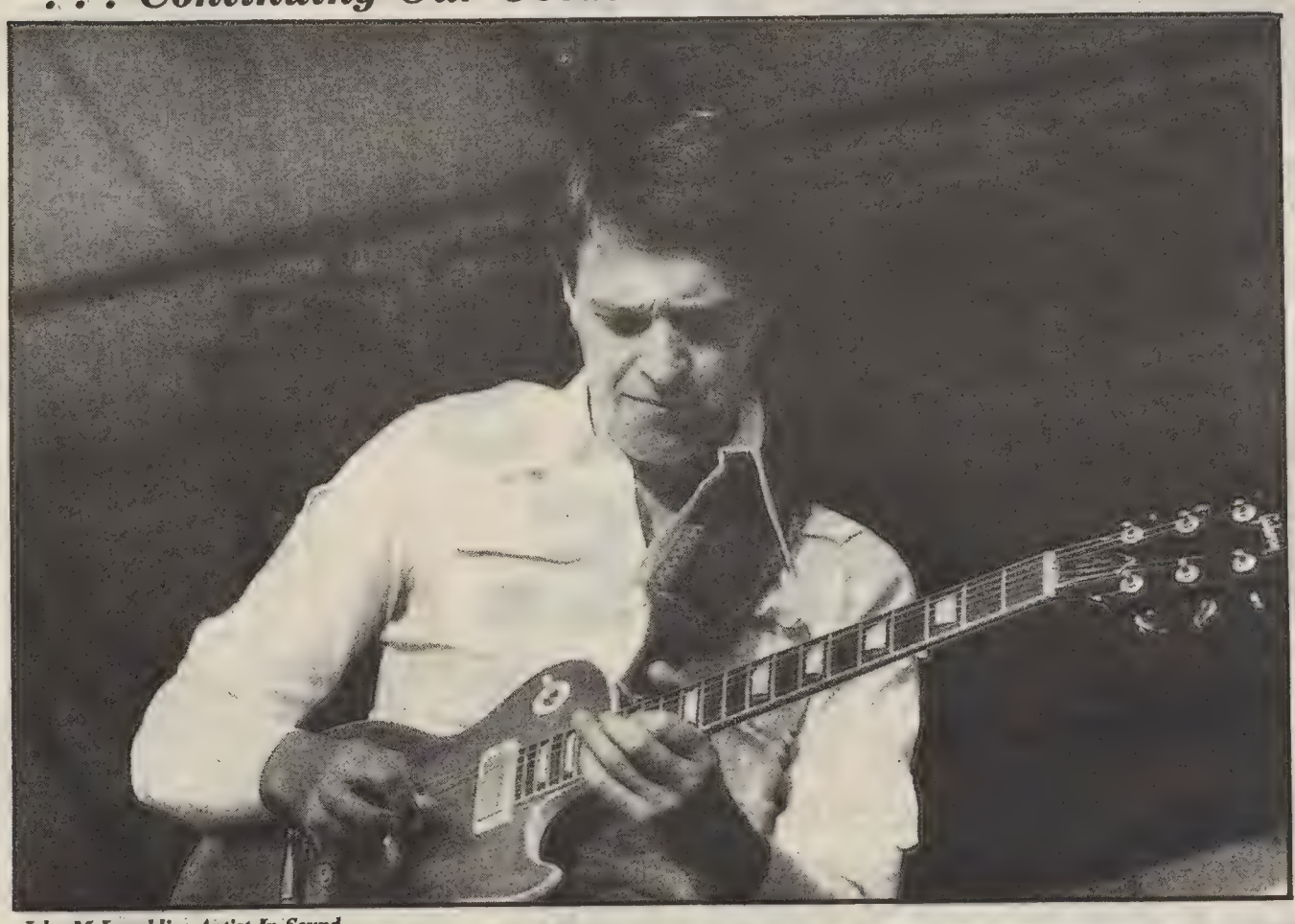


John McLaughlin: Artist In Sound

YORKSHIRE
342 For 3 Declared
(J. McLaughlin 115 Not Out)

REST OF WORLD
76 All Out
(H. Mason 0, S. Clarke 7, A. Di Meola 23)

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Electric Guitarist (CBS)
AL DI MEOLA
Casino (CBS)
STANLEY CLARKE
Modern Man (Nemperor)
DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER
Just Family (Elektra)
HARVEY MASON
Funk In A Mason Jar (Arista)

THE LATEST crop of releases in the fusion field reveal the gap between release schedules and ideas with which to fill them to be yawning ever wider. Once again the question must be asked: when it comes to jazz, are funkrock and creativity mutually exclusive?

For some, and they know who they are, the dilemma never arises. For others, it's simply ignored. They know as well as the backroom boys funding their enterprise that in their particular marketplace, the shit-against-the-wall principle holds fast. What other reason could there be for allowing Harvey Mason to make four albums in roughly two years? His patrons must be either altruistic to a fault, plain mad, or else firmly convinced that somewhere along the conveyor belt, something's got to stick.

And, inevitably, some of it does. Irrefutable evidence of this is the current runaway US success of Chuck Mangione — who is no great musician — with some slick funky hokum called "Feels So Good". Mason, however, won't be riding *that* gravy train in a hurry. "Funk In A Mason Jar", despite the cast of thousands involved in its uh, creation, is an unspeakably worthless catch-all of whichever funk, fusion and disco cliches were on hand at the time. In terms of thought and effort spent, not to mention direction taken, this is a real cheap shot.

An added ignominy here is that Mason was once — and probably still is underneath it all — a nimble, sophisticated drummer, on hand for Herbie Hancock's watershed "Headhunters" album. In fact, in the three or four years since this music's emergence and unexpected commercial acceptance it's astounding how many of its creators have — in the ensuing goldrush atmosphere — shown themselves to be totally lacking in scruples.

One such man is Stanley Clarke, once (still?) a member of Chick Corea's Return To Forever. Corea himself now wants to make pretentious piano suites for garden gnomes. Not to be outdone, Clarke's new album begins — rumblings — with these words: *"Hail Space Warriors. You have come a long way. Our fight for freedom has taken us through many arenas. We have weapons and vessels. But now, I choose the sound of . . . a . . . plucked . . . string!"*

And what's more, he's deadly *serious*. Lots more of this cosmic slop follows, interrupted by the odd hot foot workout (including a retread of RTF's "Dayride") wherein ol' superbass gets to show off his funky thumbs. Guitarist Ray Gomez, drummer Gerry Brown and ex-Spider and fellow Scientologist Mike Garson perform blandly and without commitment. This is only to be expected — with the exception of a rather aimless jam with Jeff Beck and Carmine Appice, the entire album has all the marks of a Stanley Clarke megalo-meisterwerk. He conceived, produced, wrote, arranged, orchestrated, executed and sang it, which all just goes to show what scooping every bass-playing award in America can do for your ego.

Meanwhile Clarke also found time to produce an album for Dee Dee Bridgewater. It's much the same as the records Flora Purim was making before she went up river on a cocaine bust. This isn't really surprising when you consider it features the Purim team of Clarke, Ndugu, George Duke, Ray Gomez and Airto. Bridgewater's voice, though, is richer and rounder, less flighty than Purim's.

Another ex-RTF alumnus, of thankfully humbler proportions than his old cohorts, is Al Di Meola. "Casino" follows last year's classy and eminently successful "Elegant Gypsy", which made a fair showing in the American charts and served to bring Di Meola to the attention of Frampton manager Dee Anthony.

Sadly, "Casino" — recorded with a conservative but robust line-up of Steve Gadd, Anthony Jackson, Mingo Lewis, and Barry Miles — is trapped a little too firmly in the shadow of its predecessor. Di Meola's guitar is typically liquid and elegant but the sprightly surprises, sense of style, and all-round invention of before are missing. What remains is the essence of his sound neatly pressed and rounded — a silky jazzrock flamenco but no fandango. Santana can rest easy, for the moment at least.

And so, without further ado, to the hero of this review, John McLaughlin (Mahuvishnu no longer it seems). The British guitarist of resolute single-mindedness has returned one hopes wiser from his Eastern adventures with Shakti — a conglomerate this writer found enthralling live and interminably boring on record.

He re-enters the electric playground with what serves more or less as a compendium of his previous styles and as a portfolio of his possibilities.

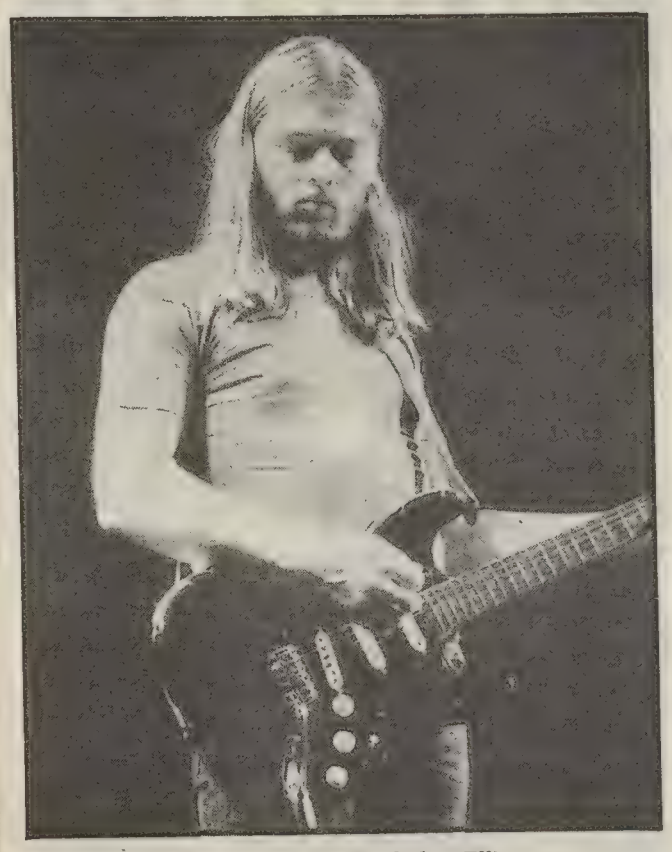
It must have been an interesting album to make, reuniting old groups — Mahavishnu with Jerry Goodman but without Jan Hammer or Rick Laird, Lifetime with Jack Bruce and Tony Williams but without Larry Young — and reacquainting old friends — Carlos Santana, Jack DeJohnette and Billy Cobham, the latter in a guitar/drums duet that proves Cobham hasn't, as suspected, sacrificed his brains for speed and brawn.

But interesting though it may have been to make, it's even more fascinating to hear — right down to echoes of McLaughlin's Douglas-era "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" in "My Foolish Heart" and more distant echoes of Miles Davis' "In A Silent Way" in "Tear From Every Eye", the prime cut.

When most around him are chasing a fast buck or, having found it, are indulging their worst excesses, McLaughlin's patient artistry and continued inspiration is a relief as well as a joy. Though we might have hoped for a group effort, the sheer variety of skills and graces on display here more than compensates. His answer to the question posed at the start must be a resounding affirmative.

Paul Rambali

. . . Meanwhile . . .



David Gilmour: Artist In Hair. Pic: Robert Ellis

Asleep At The Wicket

DAVID GILMOUR
David Gilmour (Harvest)

THE SOLO album must rank next to the double live album, the concept album, and, in some cases, the compilation album as the kind of release to be regarded with most scepticism, the unpleasant majority of solo albums being nothing more than excuses for excessive self-indulgence.

Gilmour is the first member of the Pink Floyd to jump on this particular bandwagon and, while his effort is by no means dreadful, it certainly won't give the genre a whole new lease of credibility.

He has, to his credit, avoided the two extremes which characterise the making of such albums; one where the artiste persuades some famous friend to make some important musical contribution — such as blowing his nose on one track — so that the cover credits look like a who's who of tax exiles, and the other where he locks himself in a studio for months on end to perform the whole gamut of writing, singing, playing, and producing entirely on his own.

Gilmour has instead the same rhythm section playing throughout the album — his old mates Rick Wills (bass) and Willie Wilson (drums) who are both remarkably competent (yes, that word again), but don't stop the album from loping along very harmlessly in places.

But it is still recognisably Gilmour's album; he's responsible for most of the songs, which are *alright*, but it's significant that the best one here is not written by him but by one K. Baker. The sound but somewhat sanitised production is also Gilmour's.

He's a good guitarist but has few quirks of style that might set him apart from so many other good guitarists and render his playing truly exciting. With three instrumentals and plenty of solos on the other tracks, much of the album stands or falls on his ability but, in fact, it does neither — it just stoops rather badly. The trio occasionally hint at a power that might relieve the overall langour but, far more often, they sound as though they're scared to offend anyone's ears.

But will Floyd fans like it? Yes, I don't think there'll be any stopping them doing so — it's all a very Floyd-esque affair so, with such certainty of commercial success, I doubt if Gilmour's worried about it, and I don't think I am either.

Neil Peters

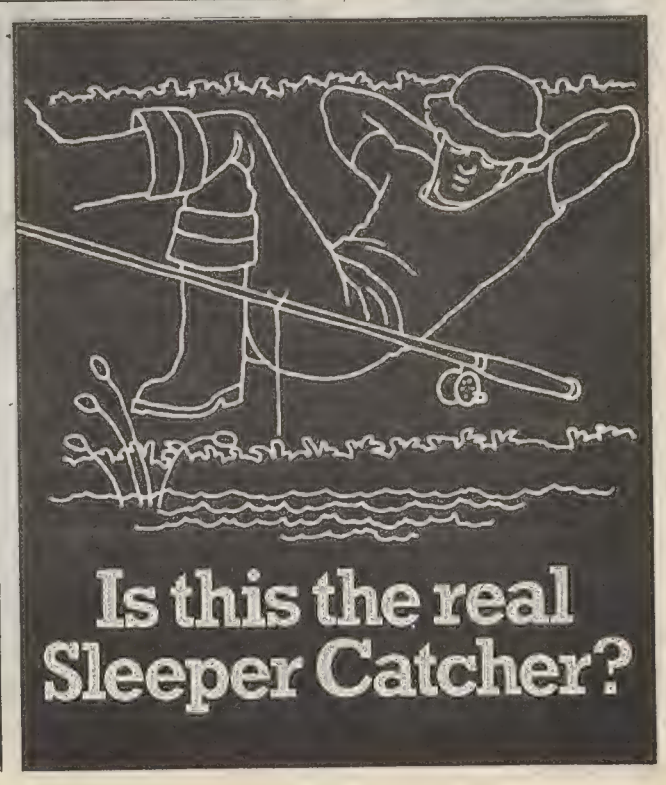
DICKEY BETTS AND GREAT SOUTHERN
Atlanta's Burning Down (Arista)

EIGHT MORE tracks of soporific Southern boogie, y'all. The cover picture of Betts wearing a cowboy hat, a pair of mirror shades, and an ugly stoned grin only adds to my suspicion that he sang and played the songs here in his sleep.

He's aided and abetted (sorry) in a waste of vinyl by Great Southern who play with a lack on conviction that makes the Allman Brothers sound amphetamined in comparison.

You think this is a short review? I tell you, this album is so boring I had trouble writing this much.

Neil Peters



THERE'S NO SERUM FOR COVERDALE'S SNAKEBITE.

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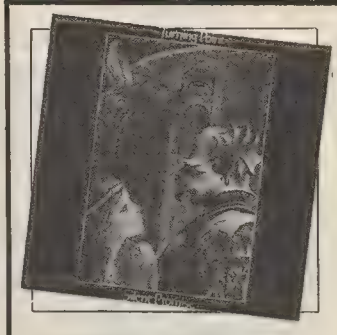


TURNING POINT
Silent Promise (Gull)

INTELLIGENT fusion music is thin on the ground. Turning Point's brains are in evidence throughout their second album, balancing mood without tedium and forward drive without the usual reliance on the old plumber's friend.

The themes, mainly the work of Jeff Clyne and Brian Miller, are uniformly attractive and resilient enough for the kind of rhythmic catch-as-catch-can treatment that the group favours as narrative method. The title track moves over a multi-layered backdrop of precise effects — bird-whistle, handclapping, bells — never too cluttered to breathe.

"Awakening" and "Mirror" are short pieces verging on the programmatic, and they're successful because they establish their mood quickly, and then buzz off.

The longer works ring the changes on tempo and treatment, separating out into related strands and then coming together with a wallop. High spots are the use of Pepi Lemer's voice — one abrupt high-note — which kicks the skating synthesizer solo on "Beginning Again"; the spare, effective drumming by Paul Robinson at the start of "May Day Morn"; the tuba-like textures towards the close of "Queen Of The White E".

If I prefer the album to "Creatures Of The Night" it's because Dave Tidball gets more tenor exposure and room to cut loose. On "Mirror Mirror" his declamatory legato wail contrasts beautifully with the scurrying undertow, but the outstanding performance is "Green Tranquility". Like the old Tracey-Wellins masterpiece, "Starless & Bible Black", the piece is irreducably simple, and trusts to the beauty of acoustic piano and saxaphone in duet.

Brian Case

THE ICEBREAKERS WITH THE DIAMONDS
Planet Mars Dub (Virgin Front Line)

DRUB A dub?

Three among many requirements for properly *dread* dub are strong material, strong playing and strong arms at the mixing desk. "Planet Mars" scores highly on the first two counts — The Diamonds' recent "Planet Earth", this set's starter, being a prime time pearl — but registers well less than zero on the third.

Producer Karl Pitterson's recent dub rating includes his none too startling recast of Rico's none too exhilarating "Man From Wareika", and the further disappointments of "Planet Mars" seem to suggest he should stick with the straight mix for the duration.

The bones here? Various. A lack of tension, of imagination, of variation of tone or texture, of lateral thinking in general, of surprise in particular.

Pitterson's definition of dub is, it must be emphasised, not an adventurous one, but even within its conservative strictures "Planet Mars" fails to move (me) much. This, I'm afraid, is dub by numbers — and dub should never be numerical so much as alchemical.

Like its American counterpart, this Jamaican space programme remains largely unjustified. Invest nearer home, in "Planet Earth" instead.

Angus MacKinnon

IMPORTS

IT'S BEEN Svensk-rock all the way at the HMV shop in London's Oxford Street as scores of albums from Stockholm, Goteborg and other Ingmar Bergman backdrops moved into rackfilling positions.

The tally includes six albums by *Made In Sweden,* the band once led by George Wadenius, the guitarist who later joined Blood Sweat and Tears; seven Polar issues from *The Hootenanny Singers,* an outfit that featured Abba's Bjorn Ulvanaeus; "Frida Ensen" (Polar), a solo album by yet another Abba cohort in Friday Lyngstad; *Jukka Tolonen's* "Impressions" (Sonet), a sought-after item by those Finn-fanciers who once put their money on Tasavallan Presidentti.

Probably *Abba's* "Ring, Ring" album (Polar), which includes versions of the foursome's Europopper in both English and Swedish, will prove to be HMV's best investment.

Lennart Persson, in a recent issue of *Bomp,* explained how the Swedish rock scene flourished following the appearance of The Beatles, who played schools in Sweden during 1963 using 30 watt amps. And just how it flourished is well illustrated by the two "Graffiti" double-albums — especially volume one, which in best "Hard Up Heroes" fashion contains archive fun pics, a stack of biogs (unfortunately, all in Swedish), and 32 tracks of varying quality performed by 23 different bands and singers.

Most are totally derivative: *The Hep Stars,* a Benny Andersson group, often sounded as if they used the Kop for rehearsals, while *Tages,* led by singer Tommy Blom, were Scandanavia's Beatles and meant it — right down to the scouse accents. *The Spotnicks,* who had a quartet of British hits in '62-'63, and *The Violents,* a Stockholm band, were totally Shadows-influenced, a twant and terpsichory, while *Jerry Williams,* whose real name was Erick Farnstrom, originally snarled and sneered in best Elvis fashion, though he later turned up on Chess leading The Dynamite Soul Band on an album titled "The Power Of Soul".

***Ola And The Janglers* proved to be one of the more successful Swedish outfits, gaining a 1969 US hit with their version of "Let's Dance", which they'd cut two years earlier, though I prefer *The Mascots,* possessors of a Decca contract and worthy of a place in any '60s collection, their "Sad Boy" being pure Rutlemania.**

So the albums contain little that you haven't heard before and there's re-runs of material like "Go Now" and "Too Much Monkey Business", played by Swedish bands bearing such familiar names as *The Gonks, The Shakers* and *The Fabulous Four.* But if you ever went goggle-eyed on Fridays due to *Ready, Steady, Go* screenings, then you'll find much to enjoy in "Swedish Graffiti".

Fred Dellar

DIRE STRAITS
Dire Straits (Vertigo)

DIRE STRAITS are the only non-new wave act on the London pub circuit to have received consistently good reviews these past few months.

Fronted by maverick guitarist / songwriter / vocalist Mark Knopfler, Straits' music is largely inspired by the American South — J. J. Cale and countless rockabilly performers.

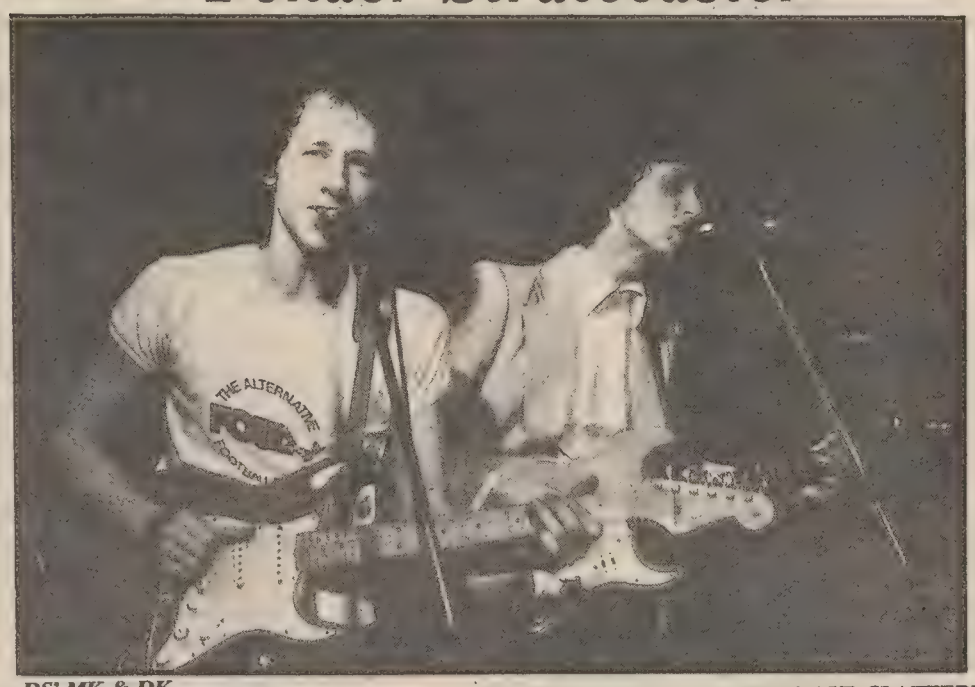
But unlike many of his predecessors, Knopfler isn't afraid to sing about his own lifestyle. He doesn't invent experiences, or sing about places he's only ever heard of through listening to Chuck Berry records. Typically, Straits' best known song, "Sultans Of Swing" is not a paean to a jazz group jamming on a New Orleans pavement. Rather, it's a song about a bunch of "amateurs" strutting their stuff in a South London pub in which Knopfler sings of the local kids, weaned on Rod Stewart, who *"don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band".*

"Wild West End" is Knopfler's evocation of London street life. It's not the same view that, say, Jimmy Pursey has of the streets of London, but it's just as real — and, erhh, relevant.

Unfortunately, Dire Straits' debut doesn't live up to my admittedly great expectations. In fact, with the sole exception of "Six Blade Knife", side one is pretty much a wash-out. Even the quality of Knopfler's material and playing can't disguise the rest of the band's seemingly indifferent performance and Muff Winwood's unsympathetic production.

Winwood's production — bright and trebley — is too tasteful by half. Dire Straits' music is about getting your hands dirty. This album is squeeky clean. The back-up musicians are mixed too far back. Often the drumming sounds humanoid, the bass unimaginative, the rhythm guitar non-existent.

You're Never Alone With A Fender Stratocaster



DS' MK & DK *Pic: PAUL SLATTERY*

I'm not asking for a host of harps and the London Symphony Orchestra Choir, but a little more arranging would have improved things no end. Certainly, Straits' music is about restraint, but too much white space is on show here.

Still, side two makes it by dint of Knopfler's excellent songs and playing. "Sultans Of Swing" opens the side in impressive style sounding a lot like Clapton covering J. J. Cale ought to sound (incidentally, if Clapton's short on material for his new album, a skim through the gems on sale here should save the day).

Straits are deceptively tight as they trip confidently through the changes, Knopfler's vocal phrasing a dead ringer for Dylan's and his guitar choruses, Stratocaster-sharp, not unlike post-Cream Clapton — though with more space between the notes.

The following "In The Gallery" is just as good with its reggae flavour and tastey adaptation of the "Badge" bridge riff. Knopfler's solo is a rare treat. It starts out taut and pithy, yet seconds later is beautifully lyrical.

"Wild West End" echoes John Martyn and has a strong hook, while the closing "Lions" is marked by a nicely resolved set of changes. Nevertheless, my overriding impression is of potential only half-fulfilled and of a great deal of talent squandered.

Hopefully, Dire Straits will be capable of exercising more collective clout by the time of their second album and won't once again select a producer whose incapable of maximising their ability.

Steve Clarke

WILD CHERRY
I Love My Music (Epic)

WILD CHERRY may well hark from Cleveland, but Pere Ubu they ain't! The first time I encountered this sextet, I had them tagged as being a slightly above-average throwback to those frilly satin shirted blue-eyed soul bands that used to trudge around the British club circuit cranking out Stax and Motown standards.

Instrumentally, Wild Cherry are no better and no worse than a thousand other faceless, soul-less soul bands.

I've absolutely no clue who sings what, nor do I greatly care, but when one of these guys grabs the microphone he transforms them from a half-decent shake-your-booty band into something that sounds like a Southern Rebel Boogie-All-Night band who've just junked their Doobie Brothers riffs and threads, for loon pants, stacked solo shoes and KC & The Sunshine Band's Greatest Hits.

I can see no reason whatsoever to play even their new interpretations of two old Motown classics at the expense of the originals. See, I love my music too!

Roy Carr

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TRUE WAR

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EL ALAMEIN
told as one long complete picture-strip story interlaced with *real photos taken at the time!*

PLUS

the incredible story of legless flying ace, DOUGLAS BADER

PLUS

Charts, maps, cutaways of war weapons, and astonishing battle statistics that can now be revealed!

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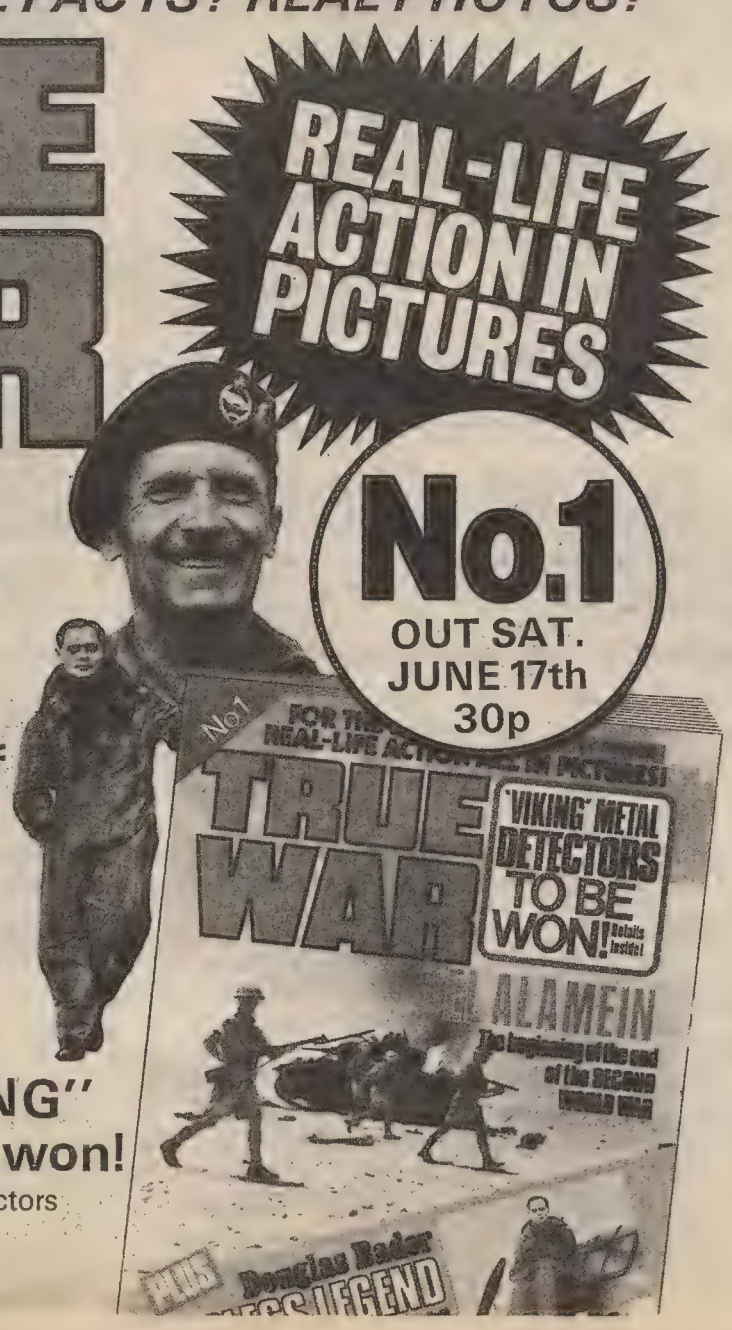

Rock against Racism

Manchester University
Wednesday, June 21st

BETHNAL
+
Support

Special appearance at
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mid-afternoon June 21st

marketed by phonogram

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

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Thurs 15th June (Adm 70p)
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Plus The News & Ian Fleming

Fri 16th June (Adm £1)
CHELSEA
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat 17th June (Adm 75p)
WARREN HARRY
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THE SOFT BOYS
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Tues 20th June (Adm 75p)
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Wed 21st June (Adm 70p)
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Thurs 22nd June (Adm 70p)
THE AUTOMATICS
Plus The News & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot and cold snacks are available.

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday June 16th 50p
BRAKES
Saturday June 17th Free
DODGERS
Sunday June 18th Free
STADIUM DOGS
Wednesday June 21st Free
★ROLL UPS★
Thursday June 22nd Free
AUTOGRAPH

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THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Friday June 16th £1.00
TRAPEZE
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Sunday June 18 £1.00
GOOD RATS
+ JOHNNY GEE

Monday June 19th £1.50
FLOYD DIXON
U.S.A. R 'N' B + TEQUILA BROWN

Tuesday June 20th 75p
THOSE FOUR
+ LEE KOSMIN'S LOOSE SHOES

Thursday June 22nd 75p
DEAD FINGERS TALK
+ THE DRONES

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(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

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+ Jolt + Jab Jab
Sunday 18th June £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

DAVID COVERDALE
+ Dead Fingers Talk
Sunday 9th July £1.75

THE RUNAWAYS
+ Guests
Sunday 16th July £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Doors open 7.15pm
Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1 01-629 3453 and all usual agents.

14th CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds
28, 29 and 30 July

Billy Connolly, Tom Paxton, Richie Havens, Dave Swarbrick & Friends, The McCalmans, Diz Disley, Five Hand Reel, Stefan Grossman and John Renbourn, Na Fili, Red Clay Ramblers, Shirley & Dolly Collins, Clannad, New Victory Band, Dan Crary, Muckram Wakes, Happy Traum, Pete and Chris Coe, Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean, Fred Wedlock, Hot Vultures, John Foreman, John The Fish, Hamish Imlack, Silkie Miller & J.J. Dion, Dave Treharne, Jake Walton, Brian Cookman, Alex Atterson, Ougenweide, Chuck Brunicardi.

Off site car park available. Two indoor stages and club tent
ON SITE FOOD AND DRINK (HOT OR COLD)
TICKETS: Weekend £6.00 Sunday £3.50
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DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1
5th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

THURSDAY 15
THE PIRATES
FRIDAY 16
THE RACING CARS
SATURDAY 17
MEAL TICKET
MONDAY 19
MOTORHEAD
TUESDAY 20
DINGWALLS 5TH BIRTHDAY PARTY NIGHT.
BEING AN EVENING OF INCESTUOUS MUSIC FROM
THE VOICE SQUAD, THE RETAINERS & CAROL GRIMES
WEDNESDAY 21
THE STEVE GIBBONS BAND
THURSDAY 22
Dr. FEELGOOD
FRIDAY 23 TO BE ANNOUNCED SHORTLY
SATURDAY 24
THE MOTORS

ADVANCE TICKET INFORMATION 200 ADVANCE TICKETS FOR THE FOLLOWING ACTS WILL GO ON SALE ONE DAY PRIOR TO EACH EVENT. 10.30AM–6PM. DINGWALLS BOX OFFICE. *THE PIRATES £2. RACING CARS £2.50. MEAL TICKET £2.50. THE VOICE SQUAD ETC. £2. STEVE GIBBONS BAND £2. Dr. FEELGOOD £2. THE MOTORS £2.50. MOTORHEAD (available from Fri. 16th £2.)*
A FURTHER 200 AVAILABLE FROM 8PM. EVENING OF EACH EVENT.

Earth's Entry For The Inter-Galactic Song Contest

THE SATELLITES

Wednesday June 14th
White Hart, Acton
(with the Lurkers)

Friday June 16th
Isleworth Polytechnic
(with Misty)

VEHICLE MUSIC
presents
ROGER THE CAT
Friday June 16th
ADVELS SOCIAL CLUB, WELWYN GARDEN CITY
Sunday June 18th
WESTERN COUNTIES, PADDINGTON
Wednesday June 21st
STAPLETON TAVERN, CROUCH END
Friday June 23rd
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Satellite City, Glasgow
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MUSIC MACHINE

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CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday, June 14th
ROBERT GORDON AND LINK WRAY
+ THE BISHOPS
Advance tickets: £2.00 from Box Office

Thursday, June 15th £1.50
SAILOR
+ WINDOW

Friday, June 16th £2.00
CHAMPIONS
(featuring Clem Clemson Ex Humble Pie, and Jeff Brittain Ex Wings)
+ THE WINDERS

Saturday, June 17th £2.00
FABULOUS POODLES
+ THE SMARTIES

Monday, June 19th £1.00
WARREN HARRY
+ GENEVA
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Tuesday, June 20th £1.00
HEADWAITER
+ JETZ
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday, June 21st £1.00
LANDSCAPE
+ 64 SPOONS

Monday, June 26th
ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
+ JOHN DOWIE
Advance tickets: £2.00 from Box Office

Thursday, June 29th
HINCKLEY'S HEROES + Special Guests
Pay at door: £1.50

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8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

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—
LION AND THE LAMB
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HORTEN — NORWAY THE 2nd JULY — '78 at 1300 hour
What about take a trip to Norway this summer . . .?

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday June 15th Free
INTELEKTUALS

Friday June 16th 40p
★ ROLL UPS ★

Saturday June 17th 40p
FILTHY McNASTY
with
Chris Thompson/Stevie Lange

Sunday June 18th 40p
UNITED
(Ex Remus Down Boulevard/Kinks)

Monday June 20th Free
BLADES

Tuesday June 21st Free
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS

Wednesday June 22nd Free
WARM JETS
(New Line Up)

Thursday June 23rd 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
with
Chris Thompson/Stevie Lange

BLACK SABBATH

Re-scheduled concert

Hammersmith Odeon
Monday, June 19th 8 pm

Tickets from Hammersmith Odeon
Box Office 01-748 4081

Ticket holders for Sunday, 11th June should apply for refund to point of sale by Friday, 16th June

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BARROW Rugby Club: PRESSURE SHOCKS
BELFAST Ulster Hall: THIN LIZZY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE JAM
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: HEATWAVE / HI-TENSION
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: U.F.O.
BRADFORD Mecca World: VANITY FARE
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: SUNSPOTS / ATTRIX
BRIGHTON New Regent: BLACK SLATE
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: FAN CLUB
COVENTRY City Centre Club: DAVE BERRY
DURHAM Bowburn Community Centre: THE ALBION BAND
DURHAM Collingwood College: MUNGO JERRY
EXETER The Mint: TRYBE
GLASGOW Satellite City: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/ THE EXILE
HANLEY Victoria Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
HEMSWORTH Alpha Club: BEANO
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE SMIRKS
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
KINGSTON Dolphin: HANK WANGFORD BAND
LEEDS 'F' Club: BERNIE TORME / PATRIK FITZGERALD
LEEDS Staging Post: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE VYE
LEEK Rugby Club: MATHEWS BROTHERS
LEICESTER University: DIRE STRAITS / SUPERCHARGE / EL PLANETA GONG / HERE & NOW
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THIEF
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SAILOR
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE MONOS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PHILIP RAMBOW
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: MISTY / ALTERNATIVE TV
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BOB DYLAN
LONDON FITZROY SQ. Summer Fair: TRIBESMAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: GAGS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE KILLJOYS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON Maunkberries: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: APOSTROPHE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MATCHBOX / DYNAMITE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE INMATES
LONDON TRENT PARK Middlesex Polytechnic: JAM TODAY / DIRE TRIBE
LONDON WARDOUR ST. St. Moritz: DANDIES
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ARTHUR BROWN & VINCENT CRANE (for three days)
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: THE PASSIONS
LUTON Royal Hotel: BLEAK HOUSE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BLACK SABBATH
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tyffany's: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: BLITZKRIEG BOP / TEEN BEATS / THE LICE / PROTEX
NEWARK Palace Theatre: LINDA QUINCEY
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DAVID BOWIE
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SABRE JETS
NEWCASTLE Hawthorn Hotel: CYANIDE
NEWCASTLE EMLYN Cilgwyn Club: KRYPTON TUNES
NORWICH People's Club: THE LURKERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SUBWAY SECT
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: LEFT HAND DRIVE
PAISLEY Three Horseshoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: PINUPS
PLYMOUTH Metropole: THE SOFT BOYS
POOLE Arts Centre: RACING CARS
POYNTON Folk Centre: TONY ROSE
READING Target Club: ZHAIN
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: TYLA GANG
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: WATERFALL
SUTTON Red Lion: BULLY WEE
SWANSEA Nutz Club: THE REAL THING
SWINDON The Affair: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
WHITLEY BAY Jonah's: SHARP LICKS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: THE BISHOPS

Friday

ABERDEEN University: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES
ANFIELD PLAIN The Plainsman: THE CARPETTES
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: THE CRABS
BEDFORD College of Higher Education: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE JAM
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabeth Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Selly Oak Bournbrooke Hotel: ECLIPSE/RESISTANCE
BIRMINGHAM University: LITTLE ACRE
BISHOPS STORTFORD College: MUSCLES
BLACKWOOD Institute: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
BOGNOR Newton Club: WICKED LADY
BRADFORD University: BLACK SLATE
BRENTWOOD Old House: LANDSCAPE
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: BLACK SABBATH
BRIGHTON Alhambra: JASMINE PIE
BRISTOL University: 90° INCLUSIVE
BURNTWOOD Troubadour: SOLID
BURTON 76 Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Griffin: GYPP
CARDIFF South Glamorgan Institute: LITTLE BOB STORY
COALVILLE Tiffany's: PRESSURE SHOCKS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CREWE Denbank College: KRYPTON TUNES
CRIEFF Royal Stewart: CHARLEY BROWNE

DYLAN TIME!

BOB DYLAN arrives this week for what is probably the most eagerly-awaited event of '78 — his first British concerts this decade. He's appearing Thursday through Tuesday at London Earls Court Stadium, playing to a total of 94,000 people. And if you weren't able to get tickets, you no longer have to resort to touts, because you can book instead to see Dylan at Blackbushe Airport on July 15. Let's hope that all the advance ballyhoo and excitement proves to be justified!

CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SAILOR
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: RAY KING BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
DURHAM Bede College: DESMOND DEKKER
DURHAM University: MUD
EASINGTON Village Club: SON OF A BITCH
EDINBURGH Clouds: "FAREWELL TO THE ROXY" PACKAGE
EGHAM Shoreditch College: THE MOVIES
FALKIRK Maniqui: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: OSIBISA
HATFIELD Polytechnic: J.A.L.N. BAND
HAYWARDS HEATH Scaynes Hill Festival: THE BLADES / ROOGALATOR / METHOD etc. (for two days)
HEREFORD College of Education: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
HINCKLEY The Bounty: FREEBIRD
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: DIRE STRAITS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ROBIN DRANSFIELD
LEEDS 'F' Club: REGGAE REGULAR
LEEDS Florde Greene Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS University: THE CIMARONS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: WENDY TUNES
LEIGH Library: REDBRASS
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: THE BANNED
LINCOLN A.J.'S Club: BENNY & THE JETS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: APOSTROPHE
LONDON BRIXTON Ace Cinema: MERGER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RACING CARS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CHAMPIONS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: WARREN HARRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE GOOD RATS
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: WIRE
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BOB DYLAN
LONDON E.1. College of Furniture: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DARTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BRAKES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Town Hall: THE PASSIONS
LONDON HOUNSLOW Polytechnic: MISTY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE KILLJOYS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TRAPEZE
LONDON Marquee Club: CHELSEA / RAPED
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: STEEL PULSE
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: HAPPY TRAUM
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SHOWSTOPPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WHITE CATS
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: BOUNCER
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMMIE FUNK LIMITED
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON WILLESDEN Bobby Sox: MATCHBOX
LONDON WIMBLEDON Southlands College: ROCK ISLAND LINE
LONDON WOODBRIDGE Adventure Playground: HERE & NOW
LOUGHTON College: TOO MUCH
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: HEATWAVE / HI-TENSION
MANCHESTER Fallowfield Owens Park: THE ACCIDENTS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE BOYFRIENDS
MANCHESTER Tyldsley Rugby Club: ALIEN TINT
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE AUTOMATICS
MILTON KEYNES College: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: SPEED
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DAVID BOWIE
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SHOWBIZ KIDS
NEWPORT Caerleon College: SASSAFRAS
NEWPORT Village Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
NORWICH Festival: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER / JOHNNY COPPIN etc (for three days)
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: THE REAL THING
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE TURBINES
NOTTINGHAM University: ROY HILL BAND
NUNEATON George's Hall: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: THE SNEAKS
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: PINUPS
READING Bones Club: SUBWAY SECT
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: IAN GILLAN BAND
RYDE I.o.W. Town Hall: THE LURKERS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: MICKEY JONES BAND
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE TYLA GANG
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: DOUBLE XPOSURE
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: GEOFF BODENHAM
TORQUAY Pelican Inn: PLAENET
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: U.F.O.
YORK Derwent College: THE ALBION BAND

Saturday

AYLESBURY Friars: THE JAM
AYR Darlington Hotel: J.A.L.N. BAND
BANBURY Winter Gardens: ZHAIN
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
BIRMINGHAM —Barbarella's: GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: JOHNNY SILVO
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BUXTON Working Men's Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE BISHOPS
CAMBRIDGE Technical College: BLACK SLATE
CARMARTHEN Civic Hall: KRYPTON TUNES
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: REDNITE
CHESTER Valentino's: HYBRID
COVENTRY Squires Club: DAVE BERRY
CHICHESTER School of Art: PINUPS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JOHNNY COUGAR
CREWE Madeley College: LITTLE ACRE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
DURHAM Van Mildest College: BEANO
EASTBOURNE Sundowners: WICKED LADY
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Pavilion: SONJA KRISTINA & ESCAPE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THIN LIZZY
GOSPORT John Peel: DOUBLE XPOSURE
GREAT YARMOUTH ABC Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
HARLOW Spurriers Town Park: STEEL PULSE
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: FRUIT EATING BEARS
HAVERHILL Scarlet Pimpernel: RUBY JOE
HUDDERSFIELD Cleopatra's: REGGAE REGULAR
LEEDS Haddon Hall: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS University: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
LEICESTER Horseshoe Club: THE REAL THING
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: CAPTAIN VIDEO / DISCO ZOMBIES
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
LIVERPOOL Eric's: PENETRATION
LIVERPOOL Swinging Apple: CHINA STREET
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: FIRST AID
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MEAL TICKET
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: FABULOUS POODLES / THE SMARTIES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: STAR JETS
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE GOOD RATS
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: DEAD END KIDS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BOB DYLAN
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: ADAM & THE ANTS / THE ENCHANTERS / CRISIS
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DARTS
LONDON Marquee Club: WARREN HARRY
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: THE SNEAKS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: KERRY SCOTT
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Digby Stuart College: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND / RAY KING BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: GAGS
LONDON University College: MERGER
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMMIE FUNK LIMITED
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Odeon: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON WOOLWICH Public Hall: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with HUMPHREY LYTTELTON / ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM
MAIDSTONE Blue Door: REBEL
MANCHESTER Fallowfield Oak House Ballroom: THE ACCIDENTS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: U.F.O.
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE AUTOMATICS
MATLOCK Pavilion: ALVIN STARDUST
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DIRE STRAITS
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: HOT SNAX / MARSHALL HALL EXPERIENCE
NEWCASTLE University: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SASSAFRAS
NUNEATON Bermuda Club: FREEBIRD
OXFORD Queen's College: 90° INCLUSIVE
OXFORD St. Edmund's Hall: THE CIMARONS / DESMOND DEKKER / FIVE HAND REEL
OXFORD Trinity College: SAILOR
OXFORD University: LITTLE BOB STORY
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE SOFT BOYS
READING Bulmershe College: RACING CARS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: HEATWAVE / HI-TENSION
RETFORD Porterhouse: TRAPEZE
RHYL Moreville Hotel: AMSTERDAM / SEVENTEEN
ROTHERHAM Central Library: REDBRASS
RUGBY St. Paul's College: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: BITTER SUITE
SHEFFIELD University: IAN GILLAN BAND
SOUTHAMPTON La Sainte College: MUSCLES
STALYBRIDGE Commercial Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STOKE Madeley College: MUD
TONYPANDY Naval Club: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
TORQUAY Pelican Inn: PLAENET
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: THE BLADES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Folk Club: JOE STEAD
WORKINGTON Westfield Welfare Centre: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND

Sunday

BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with JON DEREK & COUNTRY FEVER / BEN LEE RIVERS/ THE ROCKYTOPS / JOHN CARLTON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Raiway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THRILLERS
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: PINUPS
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: THE YETTIES
CANTERBURY Art College: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
CASTLE DONNINGTON Priest House: MATHEWS BROTHERS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: JOHNNY COUGAR
COVENTRY Binley Club: FREEBIRD
DERBY Playhouse Theatre: THE ALBION BAND
DONCASTER Hawthorn Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: IAN GILLAN BAND
DURHAM Racecourse (one-day festival): NEON / STEVE BROWN BAND / DISGUISE / MUCH LATER / MYND / THE SQUAD / YOUNG BUCKS / OASIS / THE PROLES
EDINBURGH Clouds: "FAREWELL TO THE ROXY" PACKAGE
EDINBURGH Polytechnic: J.A.L.N. BAND
HORNCASTLE Bull Hotel: BULLY WEE
HOYLAND Nether College: PRESSURE SHOCKS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: DIRE STRAITS
LEWES Crows Nest: LABI SIFFRE
LOCH MAIDEN Balcastle Hotel: J.A.L.N. BAND
LONDON Alexandra Palace People's Festival: THE CIMARONS / SUBWAY SECT / CRAZY CAVAN / JOHN STEVENS' AWAY / QUATERNITY / LEON ROSSELSON / ADRIAN MITCHELL / BOB PEGG etc.
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: THE EXILES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: RELAY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: "BOHEMIAN LOVE-IN" with TANZ DER YOUTH / NIK TURNER'S SPHYNX / STEVE TOOK'S HORNS / BLOOD DONOR / LIGHTNING RAIDERS / JOHN COOPER-CLARKE/ PATRIK FITZGERALD / RON GEESIN / ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR etc.
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SOUNDER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FINGERPRINTZ
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: APOSTROPHE
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BOB DYLAN
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FUN FACTORY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DARTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STADIUM DOGS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE GOOD RATS
LONDON LEYTONSTONE Red Lion: REBEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open-Air Theatre: RICHARD DIGANCE / HEDGEHOG PIE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARREN HARRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE JAM
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre (3 pm): X-RAY SPEX / BLACK SLATE / SOLLO / CHELSEA
LONDON WOOLWICH Odeon: RALPH McTELL
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE PASSAGE / FRANTIC ELEVATORS / CREATION
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: THIN LIZZY
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
NEWCASTLE University Theatre: REDBRASS
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NORWICH Theatre Royal: MUD
NOTTINGHAM Heart Of The Midlands: BILL FREDERICKS (for a week)
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: U.F.O.
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
PLYMOUTH Breakwater Inn: PLAENET
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: THE REAL THING
POYNTON Folk Centre: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
SHEFFIELD University: THE V.I.P.'s
WHITEHAVEN Mire House Club: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
WHITEHILL Royal Oak: PTARMIGAN
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: CYANIDE / THE CARPETTES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: LITTLE ACRE

Monday

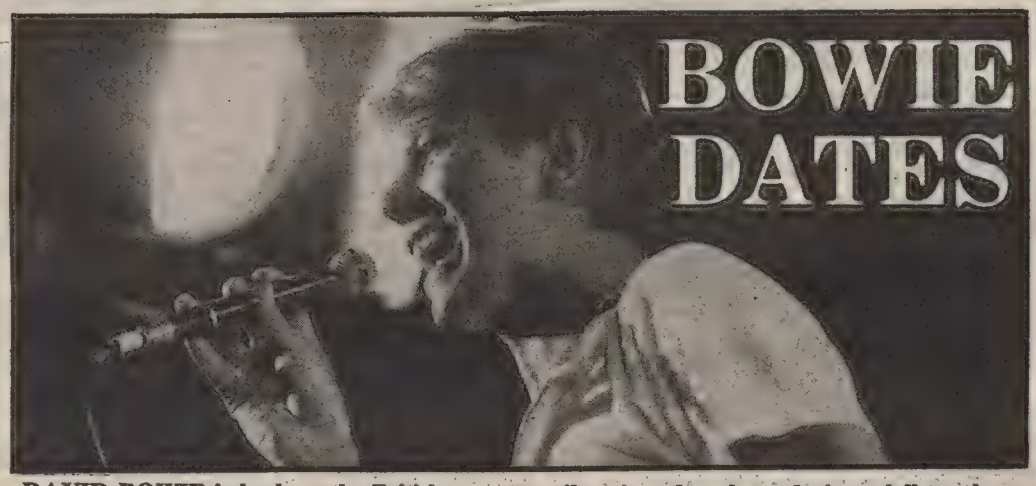
AMPTHILL Folk Club: BARRY GOODMAN
BASILDON Van Goch: IDIOT / GRINDER / VANDALS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SANDY & THE BACK LINE / EAST COAST
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BLYTH Golden Eagle: STEVE BROWN BAND
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: ZHAIN
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHADWELL HEATH Snoopy's: THE VIPERS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CROYDON Red Deer: THE HEROES
DEWSBURY Pickwicks: ALWOODLEY JETS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
DURHAM University College: SAILOR / FIVE HAND REEL
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DAVID BOWIE
GLASGOW Tiffany's: DIRE STRAITS
GODALMING Shackleford Centre: BULLY WEE
HALIFAX Bulls Head Hotel: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
HARTLEPOOL Carlton Club: CYANIDE / THE CARPETTES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
HULL Tiffany's: SUPERCHARGE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre: REDBRASS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: U.F.O.
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: ROBIN BANKS
LINCOLN Bishop Grossteste College: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: IOU
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MOTORHEAD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WARREN HARRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GAGS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BOB DYLAN
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: SOUNDER
LONDON ISLINGTON Kings Head: HIGH SPEED GRASS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FLOYD DIXON / TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON LAMBETH Town Hall: ABBRAKA / THE EXILES
LONDON Marquee Club: TYLA GANG
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: NAT LERNER
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: HELEN HUMES (for two weeks)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TUBEWAY ARMY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SMARTIES / FIRST AID
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MAGNETS / THRILLERS
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: REACTION
MANCHESTER Fagin's Club: DAVE BERRY (for a week)
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: PORCUPINE PASTRY
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: BLACK SLATE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Newcastle Arms: JOHNNY COPPIN
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
NUNEATON Cherry Tree: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
REDDITCH Tracey's: RED ALERT
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
SUNDERLAND Lee's Club: SHEENY & THE GOYS
SWINDON The Affair: KRYPTON TUNES

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: THE MOVIES
ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUBWAY SECT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Selly Oak Bournbrook: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: ROADWORKS
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
BLIDWORTH Astor Club: THE TURBINES
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: GEORGE McCRAE
BRIGHTON Art College: NICKY & THE DOTS / ATTRIX
BRIGHTON The Richmond: XL5 / THE PLASTICS
CARDIFF Top Rank: U.F.O.
DURHAM Coach & Eight: CYANIDE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: DIRE STRAITS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DAVID BOWIE
HALIFAX Bulls Head Hotel: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
HALIFAX Turks Head: BAD NEWS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE NIGHT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE VOICE SQUAD / THE RETAINERS / CAROL GRIMES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEADWAITER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STEVE LINTON BAND / ORPHANS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BOB DYLAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: ADAM & THE ANTS / U.K. SUBS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: STADIUM DOGS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE CROOKS / THE RIVETS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CHEAP STARS / RAINCOATS
LONDON WOOLWICH Public Hall: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
LOUGHBOROUGH Blacksmiths Arms: JOHNNY COPPIN
MANCHESTER Ashton Birch Hotel: ANY TROUBLE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THIN LIZZY
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
PLYMOUTH Metro: BLACK SLATE
SHEFFIELD Totley College: KRYPTON TUNES
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: BANDANNA
SWANSEA Nutz Club: SAILOR
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: WICKED LADY
YORK Arts Centre: REDBRASS

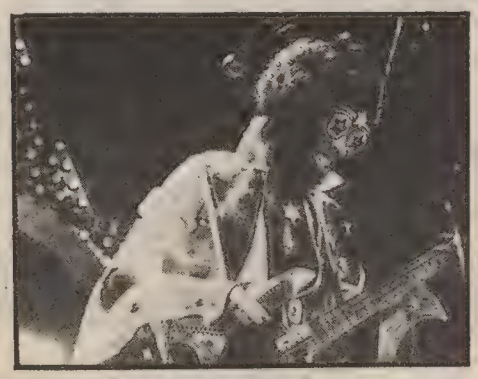
Wednesday

AYLESBURY Britannia: DOLL BY DOLL
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
BASILDON Woodlands Centre: STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
BRIMINGHAM Barbarella's: SOLID
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRIGHTON New Regent: DANDIES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: U.F.O.
CARDIFF University: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CUMBERLAND The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DAVID BOWIE
GLOUCESTER College of Education: JOHNNY COPPIN
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: MUSCLES
LEICESTER Bistro: DISCO ZOMBIES / RTR's
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TRADE WINDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LANDSCAPE / KRYPTON TUNES
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: AGNES STRANGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE BRAKES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON Marquee Club: PENETRATION
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: WICKED LADY
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: FINGERPRINTZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: MEMBERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUBEWAY ARMY
LONDON Wedges Club: GEORGE McCRAE
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: RECORDS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE EXILES
NELSON El Tropicano: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: SHAM 69
NORWICH Toppers: SON OF A BITCH
OXFORD University May Hall: MUD
OXFORD Worcester College: SUPERCHARGE / TYLA GANG
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS
READING Target Club: STADIUM DOGS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE BLADES
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
STEVENAGE The Swan: THE SNEAKS
TORQUAY Town Hall: LITTLE BOB STORY / TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
YORK Munster Bar: CYANIDE



DAVID BOWIE is back on the British concert trail again at long last, playing a full two-hour show with no support act. This week finds him in Newcastle (Thursday and Friday) and Glasgow (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday). London dates follow at the end of the month.

THIN LIZZY are undertaking a mini-tour, with concerts in Belfast (Thursday), Glasgow (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday) and Newcastle (Tuesday), with two Wembley Arena shows to follow next week. Our picture is of Phil Lynott.



BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND fly in for their first-ever British concerts, which promise to be very spectacular indeed. Fronted by the flamboyant William "Bootsy" Collins (above), they're at Hammersmith on Tuesday and Wednesday.

BOOMTOWN RATS begin their latest U.K. tour this week, playing mainly concert halls. They're at Hanley (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Bradford (Monday) and Blackpool (Tuesday). Pictured above is Bob Geldof.

U.F.O. play one of their rare British tours with gigs at Birmingham (Thursday), Wolverhampton (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Nottingham (Sunday), Leicester (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday). Pictured: Phil Mogg.

ON THE ROAD

MARSEILLE are the support act on the British concert tour by U.F.O., which opens this week (see above) and continues until July 3. The band will have a new single issued by Mountain Records during the course of the tour.

STEEL PULSE have added two more dates to their current extensive gig series, both in **London** — at Middlesex Polytechnic (June 23) and Oxford St. 100 Club (29).

THE GOOD RATS, the New York band currently on their debut visit to Britain, have slotted in two more **London** dates at short notice — they're at Covent Garden Rock Garden tomorrow (Friday) and Saturday. As reported last week, they also play **London Kensington** Nashville this Sunday.

THE FABULOUS POODLES are playing a handful of gigs during the coming month — at **London Camden** Music Machine (this Saturday), **Oxford** Merlin College (June 22), **Abbington** Culham College (30), **London** Middlesex Hospital (July 1) and **Hayes** Alfred Beck Centre (13). They're currently being lined up for a major autumn tour of the college circuit.

THE ACCELERATORS, one of Liverpool's leading new-wave bands, play **Stalybridge** Commercial Hotel (this Saturday), **Liverpool** University (June 23), **Blackburn** Dirty Duck (24), **Liverpool** Hope St. Fringe Festival (July 1), **Leeds** Haddon Hall (7) and **Macclesfield** Travellers Rest (14).

BLACK SLATE are booked for another batch of gigs, visiting **Brighton** New Regent (tonight, Thursday, and June 22), **Bradford** University (Friday), **Cambridge** Technical College (Saturday), **Newport** Stowaway (June 19), **Plymouth** Metro (20), **Colchester** Town Hall (23), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (30), **Huddersfield** Cleopatra's (July 1), **Coventry** Locarno (4), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (6) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon with The Boomtown Rats (9).

THE DODGERS, who've just finished touring as support to the Steve Gibbons Band, play a series of dates on their own to promote their debut Polydor single "Love On The Rebound". They visit **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (June 24), **Guildford** Junction Hotel (26), **London Kensington** Nashville (29), **London Camden** Dingwalls (July 7), **Kirklevington** Country Club (14), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (15), **Bristol** Granary (22) and **Exeter** Routes (31).

REDNITE continue on tour with gigs at **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (this Saturday), **Basildon** Double Six (Sunday), **Hornchurch** The Bull (June 22 and 29), **Rochester** Nags Head (23), **London Hackney** Middleton Arms (26), **Stevenage** Swan (28) and **London Crouch Hill** Stapleton (July 1).

THE BANNED are back in action with a new drummer, Alex Harvey Baird, joining the three original members. First confirmed gigs are **Leighton Buzzard** Bossard Hall (tomorrow, Friday), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (June 22), **Kirklevington** Country Club (23), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (24), **London** Marquee (25) and **Swansea** Circles (29). More are being set, and the group are also negotiating a long-term record deal, following the completion of their two-singles agreement with the Harvest label.

OSIBISA, newly returned from breaking new markets in Thailand and Indonesia, have lined up three short-notice concerts this weekend — at **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (tomorrow, Friday), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (Saturday) and **Reading** Hexagon Theatre (Sunday).

REBEL are gigging at **Maidstone** Blue Door (tomorrow, Friday), **London Leytonstone** Red Lion (Saturday), **London Camden** Brecknock (June 23), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Leisure Centre (25), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (26), **London Paddington** Western Counties (30), **London Camden** Dingwalls (July 3), **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (7), **London Woolwich** Festival (8), **London Hackney** Middleton Arms (12), **New Barnet** Duke of Lancaster (14) and **Rochester** Isle of Grain (29).

REGGAE REGULAR have five new dates — at **Leeds** 'F' Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Huddersfield** Cleopatra's Club (Saturday), **London** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's (June 23 and 24) and **London Regent's Park** Bedford College (30).

DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE, the new band launched earlier this year by the former Deep Purple vocalist, play their first major **London** concert at the Lyceum in the Strand on Sunday, July 9. Admission is £1.75.

LITTLE BOB STORY have five gigs during the coming week — at **Cardiff** South Glamorgan Institute (tomorrow, Friday), **Oxford** University (Saturday), **Torquay** Town Hall (June 21), **Merthyr Tydfil** Tiffany's (22) and **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (23).

KRYPTON TUNES, whose Lightning Records single "Limited Vision" is due out this weekend, play **Newcastle Emlyn** Cilgwyn Club (tonight, Thursday), **Crewe** Denbank College (Friday), **Carmarthen** Civic Hall (Saturday), **Sheffield** Totley College (June 20), **Sheffield** Limit Club (22), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (23), **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (24), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (28), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (July 5), **Newport** Nemo (9), **Swansea** Circles (10), **Newport** Stowaway (12), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (13), **Aberystwyth** Borth Hall (14) and **Retford** Porterhouse (15).

CHINA STREET appear at **Liverpool** Swinging Apple (this Saturday), **Lancaster** Planet City (June 23), **Manchester** Polytechnic (24), **Blackburn** Polytechnic (24), **London** Global Village (30), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (July 1), **Accrington** Free Festival (8), **Sheffield** Limit Club (11) and **Manchester** Carnival (15).

MERGER, the new-wave reggae band, play **London Brixton** Ace Cinema (tomorrow, Friday), **London** University College (Saturday), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (June 22) and **London** Central Polytechnic (30) . . . The last of those gigs is with **CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS,** who also have dates in their own right at **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday), **Manchester** Rafters (June 29), **Slough** College (July 1) and **Sheffield** Limit Club (20). They also tour Ireland for ten days from July 7.

90° INCLUSIVE are to support The Enid in their previously-reported concert at **London** Rainbow on July 1. They also play **Bristol** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Oxford** Queen's College (Saturday), **Wakefield** Bretton Hall College (June 23), **London East Ham** Town Hall (24) and **Sheffield** Limit Club (July 5).

RICHARD DIGANCE is now confirmed as the headliner for this Sunday's concert (18) at **London Regent's** Park Open-Air Theatre, supported by Hedgehog Pie. Another major date for the singer-composer, whose album "Richard Digance and Friends Live! at Q.E.H." is issued by Chrysalis this weekend, is at **Croydon** Fairfield Hall on June 23.

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL
SUNDAY JUNE 18th
ALEXANDRA PALACE
Evening Gigs
Great Hall 7.30 pm
THE CIMARONS
SUBWAY SECT
CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
Edinburgh Rooms 7.30 pm
JOHN STEVEN'S AWAY
QUATERNITY
GUY-RILEY-WACHSMAN
Throughout The Day
Leon Rosselson
Hamish Henderson
Pete Brown
Carl Dallas
Adrian Mitchell
Bob Pegg
Plus lots of Films, Theatre, Dance Displays, Sport. Giant Video Screening of World Cup live, R.A.R., S.K.A.N., A.N.L. and more
Food & Bars Open All Day
Tickets for whole event £2, Claimants £1, Children 50p on the door or from 16 King Street, London, W.C.2.
Organised by the Communist Party

Harvey Goldsmith in association with Morrison O'Donnell
presents
LIVE AND DANGEROUS
THIN LIZZY
+ Special Guest Stars
HORSLIPS
(London only)
Empire Pool, Wembley
Thurs. 22 & Fri. 23 June at 8.00pm
£4.00 £3.50 £3.25
Avaliable from Empire Pool Box Office, Wembley, Middx. 01-902 1234, the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee) by post and personal application and from all usual agents.
Saturday 17 June Glasgow Apollo 041 332 6055
Sunday 18 June Manchester Belle Vue 061 223 2927
Tuesday 20 June Newcastle City Hall 0632 28520

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
SATURDAY JUNE 17th at 7.30 p.m.
Here comes the weekend
THE
JAM
+ THE JOLT
AC Sound & Vision
Tickets: 199p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley Dunstable and Luton, Hi Vu Buckingham, or 199p at door on night if available (Enq. 84568/88948). Life membership 25p
BUT WE'RE ALRIGHT, WE'RE NICE AND WARM HERE, NO ONE TO HURT US EXCEPT OURSELVES

HOLLIES
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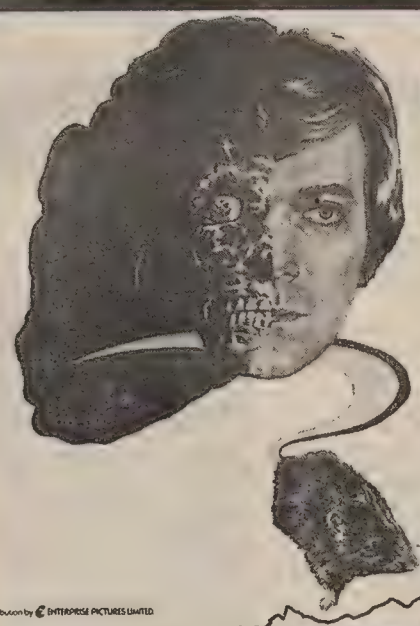

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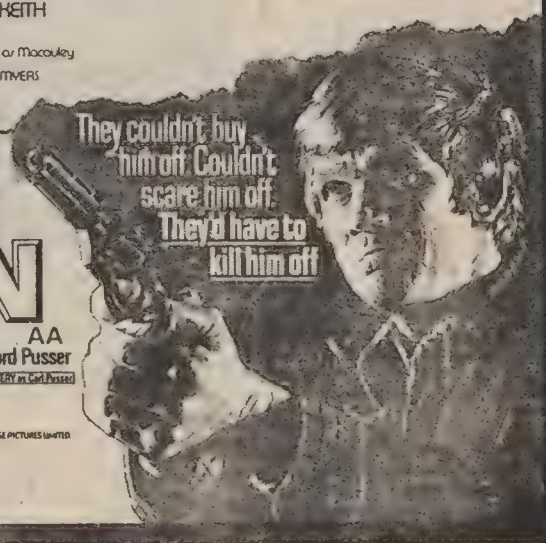

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AND THE
BACKLINE

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14th June Sheffield, Limit Club
15th June Leicester University
16th June Leeds Polytechnic
17th June Warwick University–Westwood Site
19th June Birmingham, Barbarella's
21st June Bradford University
23rd June Manchester University
5th July London, Marquee – with Dire Straits
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1st National Funk Festival (all-dayer)
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SORE THROAT		TEQUILA BROWN	
Sunday June 18th	75p	Wednesday June 21st	60p
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Friday June 16th
THE CIMARONS
Saturday June 17th
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SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
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with special guests
WARRIOR
Friday June 16th
Admission 80p members, £1 others
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Concert at the
PHOENIX THEATRE, LEICESTER
Late Bar & Real Ale each night.

June
1st — 11 pm BUS ROCK
16th — 9.30 pm WENDY TUNE
11 pm J. Wright + EBENEEZER FREEZER
17th — 9.30 pm DISCO ZOMBIES
11 pm CAPTAIN VIDEO
19th — 9.30 pm ROBIN BANKS & THE PAYROLLS
11 pm THE SMIRKS
20th — 11 pm NEIL ARDLEY & THE INNER EAR
21st — 9-30 pm FOAMETTES
11 pm MIKE WESTBROOKS BRASS BAND
22nd — 9.30 pm RAW DEAL
11 pm BODGER'S MATE

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LIPPS
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THE CASUAL BAND
Saturday June 17th
TRADER
Monday June 19th
GUEST BAND
Tuesday June 20th
THE PLEASURE ZONES
Wednesday June 21st
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Arthur Brown + Vincent Crane have been forced to cancel but will be making an appearance shortly.
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THE WHO'S "TOMMY"
Smash Hit Production With Dana Gillespie, Allan Love, Paul da Vinci, Richard Barnes
"This production is proof that the rock musical has reached its maturity at last"
Run extended 13th to 30th June

Sunday at The Old Vic
June 18th 7.30 pm
The London premiere of
DAY OF THE DEAD
A full-length jazz composition by Graham Collier, based on Malcolm Lowry writings
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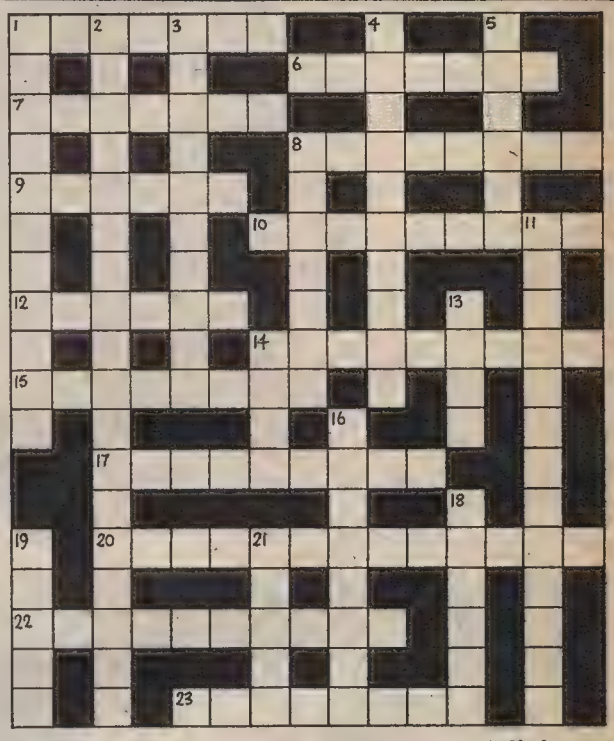
single nites at
PEGASUS: 21 June
RED COW: 23 June
RED COW: 28 June
JOHN BULL (CHISWICK): 29 June
SEE
LIVE MEMBERS!

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words W
CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday, June 17th, at 8 pm
THE MOVIES
+ MOONSTONE
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans. Tel. 64511 or available on door
DUNSTABLE QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL
Sunday, June 18th, at 7.15 pm
IAN GILLAN
+ KILLER
Bar Food
Advance tickets from F. L. Moore Records, Record Room, St. Albans, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, Queensway Box Office, Tel. 603326, Bossard Hall, Leighton Buzzard, or available on door
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

ROCK 'N' ROLL DANCE
SATURDAY JUNE 17th, ICKNIELD HALL, LETCHWORTH
with
The Fantastic
CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
+ Supporting Group and Disco
8 p.m. to 12 midnight Admission £1.50
Late Bar, Snacks, 50's Style Clothes Stand
Details: Hitchin 812051; Letchworth 4647



ACROSS
1 Another one of Phil Lynott's conquests?
6 Founder-member of the Pretty Things, the band broke up after his shock exit in 1976 (4,3)
7 Multi-racial new wavers — share a name with a bit of London's East End
8 Elvis Costello's advice to the North Sea oil prospector? (No, it's not "Wear glasses and strike it rich!") (4,2,2)
9 Posey New York personage in pre-war holiday split!
10 Classic Beach Boys album from 1966 (3,6)
12 Could be James, but we wouldn't want to spoil your day so we'll make it Mick. Come to that, maybe AJP would be a safer bet!
14 Mighty mouth of the "Really Free" duo (4,5)
15 Though it's never actually been a bit hit here, still probably Stevie Nicks' best-known song
17 They have a hit single of the same name, or vice versa — and come on, no peeping at page 2! (2,7)
20 A riddle: What comes out of Scotland and sings like Otis Redding? Ally McPhatter? Wrong, try again ... (7,6)
22 Had a v. brief stay in the Doctors of Madness after leaving The Damned (4,6)
23 Their big hits were with "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Then He Kissed Me"

DOWN
1 Don't know quite how she got in here, but she's got a hit with "Come To Me" (4,7)
2 You've seen the movie, you've bought the album ... welcome to the physiotherapy clinic! (8,5,5)
3 *"Hello ... Bonjour ... Welkome ... and here is your tour guide, Mr. McCartney"* (6,4)
4 Formerly one half of a pretty drippy duo with Kenny Loggins (3,7)
5 ... and part off! Ho ho ho! Sexism to one side, which is where we like it — nudge nudge! — this is one dolly we'd be pleased to ... *(Isn't this a bit over the top? — Ed.) (Wait a minute, perhaps I could rephrase that ... — Ed.)*
8 A town in Lancashire! *(Now hold on, we're paying you for a music crossword, not a road map! — Ed.)* Oh alright — organ-playing yank!
11 Superstructured *(I said, cut it out! — Ed.)* actress, singer and associate of Bowie — his former manager tried to package her as a kind of female, bisexual D. B. (4,9)
13 Before it went into liquidation a few years back one of the best know U.S. soul labels
14 & 19 A Moody Blue, and one half of Blue Jays
16 Composer / mastermind behind The Wombles — yes Virginia, there *was* a mind behind The Wombles! (4,4)
18 Soul singer in singing lady shock horror probe!
19 See 14 down
21 Alias Kremen, cosmic buffoon.

ANSWERS FROM LAST WEEK

ACROSS: 1 "Ca Plane Pour Moi"; 6 Greg Kihn; 9 Deep (Purple); 10 "Only (The Lonely)"; 11 Chris Thomas; 13 Hollies; 14 (Mick) Green; 15 (White) Trash; 17 Damned; 18 Pye; 20 "Horse (With No Name)"; 21 "Substitute"; 23 "(Angels With Dirty) Faces"; 24 "(Only) The Lonely"; 25 White (Trash).
DOWN: 1 "Parkerilla"; 3 "Angels With Dirty (Faces)"; 4 Radio Stars; 5 "ole Ola"; 7 "In The Summertime"; 8 (Randy) Newman; 12 Randy (Newman); 13 "Hot Legs"; 16 (Howard) Devoto; 18 (Deep) Purple; 19 "Jubilee"; 22 Cash.

ON THE TOWN

Meat Loaf Fabulous Poodles

MANCHESTER

. . . . . AND THIS year's Steve Gibbons Award for the busiest support act goes to the Fabulous Poodles, those well-known fascist, racist, sexist, perverted bastards.

Love 'em to death: their irreverence is the irreverence of the seventh greatest rock 'n' roll group in the world.

Supporting the likes of U.K. and Meatloaf — whose relationships to rock 'n' roll are tenuous and misleading to say the least — is an admirable and discreet way to reach the mindless masses.

The hit single that the Fabulous Poodles are destined to have before Christmas will seal the group's, their fans' and the world's wandering spirits', fate.

Lead singer and guitarist Tony De Meur has lived.

A lonely life. He is an introverted man.

His songs are heartaches and lost causes, bravely laced with puns and jokes.

Only his age and Peter Shelley prevents him being the supreme modern pop romanticist.

The glorious, experienced rock 'n' roll, its perfect structures, reveals much about De Meur's age: the words of the songs, simple, direct language, mottos and odes to lost love, striving, masturbation, flash haircuts, lonely posing in front of the mirror, reveals much about his tragic past life.

It's too late for Tony De Meur to be a success as a person.

But why should he be depressed? He's thrown his tear-stained hanky to the idiot wind and, like Peter Gabriel before him, turned to rock 'n' roll as a substitute for real life fulfillment and a way to easy sex.

The group's set this time relied on a majority of smart, sharp rock 'n' roll songs, with the Poodles' searing violin trademark adding texture to the crisp guitar and drive to their hectic, unbeatable rhythm section.

Keeping the humour to an entirely effective minimum, and adapting to the requirements of an impatient audience, and the hugeness of the Apollo auditorium.

And if you think I'm smiling when I say the Fabulous Poodles are the seventh best rock 'n' roll group in the world, *you are wrong.*

In some respects they are the best.

There are two reasons for waiting a while before reaching Meatloaf and writing lots about "plus support": (a) the Poodles deserve it and (b) I'm reluctant to tackle Meatloaf.

Straight off, let's say that anything here is, can only be, comment, description and disbelief, because any sort of criticism of Meatloaf is futile.

Meatloaf have created their own niche, thus their own rules and aims, and who can say they don't fill them?

Meatloaf are such an entertainment that neither rock 'n' roll nor MOR can really do justice to them.

Perhaps we're really talking about *pop* music again.

Aw . . . labels are absurd . . . Meatloaf are absurd . . . on with the show.

Darkness . . . drumming . . . you know the routine, innocuous and presumably effective enough.

But Meatloaf's introductory drumming isn't as straightforward as it appears; the drumming is a straight lift from (Ravel's "Bolero", which immediately establishes some idea of the scope and pretensions of their show.

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Instead of any gentle introduction of instruments, a slow ascension to bursting point as with the original, there's some sharp, mannered atonal piano stabs, followed by a mass blasting from two guitars, bass and drum — a bastardised distortion of the "Bolero" lilting melody.

The sound is huge, the praks come fast and easy, revealing there's no room for tension, relief or dignity.

A neo-symphonic marching mass of noise that lifts the heads and hearts of an awesomely anticipatory audience in a dangerously subliminal manner.

The noise strips slightly away, some stiff riffing, active dual keyboard elaborations, then the two back-up singers, male and female, stroll on, tight-lipped serious and dramatic.

And then Meatloaf himself, complete with utterly idiotic face-pulling, strides meaningfully to the centre of the stage, drawing genuinely deafening roars of approval, opens his mouth, the music twists into the recognisable vigorous intro to "Bat Out Of Hell", and Meatloaf's busting operatic voice shapes it all: Heavy Metal Wagnerian neo-opera (attempted label number one).

Blame the *Old Grey Whistle Test* for this.

The sound is *big*. The structures of the long 'minute operas' are like a controlled battering ram.

As the over-elaborate, screaming, obsessive show lumbers along, it is obvious why Meatloaf have immediately appealed to such a huge audience: they're manic-comic heavy metal. There is a huge audience for that over here, right?

But the way Meatloaf flirt peculiarly with American suburban/middle-class myths and repressions, coupled with a bizarre idea of rock 'n' roll traditions, and their compelling visual impact, to produce the actual amusing idiosyncracies of their act is probably irrelevant to the majority of their audience, though for me it certainly alleviates the repulsive indulgences of the base heavy metal so that Meatloaf's show is, if nothing else, more appealing than that of Kansas, Judas Priest, *et al.*

Meatloaf at least know that they're kitsch. They revel in the fact that even their subtleties are unsubtle.

Their show is a gross, surreal, naive-gothic, unnecessarily complex circus that only such a man as Meatloaf himself could conceive and front.

This huge performer is in his unorthodox element during the highlight of the band's set — that pulverising musical boy-girl argument that is a continuation of such sexual battles as Rock Hudson and Doris Day, Len Fairclough and Rita Littlewood, Jim and Muriel Baines and was breathtakingly featured on the *Whistle Test* the other week.

Heavy Metal soap opera (attempted label number two).

As panoramic as their leader himself.

And as my friend Arthur Koestler says, Heavy Metal Soap Opera is probably the true Modern American Music. And Meatloaf come from Ohio.

It all fits. Meatloaf is the sound of the future. God help us.

Paul Morley

Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

The Gross and the Groovies

Flamin' Groovies

ROUNDHOUSE

CAMDEN TOWN'S Roundhouse has been the venue for a number of all-important Flamin' Groovies' sets and, at the very least, it was gratifying to witness the triumphant reception accorded a group who've resiliently stuck to their stance.

Ironic it was, though, that the number of punters bellowing raucously for "Slow Death", "Teenage Head" and "Shake Some Action" should be doing so, because five years ago when signed to United Artists, the Groovies in their hard rock incarnation were whipping out those same ditties nightly to nil reaction.

In fact, when that triumvirate of rockers made up the lynch-pins of the band's set, one such performance at the Roundhouse back in '72 caused such a disparagingly negative audience-reaction, that one could only smile wryly at the *volte-face* on show this very night.

Back then, the Groovies were a strong hard-rock five-piece with a decidedly Stonesish bent courtesy two guitars and singer Chris Wilson in red satin suit pulling a host of agreeable Jaggeresque stunts. The hair was longer and uniforms were not the regulation get-up so much as colourful velvet jackets and hip Granny's threads.

However, the band's style of rock was . . . ahem . . . "ahead of its time", and the consequent miserable reaction sent the band, corporate morale well torn and frayed, back to their native San Francisco in order to rethink their general music policy.

It was the band's leader Cyril Jordan who came up with the idea to switch to a more Beatles-style axis, radically changing the corporate visuals to one of short hair, matching suits and Anello and Davide boots, but, more to the point, dropping the old razor-edged style of "Slow Death" and "Teenage Head" in favour of an almost fetishistic style of '60s high grade pop/rock.

The Beatles were used as a basis, but Jordan and the Groovies studiously worked through the repertoires of The Byrds, Beach Boys, pre-"Satanic Majesties" Stones and Paul Revere and the Raiders for inspiration and material.

When the band returned to England in 1976 — suddenly having been jettisoned into favour by the oncoming New Wave which ordained the likes of "Slow Death" as seminal influences, the Groovies' newly-patented style of cleanly-honed '60s deja vu still mated with a tough rock consciousness but with all rough edges smoothed over this time around — the reaction was infinitely more favourable, but belying it was a general bemusement on the part of audiences who now wanted to hear the very repertoire ("Slow Death", *et cetera)* they'd so callously ignored first time around.

Two years later and the very stance the Groovies were working on several years back has become the perfect blueprint for the dreaded power-pop, a fad that several daft scribes tried to hoist on the more gullible punters earlier this year.

One article on the subject in *NME,* penned by Kim Davis, even had the gall to dismiss casually the Groovies' groundbreaking work in a few snide paragraphs which, however you look at it, is totally unforgiveable.

Davis chose to belittle the Groovies' superb "Shake Some Action" album in particular, apparently causing Jordan to return the sting with the lyrics of "Don't Put Me On", a track from their latest work "Now".

The latter album, given a virtually universal thumbs-down from the critics, is not particularly good, betraying signs of creative indolence and a general absence of the snappy cut-and-thrust pop/rock action so deftly ladled out on its immediate predecessor.

In the light of "Now" 's sloppiness, I had guarded expectations about the band's live form come Sunday — expectations that were simultaneously shattered and reinforced in an hour-long set that had the audience lapping it all up and demanding encores.

A recent *Zigzag* interview with Jordan brought forth the contention that, as a live band, the Groovies had taken the technology of the '70s and applied it to the spirit of the great pop/rock tradition of the mid-'60s.

It's a good point, too, because the Groovies now function as the purveyors of absolutely perfect, balanced renditions of the likes of anything from old chestnuts like "Please Please Me" to the astonishing intricacy weaved into the three-guitar orchestration of The Byrds' sublime "Lady Friend".

This is where the Groovies scored strongest. Their rendition of the Stones' "Paint It Black" was stunningly powerful in its note-for-note tenacity, the complicated chord changes of "Please Please Me" were performed with an awesome precision while both of the Byrds' songs — "Lady Friend" and "Feel A Whole Lot Better" — were performed in a fashion that — live — The Byrds themselves could never have dreamed of emulating.

It's a good show, also, because it does go in for diversity.

Jordan at the helm lunges through devastating renditions of "House Of Blue Lights" and "Lover Not A Fighter". The sense of pacing is immaculate and the sound is never anything short of pristine.

What does matter though is that — aside from the storming "Shake Some Action" — the repertoire falters slightly when originals are performed.

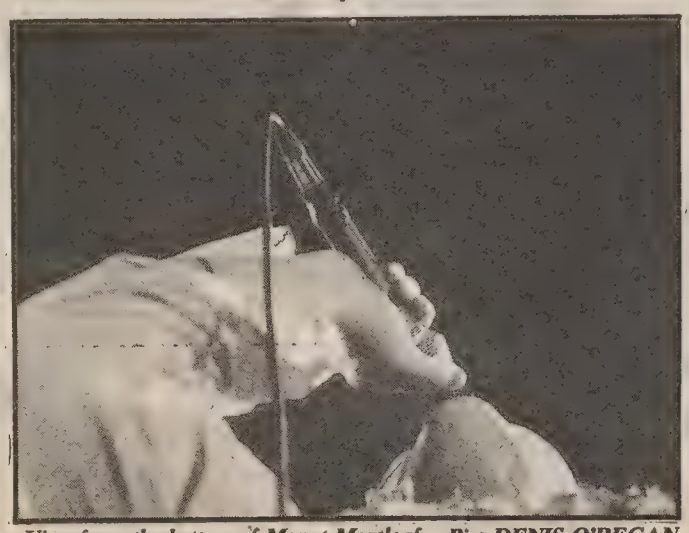
On the "Shake Some Action" album, the bridge 'twixt originals and non-originals was handled brilliantly — on "Now" it was not so well-constructed, and here in concert it becomes a virtual dilemma.

Ironically, it reminds me of a quote I used in my first ever review of the Groovies — back in '72 when I reviewed their performance at the Bickershaw festival for a then-ailing *Frendz*. Back then, I referred to their sound as "just like a juke-box with balls".

That definition has come startlingly apt — the Groovies are the best five-man Juke-box in the world and for that alone there's no reason to miss out on the band in concert.

I'd even consider the releasing of a live *single* album an agreeable proposition, and for *that* alone — well, there is no higher acknowledgement of their performing prowess.

Nick Kent



View from the bottom of Mount Meatloaf Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

MAGAZINE'S CIRCULATION. IT'S LOADED

JULY 1ST. **BIRMINGHAM** BARBARELLA'S
JULY 2ND. **REDCAR** COATHAM BOWL
JULY 3RD. **EDINBURGH** CLOUDS
JULY 5TH. **BRADFORD** ST. GEORGE'S HALL
JULY 6TH. **COVENTRY** LOCARNO
JULY 7TH. **MANCHESTER** RUSSELL CLUB
JULY 8TH. **LIVERPOOL** ERIC'S
JULY 9TH. **SHEFFIELD** TOP RANK
JULY 10TH. **DONCASTER** OUTLOOK
JULY 12TH. **TORQUAY** TOWN HALL
JULY 13TH. **PLYMOUTH** METRO
JULY 14TH. **BRISTOL** COLSTON HALL
JULY 15TH. **AYLESBURY** FRIARS
JULY 16TH. **CANTERBURY** ODEON

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Tim Lott – RECORD MIRROR

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"ALL THESE QUOTES ARE GUARANTEED IN REAL LIFE."

"It is a style that appeals on several levels: juggling with the musical structures, evoking aural pictures, moving the imagination and the emotions."
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"No one that has the slightest interest in the present and future of rock'n'roll should rest until they've heard 'Real Life'. I'm still staggered, but I have no doubt of this album's absolutely awesome quality."
Chris Brazier – MELODY MAKER

Of 'Shot By Both Sides'....."So far the best rock'n'roll record of 1978."
ROLLING STONE
'Real Life' includes a re-recorded version of this classic single.

FIRST LP REAL LIFE
OUT NOW ON VIRGIN RECORDS V2100

This LP does not include My Mind Ain't So Open, Touch and Go or Goldfinger.

Pic: ROB HALL

Killjoys kurtailed.

Raw Records First Anniversary
CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

Raw rags at midnite

IN WHICH, amongst other things; Johnny Thunders fails to make an appearance, The Killjoys are cut off in their prime, and Lee Wood proves he'd probably need a team of U.N. advisers to organise a piss-up in a beer barrel.

Lee Wood could roughly be described as the guiding light behind Raw Records, and the Anniversay Gig was his entirely worthy idea.

Beginning at eight o'clock, seven bands (mostly either on or ex-Raw), would play the evening through until around twelve, all for a quid thirty.

This was reduced to five bands when The Unwanted, who were to have been second on the bill, made the fatal mistake of not turning up, and one J. Thunders, who was apparently to breeze in at the eleventh hour and wow everybody by his sheer surpriseyness, also declined to grace the event.

Even five bands in four hours is pushing things a bit, but it could have been accomplished quite easily if Lee had taken a firmer hand in organising the proceedings.

Instead he made the liberal, but misguided, decision to let each band have a full ten- or fifteen-minute soundcheck, which meant that the punters had to hang around outside for well over an hour and a half before the doors were finally opened.

The first band to play were **Dolly Mixture.**

A trio of schoolgirls (they claim an average age of 16½ but look far younger), they come from Cambridge and have been together 'two terms'.

At present they only have a bass and two drumsticks to their name, but tonight's gig, their fourth ever, was one of the weirdest I've seen.

During their delicate 15-minute set they played, all more or less at the same halting pace, five soft-pop originals, and covers of Tommy Roe's "Dizzy" and The Beatles' "While My Guitar Gently Weeps", so how's that for extremes?

At the moment they can barely play, and often it was only the sheer volume of Debsie's bass that prevented the whole thing falling apart.

Be that as it may, everyone was impressed by their bravado, and they were granted fairly rapt attention.

Whenever they made a mistake, which in retrospect wasn't all that often, they simply stopped and began the piece again.

Rachel the guitarist also sang lead, and in places her voice bore a remarkable resemblance to Patti Smith's, although the quavering uncertainty was probably due more to nerves than lack of talent.

The Nipple Erectors (horribly contrived name) were a surprise.

From what I'd read about them I expected some kind of third-rate punk band with Ted pretensions.

It took just one number to shatter my preconceptions.

"Fuss And Bovver" captures most of what's good about the Erectors: hard, fast, tight to the point of suffocation and instantly memorable.

They sound like nothing so much as "Stranded"-era Saints, and rock out harder than a chisel on concrete.

Shane, who handles vocals, does have a totally over-the-top Ted persona, all sneers and exaggerated Cockney accent. He curls his top lip and chews gum, doing his best to look mean and bored. The others aren't quite as concerned with visuals, and compensate with musical firepower: Shanne, standing stock still with her bass and looking almost removed; Roger, a three-chord archetype in the J. Ramone tradition (i.e. it *works*); and Jerry on drums, facial expression one of manic intensity as he batters his kit several feet into the stage.

They have lots of good numbers, the best of which is "Maida Ada", a frantic rhumba for which Shane joined forces with a pair of furious maraccas.

Halfway into 1978 it takes a great deal of panache to play a set that sticks rigidly to the conventions of '76/'77 emergent punk.

Fortunately the Erectors have that panache.

Lockjaw unfortunately do not. Their kind of music has been played so often, to better effect, by so many other bands, that the audience yet to hear it must be small indeed.

Their contribution to the Raw catalogue, "Radio Call Sign", is one of their few strong songs: the rest are simply cliches of varying lameness, and from a band who've been together two-and-a-half years, I expected a little more.

Balanced against that is my conviction that they have the ability to become a worthwhile band, if only they are prepared to think about writing songs worth more than a quick pogo.

Throughout all of this, the audience were remarkably well behaved. Having been locked out for an hour, you'd think they'd have been raging for some action, instead they seemed content to laze around in corners and against walls, letting events shamble along. Must have been the heat.

Lockjaw finished at twenty to eleven, and with the twelve o'clock shut off in view, some hasty decision-making was going down in the dressing room.

There would just be time for Some Chicken and The Killjoys to play forty minutes each, with no time spare for changeovers.

Just as Chicken were about to walk out, in strolls Lee Wood to announce that The Nipple Erectors were going back on.

Remonstrations were in vain. Wood simply ignored the midnight deadline and sent the Erectors out to reprise 50% of their original set. Like I said, I enjoyed them, but their reintroduction was simply unnecessary.

With only fifty minutes left, **Some Chicken** took the stage knowing that the evening was now quite possibly theirs for the taking.

They pulled out one of the hardest, most convincing sets I've seen them do in a while. Six months ago I would have levelled many of the same accusations at them as I did at Lockjaw; that is no longer possible.

They have realised the inescapable fact that in order to expand you must become more musical, and though this will lose them some home supporters (the ones who never want the set changed one iota) it should attract a far wider field of interest.

As their talents increase, so the ideas in their songs become more complex: the flattened bar-chord intro to "Diary Of A Madman", the carefully dischordant middle section to "March In Confusion", and the continuously evolving vocal cadences on "Master Foolish Dreams".

Subject matters are increasingly off-beat as well. "Number Seven", the next single, deals with the incarceration of Rudolph Hess, and his disturbance on learning that GIs were kept amused by pornography in Viet Nam.

Some Chicken are not 'happy' entertainment. Their music is intense and oppressive, seemingly always on the verge of exploding with its own inbuilt tension. The songs are full of obtuse imagery and heavy descending chord patterns.

As it stood then, Chicken had no competition, although things might have been different had **The Killjoys** been given a chance to prove their worth.

No chance. They managed to complete "Wooden Heart" in promising style, then bang on twelve and complete with melodramatic hand countdown, the Council boys waded in to remove the plug.

Had I trudged out mainly to see The Killjoys I think I'd have felt mighty cheated.

Stephen Gordon

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Gruppo Sportivo

MANCHESTER

CHRIS LEE, a minor part of the real greatest rock'n'roll group in the world, The Tubes without money or concept, perhaps better known as Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias, who last week split up a mere 25 times, but unfortunately regrouped 27 times, played D.J. for the night.

Asked about his role, he punched me in the wrist.

Indeed, his programming for the night was a little risky, but ultimately his corrupt, juicy choice of muzak complemented well yet another night of impure cabaret rock'n'roll at Rafters.

Last week, the Flamin' Groovies, last minute replacements for Windsor Davies and Don Estelle, this week Gruppo Sportivo, a six-piece Dutch fun group and a name to drop, last minute replacements for The Rezillos.

Lee's choice of musick for the evening as a gentle charting of the history of rock'n'roll from rough blues to Plastic Bertrand.

The crucial part of his act was when he discreetly segued Beefheart's "Mirror Man" into Devo's "Satisfaction", a broad hint that at least Chris Lee is aware when rock'n'roll turned its major corner.

These days the second major corner has been turned by The Residents, but even the most radical modern groups have only just recognised the first.

So . . . Gruppo Sportivo.

A wild leap, but only 'cos they're not concerned with corners. They're concerned with, ah, borrowing. And their impermanence means any criticism is, in fairness, blunted.

Gruppo Sportivo use cutely audacious, derivative ideas that lie in the crude, obvious tendencies of two decades of happy pop/rock — the hooks, repetition, nonsense, volume, speed, sexuality, insistence. Blasted out with typical European professionalism.

Sportivo at times suggested a butch, heavy Abba in their tightness and blend of influences, but on a much rougher and acceptably hipper, spontaneous level.

Gruppo Sportivo aren't a computer, they're an adding machine.

It is true, as has been mentioned before, that Sportivo gleefully lash out at rock chauvinism, sexual and national.

They are no way humble. Their judgement of Anglo-American commercial rock music is astute, so although they originate from a land without a rock tradition their voyeurism and electicism is well-bonded, confident and honest.

They are not an imitation, nor tinny and nasty manipulators. Just enthusiastic.

And, largely because of their enthusiasm and identification with pop/rock, they are the only true live European rock-'n'roll group that there's ever been.

Sportivo may borrow a lot musically, but their stage show is peculiarly original. They've groovy; it's easy to smile when you look at them.

Two gruesomely feminine 'Gruppettes' stage centre sing vigorously and squeakily in two-part harmony constantly executing earnest, hopefully erotic dance movements of the type favoured by the Geldofs, Vanillas, Jaggers, Harrys.

These two — the reason why the group get three genuine encores — are flanked by a lanky balding guitarist whose playing is murderously rock-'n'roll and a fidgety keyboard player whose piano and organ noises surround the basic rock-'n'roll with delightful washes and pushes of just the right modern consistency.

The bassist and drummer slot in, "doing what bass and drums were meant to do." Bass and Drum.

Yes, Gruppo Sportivo are a wonderful package. Appealing, appetising, entertaining, that kind of thing.

Their material falls short of marvellous, but their attack and feel is faultless. They would go down well on either *Revolver* or *Pebble Mill At One*.

Is this "cross-over"?

I hated them.

There were no clogs in sight.

Paul Morley

Heatwave

CROMER

Waiting for the Getdown gestalt

OH HOW YOU slow-danced, girl in the tight jeans, loose blouse. I don't even know your name: Disco Love!

Scorned, distant lover, scorned: Disco Love.

What do I get? Anxiety neurosis.

West Runton Pavilion was packed Marquee-tight for Heatwave (and is for any other soul band, so I'm told).

Contrast with the dismal turn-outs provoked by other attractions at the venue, would seem to justify Cliff White's claim in his Brass Construction review *(NME June 3)* that the rock press neglects a large portion of "the young, predominantly working-class audience it presumes to reflect" through its culpable negligence of Black American Soul music — in this greenhouse elbow of the country at least.

However I do tend to think of that part of the audience as steadfastly conservative in taste, doing everything to keep the bedroom door shut, the Disco Boom a booming — going for something fairly "safe", something fairly (but not overtly) sexual, in a cabaret kind of way (and therein lies the success of *Saturday Night Fever, The Stud,* and anything else which cops the formula soon enough).

It might be that the reason so little copy space is given over to today's soul groups is that there is little to distinguish them beyond the different designs on their jump-suits. Generally there is little attitude evinced beyond a desire to boogie all night long.

Only Gil Scott-Heron springs to mind as an example of anyone working in the soul idiom who tries to reach beyond the (very) basic concerns of doin', dancin', or sniffin' (all night long). Most Black American Soul acts cater for the more affluent members of the community they sprang from.

The Revolution, such as it is/was, might as well be a Telethon, but Soul music seems to think it's about boogie.

Curtis, Marvin and Stevie are now respectable (commodities); their themes can be cancelled out into just one — sex/sensuality; their status into Cabaret, which is essentially what even the more powerful Soul acts, (Bootsy, Parliament *et al)* in reality are.

In the present tense, look to Black American Jazz, which asserts a Pride, Politic, and Polemic far beyond the spoken word of politico-sloganeering.

The same thing could once have been said for Soul — the artists above, plus people like Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, Linda Jones.

Still, there's more turnips than turmoil on the East Coast, which is where Heatwave come in.

As I have said, little attitude evinced beyond a desire to boogie all night long — a healthy state of affairs? Would you rather Heatwave or Brass Construction or what other competent hybrid telling you all-y'gotta-do is *get down,* than some gauche politico p*nk telling you how much you're getting fucked?

Heatwave were "enjoyable", I recognized their three hits, which, along with the rest of their material were rendered in a most fluid, diverting fashion.

Two front-stage singers, drums, bass, guitar, one guy doubling on guitar and keyboards. Harmonies, playing and choreography impeccable.

They all look to be enjoying themselves, though naturally The Critic has his "cabaret" suspicions — especially when the lead singer distributes kazoos telling us that all we have to do is "doo doo inta the kazoo".

Just doo-doo inta the kazoo . . . Well, there's getting-down and there's dignity, and this seemed to be the wrong side of Walt Disney for me.

Overall — enjoy/no fear of addiction/nauseated by formula.

I searched for my Disco Love but she had gone, probably off with a macho type.

Sad thing is, if the claim is true and Heatwave's audience don't read the *NME* cover to cover . . . sigh . . . she'll never know how much I . . .

Ian Penman

The thin line between Abba and Devo

Doll By Doll

WINDSOR CASTLE
WEST LONDON

IN THE cramped conditions of the Windsor Castle, Doll By Doll blew two sets that drew an enthusiastic response from the customarily reticent crowd, and even had one or two shameless diehards dancing towards the finale.

Visually, a basic rhythm/lead/drums/bass unit, the band produce a veritable wealth of sound, the like of which I haven't heard since the late days of psychedelia.

"Hey Sweetheart" simply resounded with chords and melodies straight out of the Grateful Dead's Whole Earth songbook but bound with a structure you couldn't slide a knife between.

The combination of big, beautiful, all-over-the-place sound and almost severe musical architecture characterizes all their work; a synthesis of several past modes and movements brought together to produce something that is both compelling and idiosyncratic.

Compelling because they never lose sight of the fact they are playing rock 'n' roll, and idiosyncratic because they operating in territory few bands have either cared to explore or ever discovered.

They look pretty tough, a muscular quartet wielding sawn-off guitars and a group confidence that borders on the aggressive.

Gruppo S: two reasons for three genuine encores

Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

That they are not three-chord paranoia victims however is apparent as soon as the music starts.

"Strip-Show", lyrically one of their best pieces, featured an echo-chamber of all things, and all manner of sounds were spinning out of the guitars during "Butcher Boy" and "The Waiting game".

Jackie Leven, he of the lead vocals and unusual hairstyle, writes most of the material with lead axeman Jo Shaw, while Robin Spreafico (bass) and Dave McIntosh (drums) content themselves with containing the songs in a tight yet flexible web of rhythms.

The lyrics are about the only thing that consistently let them down, ranging from the promising ("Strip-Show") to the trite ("Palace Of Love"). And songs like "Teenage Lightning" have been done much better by Bob Weir.

Nonetheless there remains the conviction that this band have distilled all that is good from the last ten years of rock and while they might be currently working outside the mainstream, and I am reluctant to make any sort of forecast (especially after the Derby), given a few months the world might just be ready for Doll by Doll.

Neil Norman

Sonja Kristina's Escape

NEWCASTLE
MAYFAIR

WHAT IS this, a rock band or a carnival parade?

There's one guy in fishnet tights and a dicky-bow; another sports a white jump suit, Oriental make-up and hairdo.

Yet another is archtype new-wave — black costume, white face and bleached blond hair.

Two chicks, one in long dress with waist-length slit, the other, a certain Miss Sonja Kristina, in feathered garb, complete the picture.

The drummer is quite normal, a reminder perhaps that it is music we have gathered to listen to.

Sonja Kristina you may remember, used to occupy the column inches now exclusively reserved for the delightful Debbie.

With Curved Air she established some kind of reputation partly for the originality of the music, but partly for hype and mammary displays.

Now she has put together a new band, who quite surprisingly are rather good.

They've got their share of problems, one of which, the atrocious sound balance, made it difficult to assess the music as a whole, but certainly the individual playing was fine.

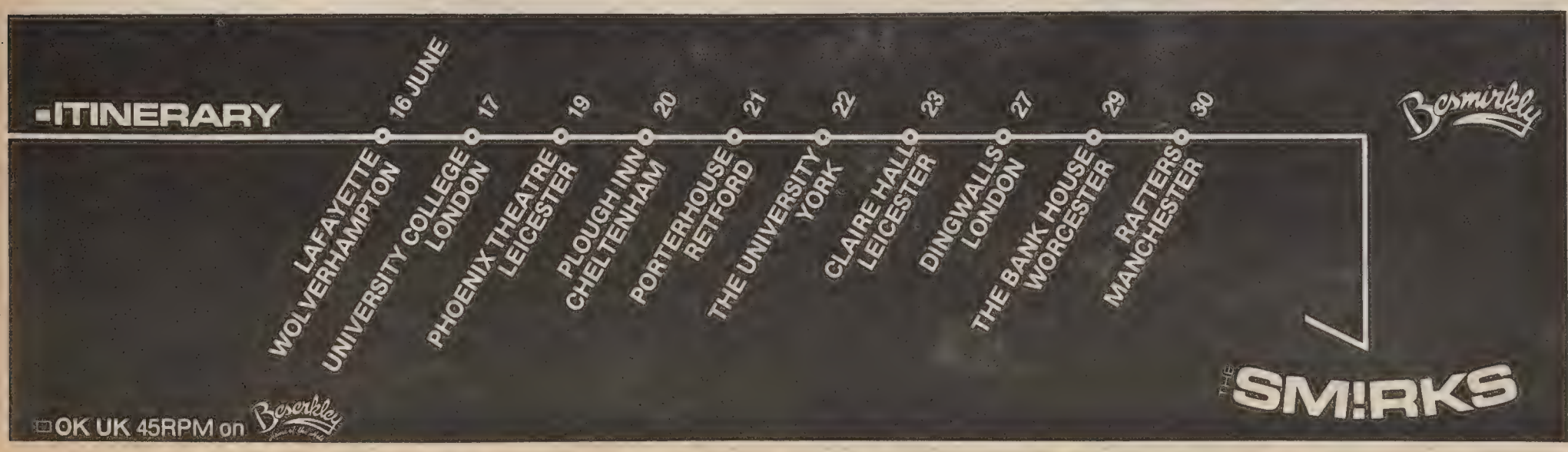
I found most of the material ice-cold — not necessarily a fault — but the stage presentation detracted from it where it should have reinforced it.

They should work on achieving an overall cohesiveness which would match numbers like "Villain" and "Man He Colour" to the mystery of the old Curved Air songs such as "It Happened today".

In retrospect I suppose that the band was loaded with potential and brimming with ideas which were only half worked-out.

If they're working at full stretch, then a little more time spent on the music and a little less on the make-up might help.

Tom Noble



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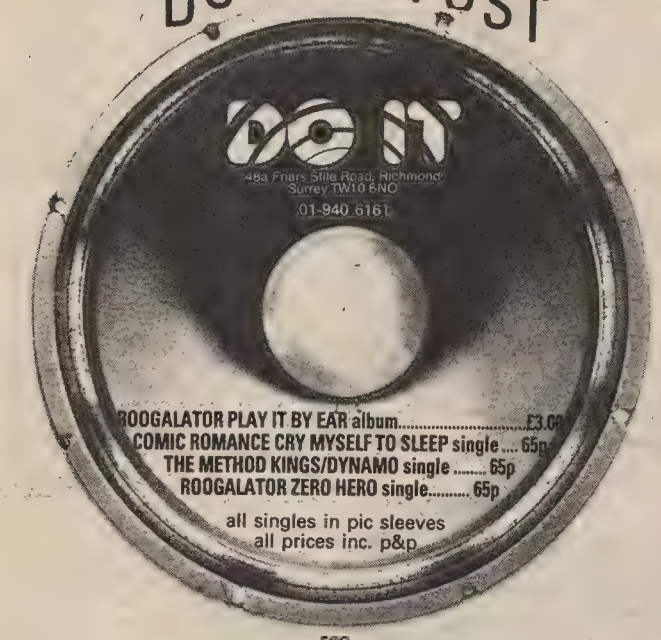

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999
SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

JUST ABOUT THE end of Round One for these lads.

By the time they next tour this country they should have a hot new album ready for public approval, and will naturally be playing a set based largely on new songs.

Tonight's gig then, one of three quickies before they traipse off to the Continent with The Stranglers, was really one of the last chances to see them play their current set, which draws heavily on their debut album. Good as that was (and is), it did have an incredibly 'produced' feel which I thought they'd never be able to reproduce on stage even if they wanted to.

It was a relief to hear that the songs stand up very well without Andy Arthur's help, and that a lot of what I had thought *was* mere production, are in fact touches supplied by the band.

Nick Cash's voice really does have that breathily desperate edge to it, making him one of the most distinctive singers around.

Filling out the rhythm on a battered Telecaster which he rarely removed, he left Guy Days free to provide the extraordinary runs and flurries which are dotted through almost every number.

Days is certainly a man to watch, in all senses of the word. Seldom have I seen anyone play quite as *hard* or with such determinedly casual imagination, made all the more deceptive by his non-stop angular leaps and stances.

The hair may be back to its natural light brown, but he's still as arresting as on that *Old Grey* video — and, he's probably opened up a whole new catalogue to countless bedroom mirror posers.

Three new numbers for your perusal. First, "Soldier", which has a stacatto drum beat, reminded me in passing of The Clash's "Tommy Gun", and was very danceable.

"Subterfuge" follows the familiar pattern of subdued intro over which Cash semi-chants the first few lines, a full burst of steam for the chorus, then back to a slow build for the climax.

Finally, "Feeling Alright With The Crew", which is about a night out wiv' the lads, and maybe the slowest song 999 have yet written, building around a simplistic snare beat from Pablo, and John Watson's rolling, Burnel-ish bass line.

All three were fine, and while not significantly different from their forerunners, show conclusively that 999 have managed to escape the limitations of formula punk, to become songwriters of considerable merit, with plenty of good ideas.

Final proof comes when they play "Nasty, Nasty" their first single, notable now only for how uninspired it sounds in comparison to current stuff.

They certainly have an enviable audience rapport.

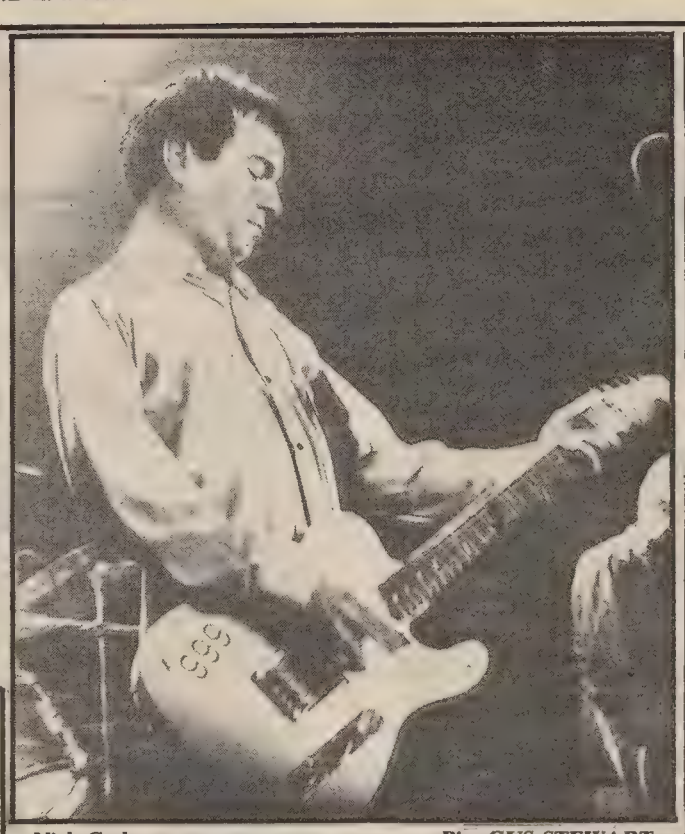
There's none of the alienation I experienced a few months ago with Buzzcocks (with whom 999 have more than a label in common). Hot adulation rather than cold, and Cash is more than willing to let the fans strum his profferred guitar, sing along in his mike, and even leap on stage with him for some atrocious harmony.

Surely not another 'man of the people' — his raps are too superficial for that; rather it's simply an indication of the excitement 999 generate these days.

Whatever the reasons, the evening ended in total chaos, the stage and surrounding area an unclear swarm of band, punters, roadies, punters, bouncers and punters. The things some people choose to do on their days off . . .

All that remains for now is to wish them the best of British in Europe, all right?

Stephen Gordon



Nick Cash *Pic: GUS STEWART*

Johnny Moped

MUSIC MACHINE

JOHNNY MOPED has it all sussed.

From the moment he lurches onto the stage in the smoke of two thunderflashes, this diminutive demon is in control, man.

He displays the same anarchic tendencies as Wreckless Eric, but whereas Eric's musical antecedents rest undeniably in the vaults of heavy metal, Johnny takes his cue from the likes of The Small Faces and The Deviants. The band, quite simply, pack pop punch.

And Moped, well you simply can't help liking him. He jokes about Joyce McKinney, performs an absurd Cossack dance during "I wanna buy" and confesses "This is getting to be a bit of a pleasure" as he dons his sawn-off Parka to the plaudits of the crowd.

Much of the material is familiar to the enthusiastic crowd who pogo joyously throughout the set.

"Make Trouble", "Little Queenie" and "Hard Lovin' Man" go down particulary well, though "Panic Button" inspired one or two nurds to jump onto the stage and hurl themselves back into the audience. Fun, huh?

Alan Holdsworth joined the gang for "Musical Bore" and the last few numbers, but his flashy guitar style seemed at odds with the rough-hewn dynamism previously on display.

The shifting whine of Slimy Toad's guitar is really the only accompaniment Moped needs and his bizarre anti-self posturing made Captain Sensible look like Ray Burns, besides being the perfect foil for the singer's off-the-wall mentality.

The roadie who held on to the stack of speakers atop which the Toad balanced precariously, trouserless, festooned with balloons and wearing a balaclava, had my entire sympathy.

The two Berks, one wielding a discreet but effective bass, the other suffering from manic percussion and holding down a rhythm like a tin-hammerer, kept the songs on an even keel although the stage was awash with the sheer joy of rock 'n' roll.

Having worked through a selection which included almost everything on the album, the band's second encore was an even faster version of "Hard Lovin' Man", marred slightly by a Fellini grotesque, evidently a Moped camp follower, who succeeded in antagonising much of the audience with his 'backing vocals.'

Moped and his gang operate on a level that reverses the superstar syndrome ever prevalent in rock.

Runt-Rockers all, they continuously sing their yellowing fangs into the soft white underbelly of Corporation Rock, and as long as they survive, A&R men returning to their Kawasaki 650's after a night checking out the threats from the independents will find scratched on the fuel tank: "Moped was 'ere . . ."

Neil Norman

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JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society have managed to get violinist Leroy Jenkins for the 4th Bracknell Festival, and he'll be appearing with his trio — pianist Anthony Davis, percussionist Andrew Cyrille — on 9th July. The Bracknell line-up now includes the Ornette Coleman Sextet, Elton Dean's Ninesense, the Stan Tracey-John Surman Duo, Chris McGregor, Barry Guy-John Stevens — Trevor Watts, the Bobby Wellins Quartet on 8th July; the Leroy Jenkins Trio, the Pat Metheny Quartet, the Ronnie Scott Quintet, the John Taylor Octet, Joe Lee Wilson, the Lennie Best Quartet and a raft of pianists on 9th July.

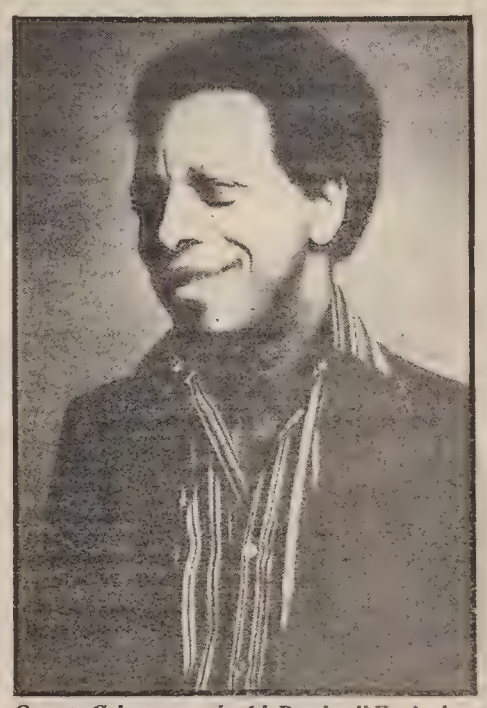
The annual JCS jazz course will take place from 31st July-11th August at Pimlico School. Tutors include Kathy Stobart, Olaf Vas, Alan Wakeman, Jimmy Hastings, Mick Collins, Paul Nieman, Gary Boyle, Jeff Green, Geoff Castle, Roy Babbington and Alan Jackson, with Eddie Harvey as organizing tutor.

Application forms are available from Jazz Centre Society, now located at Third Floor, 35 Great Russell Street, WC1.

Ogun Promotions are launching a series of summer jazz cruises on the Thames aboard the Pride Of Greenwich and the Chevening: 23rd June, Mike Westbrook Brass Band; 30th June, Big Chief; 7th July, El Skid; 14th July, Harry Miller Four including Willem Breuker and Trevor Watts; 21st July, Company; 28th July, Mike Osborne Quintet; 4th August, Elton Dean's Ninesense.

Tickets in advance £3.75, JCS and 100 Club members, £3.30, available from Ogun Promotions, 35 Eton Avenue, NW3 3EP.

A quartet of Peter Cusack, Terry Day, Steve Beresford and David Topp will be playing concerts on 22nd, 23rd, and 24th June. There will also be solo performances by Paul Rutherford, Derek Baily and Fred Frith. The concerts take place at the London Musicians Collective, 42 Gloucester Avenue, London, NW1.



Ornette Coleman: at the 4th Bracknell Festival on July 9.

The Red Garland Trio plus Turning Point are at Ronnie Scott's from 12th -18th June, followed by Helen Humes. The Bill Le Sage Trio are playing a regular lunchtime gig from Monday-Thursday at the Spice of Life, Cambridge Circus.

Always glad to welcome specialist jazz record shops — Honest Jons at 281 Camden High Street has a good selection of imports and second-hand, and so has Mole Jazz at 374 Grays Inn Road.

Brian Case

Landscape

SHEFFIELD LIMIT CLUB

ALTHOUGH they'd undoubtedly prefer some wider categorisation (or, even better, none at all), the fact remains that Landscape can be best defined as occupying their own little niche within the jazz-rock area.

What's astonishing is the way they've managed to swim directly against the prevailing current of musical tastes and ideas *and make headway.*

The "U2XME1X2MUCH" E.P., on the band's own Event Horizon label, has been buzzing ironically around various "new wave" charts (purely by virtue of its "indie" status, I suppose) for the past few months.

Such a situation, albeit at first a source of some amusement, does in fact hold great promise: if the present "new wave" label widens to include certain aspects of experimental jazz, then the stage could be set for some *extremely* interesting music.

Landscape take the stage to some taped orchestral bombast, and run straight into "U2XME1X2MUCH", a likeable funk-jazz outing featuring a treated Fender Rhodes solo from keyboard player Chris Heaton and shorter breaks, on soprano sax and trombone respectively, from John Walters and Peter Thoms.

What sets Landscape apart from most fusion practitioners is the marked absence of a McLaughlin-clone; too many times have posturing guitarists ruined half-way decent bands by their limelight-hogging — although if one such guitarist joined Landscape, there's little chance he'd be given much solo space.

As it is, Landscape split solos between Heaton, Walters and Thoms, who keep them concise and clear (using effects pedals judiciously to increase the instruments' possibilities) and who adhere pretty firmly to the riffs set up by bassist Andy Pask and drummer Richard Burgess.

Burgess, if my memory serves me well, used to drum for some dreadful Polydor threesome called Easy Street, and there's no denying he looks far more comfortable (and fulfilled) in his current location.

"I, Contacter" and "Suzie Q. And The Sci-Fi High" are especially promising space-jazz pieces which owe more, at a guess, to Sun Ra than *Star Wars.*

The former borders rhythmically on rock, but with a distinctly "jazz" feel otherwise, and makes use of plenty of squalling effects treatments, particularly by Heaton, before ending with a disarmingly innocent piano section.

The latter's a more fragmented enterprise, but with a distinctly cooler contrasting mid-section.

"Worker's Playtime", on the other hand, is Landscape at their least inventive: a slab of pure populist funk, right down to the whistles and cowbells, it could quite easily end up a disco hit if released as a single.

Against the current, boldly

"Body Language", a relaxed bit of boogie, also lacks bite for the most part.

These lapses, however, are more than compensated for by satisfy excursions like "Nearly Normal" and "The White Visitation", and it has to be said that overall, Landscape display a taste and sensitivity all too absent in most jazz-rock.

Maybe this is because their music appears to spring, not from a jazzer's desire to reach a wider audience with rock injections, but more from a sincere belief in the possibilities of the genre, possibilities usually overlooked in favour of money-grubbing cliches.

Oh, and they also have the best live sound I've heard in ages. Which is, in its own way, quite fitting. **Andy Gill**

The VIP's

EDINBURGH

THE VIP's are a four-piece from Coventry and they're not wasting any time.

A mere ten gigs old (though you'd scarcely think so) and already they're hitting the motorways, their own EP in the can, and hustling for coverage.

By contrast to this business-like approach, The VIP's themselves recall something of the offbeat charm of Squeeze — self-effacing but unexpectedly strong.

Listening to old records has obviously figured fairly highly on the youthful agendas of the band. A fairly direct line of influences, in fact, is readily traceable, from latterday rock 'n' roll / early pop through The Beatles to T Rex and The Ramones.

While incorporating elements of all these, The VIP's nevertheless manage to synthesise them into a sound that's pleasingly distinctive.

A checklist of the component parts reveals the Merseyesque rhythm guitar to be supplied by Guy Morley, and the solid drumming by Paul Shurey.

Vocals and writing power come from Andrew Price, a creative bassist (somewhat surprisingly perhaps as his is the New Wave influence in the band), and from Jed Dmochowski, a lead guitarist who is neatly impressive when the band choose to stretch out.

Blissfully oblivious to trends, The VIP's take the stage looking like 14-year-olds (in fact they're 19) in their goofy South Seas T-shirts and brightly coloured trousers, and proceed to knock out attractively light-hearted melodic beat tunes.

These range from soft-core pop songs (no slur intended) about girls in coffee shops and causing complications to more hard-edged stuff about city boys, all featuring pleasingly ambitious vocal arrangements.

Numerous good hooks and choruses suggest there could be a rich seam of good commercial material to be mined here, and none more so than the captivating "Easter Island"; it's simple, distinctive and catchy enough to make one of those happy summer No. 1's.

Extreme youth is probably responsible for the shakiness of the vocals, especially the harmonies, but The VIP's main problem is attack, or rather lack of it.

A pusillanimous poke rather than a good kicking seems to be the order of the day for the material, which consequently suffers from under-achievement.

If the band could put as much vim and agression into their whole set as they do into their splendid rock'n'roll closer "Stuttgart Special" and their "Do You Wanna Dance / Let's Dance" medley, then it'd be all over bar the shouting.

As it is, however, there's still much enjoyment to be had at the hands of this extremely likeable and very promising young band.

Ian Cranna

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QUANTITY	SIZE S,M,L, or XL	DESIGN NUMBER	ALTERNATIVE CHOICE

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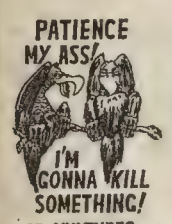
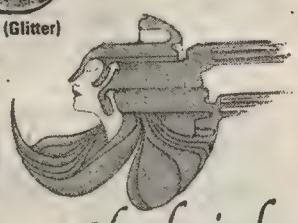
720 YES (Glitter)

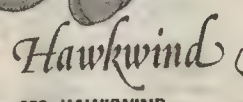
148. LED ZEP



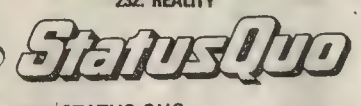
125. VULTURES

260. FRANKENSTEINS CLUB



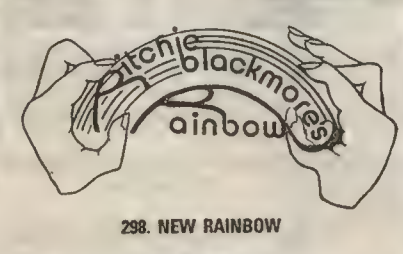


682. HAWKWIND



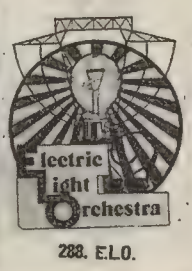
186. STATUS QUO

752. QUEEN



298. NEW RAINBOW

741. LED ZEP



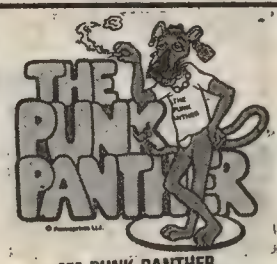
288. E.L.O.

296. BOB DYLAN

166. BUTLITZ

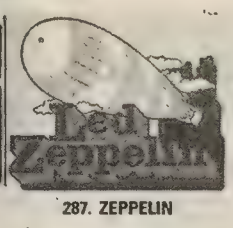
746 HENDRIX

697. LORRY

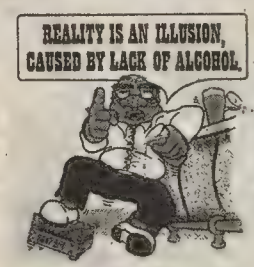


250 PUNK PANTHER

240 LYNYRD



287. ZEPPELIN

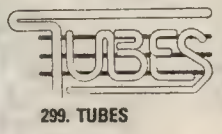


232. REALITY

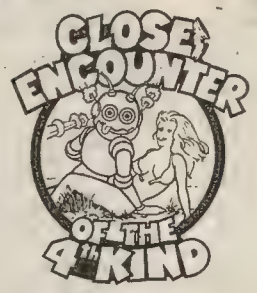
756. RAINBOW

755. HENDRIX

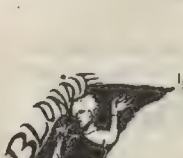
714 LORD OF RINGS



299. TUBES

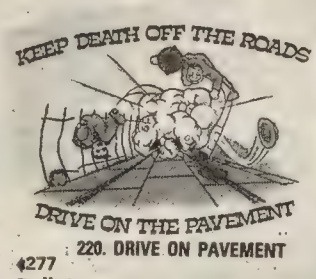


303. CLOSE ENCOUNTER



297. BLONDIE

222. JOIN THE NAVY



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

305. BEE GEES (Glitter)

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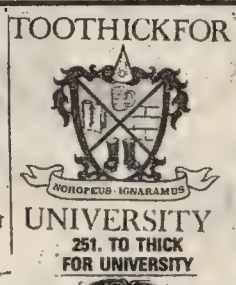
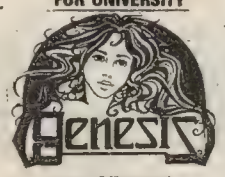
304. WIMBLEDON (Pocket size design)



251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY



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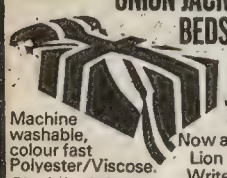

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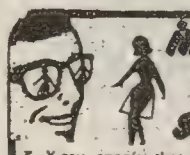

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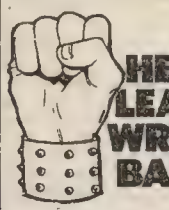

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The Steve Gibbons Band

LYCEUM, LONDON

IT'S NO secret that, despite the revival sentiment of their singles, The Steve Gibbons Band are not an all-out rock 'n' roll outfit.

The clutch of teds, complete with DAs, drapes and "Whirlwind" badges, that were mingling with the masses beneath the Lyceum stage, merely represent the nearest thing to a specific image that the band projects.

Even the man himself, manky-looking greased locks gleaming in the spotlights, angular features framing that flouride grin, had hung up his leather strides in favour of a semi-chic white gangster suit.

The set is in fact a well-balanced trek over a vast, and slightly rocky, terrain, with Steve Gibbons very much at the wheel, and powered by the tank engines of his super-proficient band.

If I was to list a few of the numbers — to wit, the bluesy "Mr Jones", the Latin/American "Down In The City", the countrified "Any Road Up", and the straight rocker "Eddie Vortex" — it would give some idea of the variation of styles that they command.

Of the individual musicians, the two that gave the band its distinctive sound were Dave Carroll on lap steel guitar, and the excellent Nick Pentelow, whose strange echo-backed sax solos were used, if a little sparingly, to enormous effect.

Very impressive also was the spaciousness of their overall sound. To recreate that huge, three-dimensional, West Coast feel that can fill the whole place without distorting a fraction, isn't exactly Lesson I in The Mixer's Manual, but "Rollin'" was as near to it as anyone could hope to get.

They wound up with a trio of neatly executed rock 'n' roll numbers ("Tulane" etc), proving they could adopt yet another style with consummate ease.

Okay, enough of this adulation — herewith the critical backlash.

The SGB play what is, in effect, a very comprehensive music show, but I just don't find the songs, in any of their styles, radically *different* enough to have any great impact.

Even the new material, (especially the too-Dylanesque-by-half "Big J.C."), all seemed too familiar to make an impression. Maybe their talents have diffused over too wide a field.

On a musical level, in my heathen and bigoted opinion, Steve Gibbons takes what he wants, but hasn't got what it takes.

Mark Ellen

Van Der Graaf

MARQUEE

IN 1968 long before Costello made angst chic, Peter Hammill was exposing his neuroses to an indifferent world.

Since then, Van Der Graaf have steadily drawn to themselves a hardcore of devoted fans. It's a cult following in the truest sense. Van Der Graaf are a religion.

They've never been a conventional band, in either instrumentation or presentation; the current line-up includes bass, guitar, drums plus violin and cello. The music's dense, chaotic and impenetrable. VDG demand your complete attention. HEP it ain't.

Although the band is comprised of brilliant musicians, all of whom excel at different points in the set, the show is Hammill's. He screams; he groans; he stares; he jerks. The man's possessed. He's a genius. Ask Johnny Rotten.

They do "Sphinx" (which is about growing up), "Lizard" (woman fixation), "Pioneers Over C." (space travel / futility), and "Last Frame" (even his neuroses have neuroses) amongst others.

Each song builds on the atmosphere of the last. When Hammill moves to the piano for a medley of "Lighthouse Keepers/Sleepwalkers" followed by "Door" it almost becomes too much. The Marquee heat and the power of the music rise to an overpowering climax.

It's painfully intense. VDG leave you totally drained.

And this, of course, is the problem.

Despite their unique genius, Van Der Graaf are destined to remain a minority band, because they demand more than the majority of people are prepared to give.

That's the punters' prerogative, I guess. But it's also their loss.

Mark Bastable

The Brakes

SHEFFIELD LIMIT

THE BRAKES (dreadful name) can be located somewhere on the power side of pop, which is to say that they're snotty, ugly and raucous enough to be successful if their manager can turn the clock back about a year and a half, but just in case he can't, they've got a tuneful hook or two to play around with.

Their crisp drums, potentially pleasant ringing guitar sound and undeniably competent harmonies were drowned in excessive volume, and since the mixer was at their side on stage, it's no-one else's fault.

Boys, the Limit Club is *not* the Hammersmith Odeon, in case you hadn't noticed.

Audience-insulters, cockney style (yawn), they appeared to be more interested in the *shape* of the crowd than in actually working to *fill* those empty areas.

How can an unknown band expect anybody to rush to the front in open-mouthed anticipation when the band's insulted them before they've played a bloody note?

I mean, I was probably less enamoured of the disco records which preceded them than the band was, but I wouldn't tar everyone present with the "Trivialta" brush just because they inhabited the same geographical space as the music.

There were undoubtedly several open-minded persons prepared to give them a chance, (the majority, I'll wager), but The Brakes are presumably unaware of the adage about every gig being of equal importance; they'd obviously thrown in the towel before they left the dressing room . . .

Musically, they're about as thrilling as the hot lead enema.

How they can make disparaging comments about the view which numbers them as "Tom Petty soundalikes" is beyond me; they are to Petty what pancakes are to Yorkshire pud: the same mixture, cooked a slightly different way.

And if they're so worried about the comparison, why bother doing a cover of Petty's "American Girl" which only serves to light bulbs of recognition over peoples' heads?

There's nowt so queer as musicians, is there?

They also did a version of "Like A Rolling Stone".

Now, believe me, I'm not into worship (or standing in queues, come to that), but this was the closest thing to sacrilege I've heard since James Last's "Mr. Tambourine Man".

The aural vandalism didn't stop there, however.

They do a rendition of "Stand By Me" which can best be described as horrendous, insulting and insensitive.

Why must poltroons like The Brakes persist in crucifying classic songs with hamfisted, unimaginative arrangements which only betray the fact that they don't have the *faintest* idea of what the song's really about?

Of their own material, I could decipher *no* titles, *no* lyrics, and *no* original musical content. Which will not cause me to lose even half a wink of sleep.

The Brakes, however, should think about such things. Soon.

Andy Gill

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THIS CHILDISH flirtation with politics is getting past a joke. The way in which the *NME* has recently expanded from a teeny-boppers' weekly into an all-round mag for the hip teenager is creditable enough, but stuffed between the film reviews and the educational opportunity ads. some semblance of philosophical thought has reared its ugly head. This highly laudable aspect of the rag has resulted in many useful and informative articles appearing over the Thursday morning cornflakes.

From Dope to the Mafia via CND, we are periodically treated to glimpses of the outside world through a music writer's eyes. This is not supposed to be a put-down of music writers — they seem to be able to write for us 17-year-olds in a manner which assumes a certain unity fo viewpoint without sounding overly trite or patronising, which is an achievement considering how old they are.

However, there are certain subjects which require more than the usual blend of insight and wit and which call on the writer to give us his/her own feelings on the matter. Politics is one of these subjects. Politics, especially in its extreme incarnations, requires of the writer to lay themselves on the line, and it is at this point that the music-writers' credentials wear a little bit too thin for the sort of sanctimonious bleating that is often preached through the NME.

Getting down to specifics after such a long, preamble, there are several aspects of NME's politics output which worry me. First of all there is Tony Parsons (Gawd Bless 'im). Tony is a left-wing sort of person who feels strongly about Nazis. I am a left-wing sort of person who also feels very strongly about Nazis. But Tony's position is curious. He writes for the *NME*, a rag which advocates a society where your social status is determined by how hip your clothes and records are, and how many gigs you go to. Such status is therefore determined solely by money, 'cos without gelt there's no new clothes, no new records and no gigs. So how can Tony claim to be a left-wing sorta person and at the same time encourage a white generation to go in for this monetary/materialistic one-upmanship?

Secondly, Tony and others have written a lot in the *NME* about anti-Fascism and time and time again the names of RAR *(that's Rock Against Racism — CSM) and the ANL (Anti-Nazi League to you lot — CSM) have* cropped up. The *NME* has given the impression that the ANL is the one fighting movement in this country and that we should all support them, as they are the only effective way to combat (among others) the NF. The ANL's greatest fault is highlighted by an article in last week's issue about one of its offshoots — SKAN. SKAN's next event, we are proudly told is a "Right to work" march. A *what??* Where the hell does the "Right to work" fit in with Anti-Nazism? It is this fixation that the ANL has with the socialism of its own leaders that renders it virtually impotent when it comes to *real* politics.

80,000 people attending a gig means nothing when it comes to defeating the NF. Starting riots by opposing NF marches means *nothing* in political terms. The NF will only be defeated at the polls. This means firm education and informed counter propaganda must reach the voters. The ANL and SKAN are too busy with their own socialism to keep the momentum going, they sell Anti—Nazism like washing powder. "Flogging Anti-Racism" is how "New Society" described it. If any of the 80,000 had looked at the ANL pamphlets, they would have noticed that they were marching not only against the NF, but also against unemployment and against people with 2 or 3 houses. All this has nothing to do with the problem at hand and it shows just how invalid the ANL is. It shows that they are too preoccupied with themselves and that their educational material is as often pro-socialist as it is anti-Nazi.

The *NME* has failed miserably if it presents the ANL as the only anti-Nazi organisation around. The ANL only causes as many problems as it solves and has the view that only socialists can be Anti-Fascist.

Who is going to do all the *real* slog — collecting information, educating youth, religious and political leaders, putting the Anti-Nazi view on phone-ins, challenging Fascist literature — all the work that the ANL won't do without welding an attendant hammer and sickle? There is an organisation already cited by the NF as its greatest enemy, non-political in that it has no politics of its own and which has no cumbersome party politics. Had the NME bothered to do a balanced feature on all the Anti-Fascist organisations around, you would have unearthed the people who have been doing this work for 6 or 7 years and who will be doing it long after the "Never mind the quality feel the glamour" tactics of the ANL have worn off.

MATTHEW ILLEGIBLE, Hendon, London NW4.

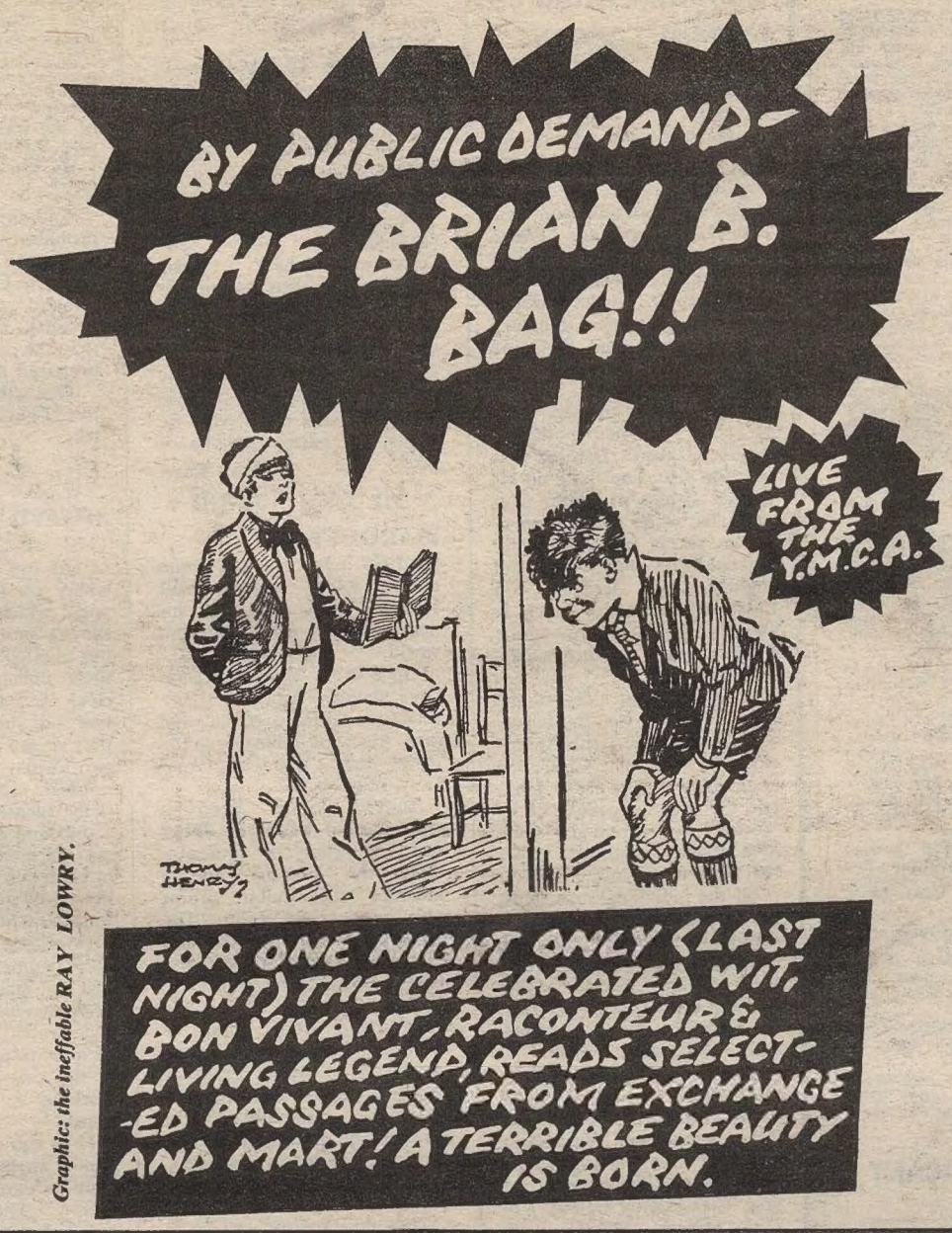
I'm sure this organisation of which you speak is wonderful, Matthew, but it would help a bit if you told us what it was. In the meantime, doesn't anybody have anything to say about the real, important issues, like the Stones' album, or the new *Hulk* TV show or . . . — CSM

WHEN YOU print a decent review/story on Abba I shall resume my weekly order which I will cancel when you stop printing reviews on punk.

A PROFESSIONAL DROPOUT, N.2.

Slightly better. And the next letter . . .? — CSM

I'm Mick Jagger. My group have a big hit single and a great new album and I want to know why we're not in the Bag this week. Pic: JOE STEVENS.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Graphic: the ineffable RAY LOWRY.

Well,, we've got two *letters about Brian B., plus the usual garf sussed and sorted by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY.*

WHO THE hell do you think you are, eh? Bloody prophets? On page 3 (where else) of 3rd June's NME I counted 4 examples of 'exclusively forecast by *NME*' and how this was 'the 2nd Dylan scoop for *NME*'. I mean, we don't bloody care if you have nosey friends who come up with this dull news and if we don't give a shit about the other music papers, why shove it down our throats that you are better. Mind you, I do remember that I first read about John Lydon's new band in the *NME* and I don't believe you've forgotten where you read it. Kiss old Nick good-bye from me.

JULIET, no address given.

More like it. Now, as promised, the Brian B. letters. — CSM

IF BRIAN B. is the daughter of the Colonel is your News Editor his sister? (This is a very cryptic letter.)

NEIL CAMERON, Neasden.

Some people just can't keep secrets, can they? — CSM

WAS THAT really Brian B's tit shown in last week's (June 10th) enemy? If it was, please may we see more of his/her/it's body please.

INTRIGUED, Solihull, West Midlands.

God, you're naive. How about signing your next letter "GULLIBLE"? It even rhymes with Solihull. — CSM.

JUST BECAUSE Rod Stewart's latest single is a load of crap he doesn't deserve to be shot for it, does he?

ALAN JUDSON, Sunderland.

Yes he does. — CSM.

DEAR MARGE, Our bass player couldn't practice with us last night because his mum made him stay in to do his homework. Can you help us?

THE NORTH BELFAST BOOGIE BAND

Sorry, no. Steve Clarke can't come and play with you 'cos his wife makes him stay in to write reviews. — CSM

WHY IS everyone at NME so obsessed with people like Tom Robinson being middle class anyway? If being working class makes you a better musician I ought to be bloody fantastic (I even like pickled tripe) but instead I sing like a strangled goat and can never remember which way round to hold a guitar to pose with it. I think Tom Robinson is wonderful anyway but what is the use of having romantic fantasies about someone who is gay? I bet Romeo and Juliet never had that problem.

CATHY FREEMAN, Kemp Town

What problem? — THE FRIAR

I'VE BEEN buying the "Musical Express" since it was 3d. The last few years I've noticed you have not been giving "The Hollies" much publicity. So why don't you make up for it, by printing their new album. I'm sure THE HOLLIES have given Musical Express plenty of work in their time.

RAY MacKAY.

P.S. There are not many groups around who can do Rock music and Ballards. *(Sic).*

What about Argent — oh, hang on, that wasn't really rock music, was it? — GRAHAM NASH.

I'm Tom Robinson. My group are always in the Bag, you jealous old fart. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

I PROBABLY *WOULD* pay four and a half quid to stand and see David Boring but then I'm *really* into tapeworms, binoculars and disgusting little badges.

GEORGE THE PORTER

Yeah, good fun innit? — CSM

P.S. Wot a waste of paper.

I SEWED a flower on my jeans and everybody called me a big pansy. Does this mean 1978 is not a good year for a flower power revival?

ARNOLD HIPPY, Norfolk.

Guess so. (Cries of Shame! Pity! etc) — CSM

I BET Bob Dylan never had a letter printed in the NME.

ERIC THE HALF A COMMIE, Farnboro.

Bet you never influenced the thought processes of an entire generation, mate — CSM

I'D JUST like to dispel any rumours which might be circulating to the effect that Eric the half a Commie is the only person in this town who can get a letter printed in NME. Get your hair cut, Eric.

PIERRE LE VOMITE, Farnborough, Hants.

Yeah, sure. Terrific. — CSM

I'D JUST like to say as a kind of reply to the slaggings Nick Kent's been getting over his TRB review, that I agree with what the chappie had to say. Tom Robinson is a sincere and very committed sort who finds it necessary to pass on his conclusions, fair enough. As rock and roll songs, however, his materials appears to be either basic (as in slightly uninventive and naive) or made deliberately simple (as in contrived and patronising. A different animal altogether. Insults your intelligence that, doesn't it. No longer music for the dole queue (silly saying anyway) but music for the prole queue (this year's motto!) The sooner Nick Lowe does a TRB and makes some sense of it the better.

ROB ROBINSON (No relation), Newcastle-upon-Tyne. P.S. I was going to do a proper letter giving you my reasons for thinking Nick Kent was right and TRB not so right but then I thought, well if they can't see it for themselves I shouldn't ram it down their throats. Instead you get another letter from someone up North with not very smart smart ass one liners but originality was last years commodity. Damn, my only letter to the NME and it isn't very good. Bugger!

It certainly isn't. Next. — CSM

WHY IS IT that every time Nick Kent writes anything about the Pistols or anyone on their periphery, he gives us *the* definitive history of the band, just so that he can say he played guitar with them for a while?

NICK EVEN LOWER, no address given.

I just asked Nick for a reply, mate, but he was in the middle of writing his Flamin' Groovies review and all he could say was "My mind is blocked" Make of that what you will . . . CSM

Dear Lesser Blockheads. At last Slim "Clive Pain" is finally announced champion Blockhead, a face known to the locals of the Gregarian (Eales Ales!!) for years. The man who can order pints from miles away and can make a half-pint last 3 hours, who sits on chairs which then fall to bits and who has had two letters printed in the *NME* already — that's Slime. Oy oy!

DISCIA, Alvesford, Hants.

LAST NIGHT I saw Matumbi, Whirlwind and Ian Dury and the Blockheads. Isn't life wonderful?

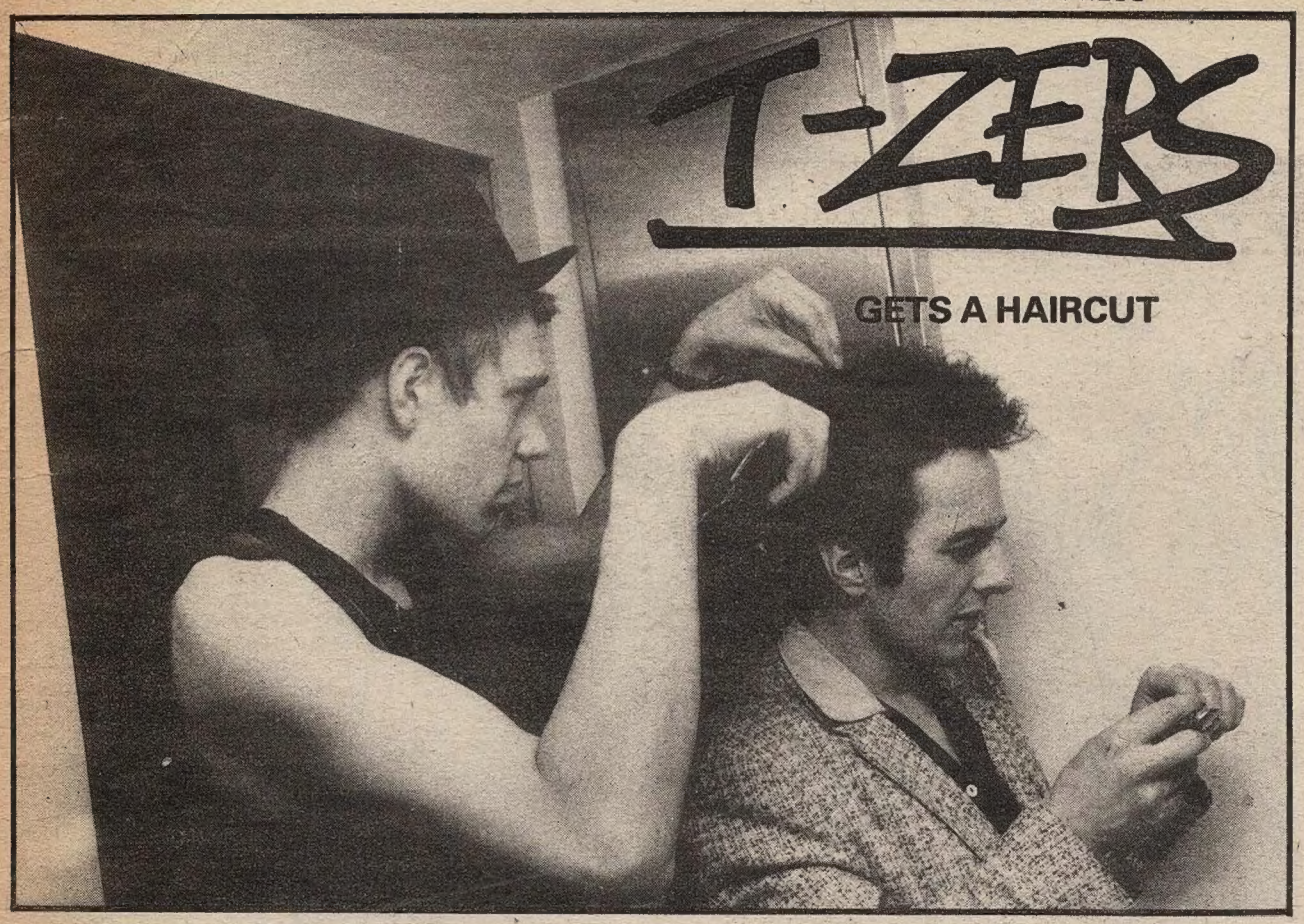
A BLOCKHEAD, Stoke-on-Trent.

And finally. . . — CSM

ALL THIS about the NF, the TRB and politics in general is beginning to get just a little tedious. Do we really need the *NME* to keep telling us what we already know: that the Front are a bunch of shits? Tom has made his point and so has Gasbag. Let's leave it there.

DAVE (a complacent student), Leeds.

Where? — CSM



Just in case you've been wondering what The Clash have been up to while they've been lo-profiling it (apart from spending six or seven years making their noo elpee with Dr. Pearly Sandman) here's the answer: They've been giving each uvver new haircuts. Seen here: PAUL SIMONON (disguised as Tony Parsons) puts the finishing touches to JOE STRUMMER'S Gene Vincent job. Fab snap: JOE STEVENS.

OKAY, LET'S HEAR it for the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world, **The Great South-East Stoned-Out Wrestling Champs.** You haven't heard of them? Well, neither had anyone in Lakeland, Florida until last weekend when the **Stones** — using The Great South-East etc as a handle to deter ticket touts — kicked off their current US tour. Even so, £5 tickets were selling at ten times that, until a scalper was busted and his cronies had problems selling the tickets at £1 less than face value.

According to the *Daily Mail's* **Shawn Usher,** Jaffer's Mob had been rehearsing "from two in the morning until dawn, honing and polishing as seldom before", to ensure that they wouldn't lose the "fight for their reputation".

Said **Keef:** "We're trying to get close to the people who made us — the audiences. We mean that, and we're doing it." Now, haven't we heard that somewhere before? Any road, the group's 13 city five-week tour will include club dates, announced Rolling Thunder style the day before the gig. And if we're to believe the *Mail's* reporter, Mick, Keith, Ronnie, Charlie and Bill were in fine fettle, showing no signs that the tour might indeed be The Last Time.

Meanwhile, The Rubber Lipped One seems to have won a reprive from spouse **Bianca** — she's decided to ditch her divorce action against him. The twosome have been seen together at a New York restaurant on the best of terms. *(Yeah, but who paid the bill — Ed.)*

Tough-talking Mick also recently informed an American mag that he has no time for the likes of **Rod** and **Elton:** "I don't like them and I don't like the way they carry on. I get very upset at being identified with that kind of person." Jagger added that he doesn't speak to anyone who's a better singer than he is . . . Could make conversation in rock circles difficult Mick . . .

Back on planet earth, **Siouxsie Sioux** and her merry men have finally crossed over to the ranks of potential tax exiles with a Polydor contract of such enormous financial proportions that manager **Nils** won't reveal it. Hope that doesn't make all you "Sign The Banshees" campaigners feel used . . .

Titles of songs on new **Clash** album include "Cheapskates", "Tommy Gunn", "Guns On The Roof" (presumably a reference to the recent pigeon shooting incident), "English Civil War" and a new version of "White Man In The Hammersmith Palais" (but we haven't heard the old one yet). Friction during recording between **Strummer** and Jones on the one side and Clash manager **Bernard Rhodes** on the other has led to speculation that Bernie may make way for producer Sandy Pearlman as Clash svengali? . . .

Despite rumours to the contrary, the **Steve Jones/Paul Cook / Johnny Thunders** liaison sighted at Island's Basing Street studios last weekend . . .

In San Francisco **Neil Young** has been performing with . . . **Devo.** The performance was strictly for the filming of Young's new movie *Human Highway* in which Devo represent Young's nightmare. Also in 'Frisco, Young has been playing the city's ailing Boarding House for a below normal fee. His set includes several new songs, one of which, "Out Of The Blue And Into The Black", is apparently a tribute to Elvis. Onstage with Young are three dummy Red Indians to whom Young occasionally refers to as his band. Truly wonderful Neil . . .

Squeeze and **The Adverts** the latest Brit bands hoping for a Stateside breakthrough via upcoming dates at CBGBs. And to avoid confusion with Florida band **Tight Squeeze**, Deptford's own are billed as **UK Squeeze**. But does this mean they'll now be confused with techno-flashers **UK**? . . .

How about this for record company efficiency. Two months ago EMI's A&R Dept. received a tape of an unknown American band from the offices of EMI's erstwhile chairman **Sir Joseph Lockwood.** No-one has listened to it yet. If potential new talent gets this kind of treatment when it's forwarded to EMI from a former boss, what chance does the kid on the street stand of having his tape heard? . . .

D. Bowie in last week's *Evening News:* "I don't think rock and roll is much of a means of communication anymore. Rock and roll is five years outdated. New Wave is communicative. But that has very little to do with rock and roll" . . .

Los Angeles reeled with shock when **Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello** and **Mink Deville** actually *removed the seating* for their Santa Monica Civic Auditorium gig. Elvis later left in a tantrum and a taxi when he couldn't get the electrical power he wanted, **The Attractions** smashing equipment in his wake . . .

Willy DeVille, questioned in Los Angeles about the enigmatic **E. Costello,** who he's just supported on a U.S. tour: "He dresses lousy — he should drop the **Woody Allen** image. I think a lot of people are putting a lot of shit into his head. He was pretty uptight, that's all I can say — you never saw the guy" . . .

And on the UK, where Willy tours next week: "It's about as big as Illinois, right? When a rock 'n' roll band comes to town, it's like the circus. They don't get that much rock'n'roll." Mind you, he then redeemed himself with: "But the people were so open-minded — much brighter than people here". Gee, he's not such a dumb spic after all, eh? . . .

So it wasn't **Harvey Goldsmith's** magnetic personality afterall, or, come to that, the smell of money which persuaded **The Zim** to play his series of concerts at London's Earl's Court. According to this week's *Sunday Mirror,* Dylan wouldn't have signed the Earl's Court deal had it not been for the advice of psychic Tamara Rand. At £75 an hour, it ain't just alimony Bob's got to pay for . . .

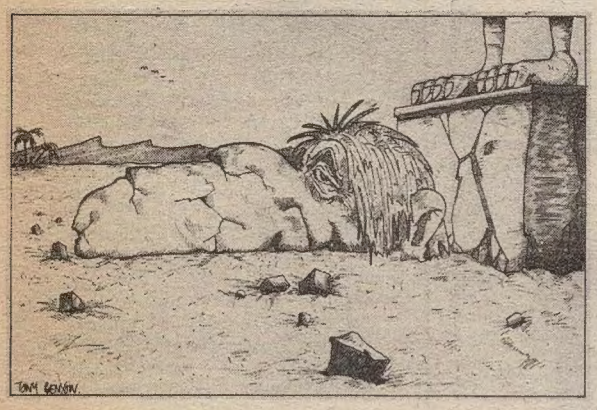
The *Observer* Colour Magazine's **Dylan** (yes, him again) feature failed miserably to live up to its publicity. Shoddily illustrated, **Ian Hamilton's** article zeroed into somewhat spurious territory about The Zim's credentials as a poet and proved as unreadable as it was irrelevant . . .

But the Messiah, er sorry, the man himself arrived in London Monday with the first of his proclamations, er sorry, tablets from the mountain, I mean *(Get on with it — Ed.)* statements: "Hey, man, this is like a circus here," he said as photographers jostled with record biz execs at Heathrow Airport to get a better look at Mr. Dylan, sporting a five o'clock shadow on his chops and a **Pretty Girl** on his arm. "It's great to be back," he added. "I feel like I'm coming home." Well, it's good to have you back, Zim, but where did you get those shades? . . .

Billy Idol just returned from a promo tour of the States which included jam session with hot combo **The Offs** in San Francisco. Interviewed on Radio KSAN about his impressions of the USA Billy observed: "I sort of got the idea that if **Son of Sam** was rich, Americans wouldn't mind — as long as he tipped good"...

Nick Garvey of **The Motors** wants his motor back. Nick's white MGB, YUC 540H, was stolen from outside his Brixton pad last week. And despite The Motors' current status, it's the only motor he can manage at the moment . . .

The Lament Of Ally's Tartan Barmies



I met a traveller from some Arab State
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and leer of false command,
Tell that its sculptor well those Caledonian passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ally, once king of Jocks, look upon me,
For I gave all they craved to hear, then loathed to see:
To this palm kissed crescent so I sailed
But cast in the role in Revie, even failed."
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch for away.
Lyrics: Benyon/Shelley.

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This	Last week	TOP TEN
20p Mick Jones, The Mekons, Penetration, Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod.	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
25p Crypton Tunes, The Day The World Turned Dayglo (1 and 2), Small Siouxsie, The Normal, Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3).	2	(9)	SHAM 69
	3	(8)	STEEL PULSE
	4	(–)	999
	5	(2)	SHAM ARMY
	6	(5)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
	7	(6)	YELLOW COSTELLO
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie Overground, Joyce McKinney, Tanz Der Youth, Cockney Kids are Innocent.	8	(4)	DEVO QUOTE
	9	(–)	STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
	10	(–)	PLASTIC BERTRAND

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Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS

THEIR LATEST ALBUM

A TONIC FOR THE TROOPS

THE TONIC FOR THE TROOPS TOUR 1978

JUNE
11TH OLYMPIA THEATRE DUBLIN
13TH ULSTER HALL BELFAST
15TH VICTORIA HALL-HANLEY
16TH EMPIRE LIVERPOOL
17TH UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
19TH ST GEORGES HALL BRADFORD
20TH ABC THEATRE BLACKPOOL
22ND ODEON EDINBURGH
23RD APOLLO GLASGOW
26TH DE MONTFORT HALL LEICESTER
27TH ODEON BIRMINGHAM
28TH COLSTON HALL BRISTOL
29TH NEW THEATRE OXFORD
30TH APOLLO MANCHESTER

JULY
2ND SPA HALL BRIDLINGTON
3RD CITY HALL NEWCASTLE
5TH VILLAGE BOWL BOURNEMOUTH
6TH DOME BRIGHTON
9TH ODEON HAMMERSMITH

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LIKE CLOCKWORK
ENY 14

ENVY 3
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